
MONS.r VOITURE.


MONS.r VOITURE.

Familiar and Courtly

LETTERS,

Written by Monſieur *Voiture*

To Perſons of the greateſt Honour, Wit, and Quality of both Sexes in the Court of FRANCE.

Made Engliſh by

Mr. *Dryden*, *Tho. Cheek*, Eſq; Mr. *Dennis*, } *Henry Cromwel*, Eſq; *Joſ. Raphſon*, Eſq; Dr. ——, &c.

WITH

Twelve Select EPISTLES out of *Ariſtænetus*: Tranſlated from the *Greek*.

Some Select LETTERS of *Pliny*, Jun. and Monſieur *Fontanelle*. Tranſlated by Mr. *Tho. Brown*.

And a Collection of Original LETTERS lately written on ſeveral Subjects. By Mr. *T. Brown*.

Never before Publiſh'd.

To which is added,

A Collection of LETTERS of Friendſhip, and other Occaſional LETTERS, written by

Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherly*, Mr. ——— } Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Dennis*, and other Hands.

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UMI

To the Honourable

Sir *Cha. Duncomb*, Kt.

Sheriff of

London and *Middleſex*.

THo' I am wholly a Stranger to your Perſon, I am not to your Character; for who can live in *London* and not ſee living Inſtances of your Charity and Munificence? You have been the Sanctuary of the Diſtreſſed, and even thoſe unhappy Wretches, who found no Benefit in the Public Deliverance of the Kingdom, have ow'd theirs to you. At your own proper Expence, and by a Generoſity peculiar to your ſelf, you have done that which has been reckon'd Piety in the greateſt Monarchs and Republics, and what Princes have ſent Royal Fleets into the *Streights* to perform. You have reſcued Numbers of Chriſtian Captives out

of the cruel Hands of Tyrants, profeſſing the ſame Religion, and breathing the ſame Air with themſelves. You have redeem'd Slaves in a Country which abominates Servitude, but by a ſtrange Faſcination ſuffers its Natives to enſlave one another: You have deliver'd them out of an unwholeſome naſty Confinement, where they dragg'd a Life wretched to themſelves, unſerviceable to the Common-wealth, lamentable to their Relations, only to gratifie the Revenge or ſtupid Malice of their haughty Oppreſſors.

In the beſt conſtituted and moſt generous Government that ever appear'd in the World, to ſave the Life of a Citizen, was thought an Action that deſerv'd nothing leſs than a Public Reward. You have reſtored the Lives of a hundred Citizens, by reſtoring them to their Health, their Liberty and Tranquility of Mind; for what is Life without thoſe Bleſſings to make it ſupportable?

Charity, by what Stupidity it ſo happens I cannot imagine, has not that Incenſe paid it, nor makes that Figure in the World that Heroiſm does. To lay a whole Country in Aſhes, to deſtroy Millions of poor Wretches, has for ſeveral Ages paſs'd for a Royal Vertue, Mankind has been ſo ſottiſh,

tiſh, as to deifie thoſe that have perform'd theſe noble Exploits, and advanced themſelves by the Slavery or Deſtruction of their Fellow-creatures.

But tho' the preſent Age pays a ſervile Adoration to Heroes, yet Poſterity judges of them otherwiſe; and accordingly we find, that *Cæſar* and *Alexander*, who were treated as Gods when alive, are now, when all Occaſions of Flattery to their Perſons ceaſe, treated as Robbers and Uſurpers.

It is otherwiſe with Charity: Whatever Acknowledgements the Time it lives in pays it, Poſterity is ſure to reward and honour it; Age only ſerves to extend it the more, like a well-grown Tree that enlarges its Branches every Spring. 'Tis true, it does not delight in Noiſe and Oſtentation; it flies from that Applauſe which Heroiſm courts; it values it ſelf upon no mute Inſcriptions and breathleſs Statues. It erects to it ſelf living Images, and will be commemorated with Gratitude, while there is ſuch a Thing as Memory or Gratitude in the World. The Heroe may extort Flattery even from the Slaves he cruſhes, or purchaſe mercenary Praiſe: but a charitable Man is ſure to have the voluntary Prayers and Bleſſings of thoſe whom he relieves, and even Calumny it ſelf dares

not attack him. Thus we ſee you have the general Acclamations and Applauſes of the People, for having done thoſe Actions which the greateſt *Athenians* or *Spartans* wou'd have been proud of, in a City which in no reſpect is inferiour to *Sparta* or *Athens*.

Pardon therefore an unhappy Man, who has laboured under Afflictions, which he might have prevented if he wou'd have gone upon diſhoneſt Methods, by which others have not only repaired, but improved their Fortunes, and whoſe little All, if it had not fallen into dilatory, I will not ſay malicious Hands, might have afforded him a Retreat, if not a comfortable Support: Pardon him, I ſay, if having experienced hard Uſage in the World, he cou'd not forbear to pay his Public Acknowledgment to the Patriot that has redeem'd ſo many Sufferers, if he endeavours to celebrate that Vertue which wou'd have kept him from ſinking, and extolls that Charity that may reſtore him when he is ſunk.

For this Reaſon I have preſumed to dedicate the following Volume of Letters to your ſelf, which were given me by ſome of my Friends, who, in commiſeration of my hard Circumſtances, were willing to contribute ſomething towards my Aſſiſtance.

ance. It does not become me, who pretend to be no Judge, to ſay any thing of the Performance. The Gentlemen who are concern'd in the Collection are too well known to want my Praiſes. I hope that they may ſerve to entertain you at your vacant Hours, when you can unbend your ſelf from the Hurry of Public Buſineſs. At leaſt I beg you to accept them as a Teſtimony of my Reſpect, which ſhall be ever paid you by

Your moſt obedient

and moſt humble Servant,

SAM. BRISCOE.

UMI

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Monſ.

Familiar and Courtly

LETTERS,

WRITTEN

By Monſ. *VOITURE*,

TO

Perſons of the greateſt Wit, Honour and Quality of both Sex, in the Court of *France*.

Made Engliſh by ſeveral Eminent Hands.

To my Lord Cardinal de la Velette.

By Mr. *Dryden*.

My Lord,

I Am ſatisfy'd, that you old Cardinals take more Authority upon you, than thoſe of the laſt Promotion; becauſe having written many Letters to you, without receiving one from you, yet you complain of my Neglect. In the mean

time, ſeeing ſo many well-bred Men, who aſſure me that you do me too much Honour to think of me at all; and that I am bound to write to you, and to give my Acknowledgments, I am reſolved to take their Counſel, and to paſs over all ſorts of Difficulties and Conſiderations of my own Intereſt. This then will give you to underſtand, that ſix Days after the Eclipſe, and a Fortnight after my Deceaſe, Madam the Princeſs, Mademoiſelle *de Bourbon*, Madam *du Vigean*, Madam *Aubry*, Mademoiſelle *de Rambouillet*, Mademoiſelle *Paulet*, Monſieur *de Chaudebonne*, and my ſelf, left *Paris* about ſix in the Evening, and went to *La Barre*, where Madam *du Vigean* was to give a Collation to the Princeſs. In our way thither we found nothing worth our Obſervation; but only that at *Ormeſſon*, an Engliſh Maſtiff came up to the Boot of the Coach, to make his Compliment to me. Be pleaſed to take this along with you, my Lord, that as often as I expreſs my ſelf in the Plural Number, as for Example, We went, we found, or we beheld, 'tis always to be underſtood, that I ſpeak in the Quality of a Cardinal. From thence we happily arriv'd at *La Barre*, and enter'd a Hall, were we trod upon nothing but Roſes and Orange-flowers. Madam the Princeſs, after

ter ſhe had ſufficiently admir'd this Magnificence, had a mind to ſee the Walks before Supper: the Sun was then juſt ſitting in a Cloud of Gold and *Azure*, and gave us no larger a ſhare of his Beams, than to ſupply a ſoft and pleaſing Light: The *Air* was not diſturb'd either with Wind or Heat; and it ſeem'd that Heav'n and Earth were conſpiring with Madam *du Vigean*, in her Treating the faireſt Princeſs upon Earth. After ſhe had paſſed through a great Parterre, and Gardens full of Orange-trees, ſhe arrived at the Entrance of an enchanted Wood, ſo thick and ſhady, that Authors conclude the Sun, ſince the Day of his Birth, never enter'd it, till now that he waited on her Highneſs thither. At the end of an Alley, which carried the ſight out of diſtance, we found a Fountain, which alone caſt up a greater Quantity of Water, than all thoſe of *Tivoli* together; about it were plac'd four and twenty Violins, which had much ado to make themſelves be heard, for the rumbling of the Streams in falling: When we were got near enough, we diſcover'd, in a cetain Nich, within a Palliſade, a *Diana*, of about eleven or twelve Years of Age, and fairer than the Foreſts of *Greece* and *Theſſaly* had ever ſeen: ſhe bore her Bow and Arrows

in her Eyes, and was encompas'd with all the Glories of her Brother. In another Nich, not far diſtant, was another Nymph, fair and gentle enough to paſs for one of her Train: thoſe who are not given to believe Fables, took them for Mademoiſelles *de Bourbon* and *la Priande*; and to confeſs the Truth, they reſembled them exactly. All the Company was in a profound Silence, admiring ſo many different Objects, which at once aſtoniſh'd their Eyes and Ears, when on a ſudden the Goddeſs leapt down from her Nich, and with a Grace, impoſſible to be deſcrib'd, began a Ball, which laſted for ſome time about the Fountain. 'Twas ſomewhat ſtrange, my Lord, that in the midſt of ſo many Pleaſures, which were ſufficient to engage the whole attention of their Spirits, who enjoy'd them, yet we could not forbear to think of you; and it was generally concluded, that ſomething was wanting to our Happineſs, ſince neither you, nor Madam *de Rambouillet* were preſent. Then I took up a Harp and ſung this Spaniſh Stanza,

Pues quiſo mi ſuerte dura,
Que faltando mi ſennor
Tambien faltaſſe mi Dama.

And continued the reſt of the Song ſo very melodiouſly, and with ſuch an Air of Sadneſs,

neſs, that there was not one of the Company, but the Tears came into their Eyes, and they wept abundantly: Their Sorrow had endur'd much longer, had not the Violins ſtruck up a Sarabrand, with great ſpeed and preſence of Mind; upon which the Company got upon their Feet, with as much Gayety, as if nothing in the World had happen'd, and fell into the Dance; thus leaping, capring, turning round, and hopping, we returned to the Houſe, where we found a Table already ſpread, and ſerv'd as if it had been ſerv'd by Fairies. This, my Lord, is one Paſſage of the Adventure, which is ſo ſtupendous that no words are capable of expreſſing it: For there are neither Colours of Speech, nor Figures in the Art of Rhetoric, which can deſcribe ſix ſeveral ſorts of Potages, which were at once preſented to the Sight. And what was particularly remarkable, that there being none but Goddeſſes, and two Demi-Gods at the Table (*viz.*) Monſieur *Chaudebonne* and I, yet every one eat as heartily, and with as good Appetites, as if we had been neither more nor leſs, than plain Mortals. And to confeſs the truth, a better Treat could not have been provided. Amongſt other things, there were twelve Diſhes, beſides other Eateables in

diſguiſe, which were never ſeen before on any Human Table; and whoſe very Names have never been ſo much as mention'd in any Hiſtory. This Circumſtance, my Lord, by ſome diſaſtrous Accident, has been related to Madam *la Mareſchalle* ———, and though immediatly upon it, ſhe took twelve Drams of *Opium*, beyond her ordinany Doſe, yet ſhe has never been able to cloſe her Eyes, from that fatal Moment. During the firſt Courſe, there was not ſo much as one ſingle Cup went round to your Health; the Company was ſo intent upon the preſent Affair; and at the Deſert, we quite forgot it. I beg your Permiſſion, my Lord, to relate all things as they paſs'd, like a faithful Hiſtorian as I am, and without Flattery; for I would not for the World, that Poſterity ſhould miſtake one thing for another; and that at the end of two thouſand Years hence, or thereabouts, Poſterity ſhould imagine your Health was drunk, when really there was no ſuch thing in nature. Yet I muſt give this Teſtimony to Truth, that it was not for want of Memory: For, during all Supper-time, you were often mention'd; all the Ladies wiſh'd you there, and ſome of them very heartily, or I am much miſtaken. As we roſe from Table, the ſound of the Violins

lins ſummon'd us up Stairs, where we found a Chamber ſo glorioufly lighted up, that it look'd as if the Day, which was now below the Earth, had retired hither, and was aſſembled in one body of Light. Here the Ball began again, in better Order and with more Grace, than it had been danc'd about the Fountain: And the moſt Magnificent Part of it, my Lord, was, that I footed it there in Perſon. Mademoiſelle *de Bourbon*, I muſt confeſs, was of opinion, that I danc'd aukwardly; but ſhe concluded, to my advantage, that I muſt be allowed to Fence well; becauſe, that at the end of every Cadence, I put my ſelf upon my Guard: The Ball continued with much Pleaſure till all of a ſudden a great Noiſe, which was heard without Doors, cauſed the Company to look out at the Windows; where, from a great Wood, which was about three hundred Paces from the Houſe, we beheld ſo vaſt a Number of Fire-works iſſuing out, that we verily believ'd all the Branches and Trunks of the Trees had been metamorphos'd into Guns; that all the Stars were falling from the Firmament, and that the Element of Fire was deſcending into the middle Region of the Air. Here, my Lord, are three Hyperboles tack'd together, which being valued at a moderate Price, are worth

three dozen of Fuſees at the leaſt. After we were recover'd out of this great Fit of Extaſie, into which ſo many Miracles had plung'd us, we reſolved on our Departure, and took the way to *Paris* by the Light of twenty Flambeaux: We paſs'd through all the *Ormeſſonnois*, and the wide Plains of *Eſpinay*, without Reſiſtance, and went through the middle of St. *Dennis*. Being plac'd in the Coach by the ſide of Madam——— I ſaid a whole Miſerere to her, on your behalf; to which ſhe replied, with much Gallantry, and no leſs Civility. We ſung in our Journey a World of Songs, Roundeaux, Roundelays, Lampoons, and Ballads; and were now half a League beyond St. *Dennis*, it being two a Clock in the Morning preciſely; the Fatigue of the Journey, Watching, Walking, and the painful Exerciſe of the Ball, having made me ſomewhat heavy, when there happen'd an Accident, which I verily believ'd wou'd have been my total Ruine: There is a certain little Village, ſituate, ſay the Geographers, betwixt *Paris* and St. *Dennis*, and vulgarly call'd, *La Valette:* At our going out of this Place, we overtook three Coaches, in which were thoſe Numerical Violins which had been playing to us. Hereupon, Sathan entring into the Spirit of Mademoiſelle,

ſelle, ſhe commanded them to follow us, and to give Serenades all Night long to the poor innocent People of *Paris*, who were aſleep and dreamt not of her Malice: This Diabolical Propoſition made my Hair riſe an end upon my Head; yet all the Company paſs'd a Vote in Favour of it; and the word was juſt ready to be given, but by a ſignal Providence, they had left their Violins behind them at *la Barre*; for which the Lord reward them. From hence, my Lord, you may reaſonably conclude, that Mademoiſelle is a dangerous Perſon in the Night, if ever there was any in the World: and that I had great reaſon at Madam——'s Houſe to ſay, that the Violins ought to be turn'd out of Doors, when that peſtilent Lady was in Company. Well, we continued our way happily enough, but only that as we enter'd the *Fauxbourgh*, we met ſix luſty Fellows, as naked as ever they were born, who paſſed directly by the Coach, to the terror of the Ladies. In fine, We arrived at *Paris*; and what I am now going to relate, is indeed prodigious: Cou'd you imagine it, my Lord? the Obſcurity was ſo great, that it cover'd all that vaſt City; and inſtead of what we left it, not full ſeven Hours before, fill'd with Noiſe, and with a Crowd of Men, Women, Horſes,

ſes, and Coaches; we now found nothing but a deep Silence, a diſmal Deſart, a frightful Solitude, diſpeopled Streets, not meeting with any Mortal Man, but only certain Animals, who fled from the Luſtre of our Torches. But the remaining part of the Adventure, you ſhall have, my Lord, another time. As *Boyando* tells you,

Qui e il ſin del Canto; e torno ad Orlando,
Adio Signor, a voi me raccomando.

To Mademoiſelle Paulet.

By Mr. *Dennis.*

Madam,

SO great a Misfortune as mine, wanted no leſs Conſolation than that which I lately received from you; and I look'd on your Letter, as a Pardon which Heav'n granted me after my Sentence: I can call by no other name, the News which oblig'd me to return to this Place, and I can aſſure you that Sentence of Death is oftentimes leſs rigorous. But ſince, in the midſt of all my Misfortunes, I have the Honour

to

to be remember'd by you, to complain would be ill-becoming of me: for methinks he may diſpence with the Favours of Fortune, who is happy enough to obtain yours. This is the Reaſon that I ſhall make uſe of to comfort my ſelf, for the Neceſſity of remaining here, and not that which you urg'd in yours, That it is better to be an Exile in a Foreign Land, than to be a Priſoner in one's own Country: For, alas! you know but one half of my Miſery, if you are not convinc'd that I am both together; and if you judge of the Matter rightly, you will find that a thing, which ſeems very inconſiſtent, is to be found in me, which is to be baniſh'd from the ſame Perſon by whom I am kept a Priſoner. You will find it difficult to interpret this Riddle, unleſs you call to mind, that I have always been us'd to mingle a Dram of Love in my Letters: For, if as you ſay, I am allow'd ſome Liberty here, of which I ſhould be depriv'd in *France*; I beſeech you let it be that of aſſuring you, that there is a great deal of Paſſion mix'd with the Affection which I expreſs for your Service. I ſhould indeed be Ungrateful, if I ſhould diſcover but an ordinary Friendſhip for a Perſon who does ſuch extraordinary Things for me; and I am obliged to fall in love at leaſt with your Gene-

Generosity. I have been acquainted what Care a Gentleman and a Lady has taken to enquire of my Welfare, which is an additional Obligation to one whom they had extremely oblig'd before. For all the rest, they have seem'd buried in so profound a Silence, that for six Months together I have heard not the least mention of them. Whether this comes from their Forgetfulness or from their Prudence, I am unable to determine: Yet Forgetfulness may be allow'd an Excuse for Silence, but a dumb Remembrance is without Defence. I leave you to conclude, Madam, how much Lustre this reflects upon what you have done for me, and how much I am oblig'd to you for a long Letter at a time, when others have been afraid to send me their Service. Therefore let me assure you, that tho' I am unable to make suitable Returns to such Goodness, I esteem it at least, and extol it as it deserves, and that I am as much as a Man can possibly be,

Madam, yours, &c.

To

To Monſieur de Chaudebonne.

I Writ to you ten or twelve Days ago, and return'd you Thanks for the two Letters, which I have at length received from you. If you were but ſenſible of the Satisfaction they brought with them, you would be ſorry for not having writ to me oftner, and for not frequently repeating the Conſolation, of which I had ſo much need. *Madrid*, which is the agreeableſt Place in the World, for thoſe who at once are Luſty and Libertines, is the moſt diſconſolate, for thoſe who are Regular, or thoſe who are Indiſpoſed. And in Lent, which is the Players Vacation, I do not know ſo much as one Pleaſure that a Man can enjoy with Conſcience. My Melancholy here, and my want of Company have produc'd a good Effect in me; for they have reconcil'd me to Books, which I had for a time forſaken; and being able to meet with no other Pleaſures, I have been forc'd to taſte and to reliſh that of Reading: Prepare then to ſee me a Philoſopher as great as your ſelf; and conſider how faſt a Man muſt come on, who for ſeven whole Months has ſtudied, or has been ſick: For if one of the chief Things that Philoſophy aims at, is a Contempt

tempt of Life; the Stone-colick is certainly the beſt of Maſters, and *Plato* and *Socrates* perſuades us leſs efficaciouſly. It has lately read me a Lecture, that laſted ſeventeen Days, and which I ſhall not quickly forget; and which has often made me conſider how very feeble we are, ſince three Grains of Sand, are ſufficient to caſt us down. But if it determines me to any Sect, it ſhall not at leaſt be that which maintains that Pain is not an Evil; and that he who is Wiſe is at all times Happy. But whatever befals me, I can neither be Happy nor Wiſe, without being near to you, and nothing can make me one or the other, ſo much as your Preſence or your Example. Yet am I very uncertain when I ſhall be able to leave this Place, and expecting both Money and Men, which are coming by Sea, and which are two things that do not always keep touch with us; I apprehend my remaining here longer than I could wiſh; therefore I make it my humble Requeſt to you, That you would not forget me ſo long as you have done, and that you would teſtifie, by doing me the Honour of Writing to me, that you are convinc'd of the real Affection with which

I am yours, &c.

To

To Monſieur de Godeau.

Sir,

YOu ought to give me time to recover our Tongue, before you oblige me to write to you: For it appears to me to be ſomething abſurd, that I, who have been now ſo long a Foreigner, and but juſt come from breathing the Air of *Barbary*, ſhould preſume to expoſe my Letters, to one of the moſt eloquent Men in *France*. This Conſideration has kept me ſilent till now. But tho' I forbear to anſwer your Challenges, I cannot refuſe to return your Civilities: By theſe you have found a way to vanquiſh me, in ſpight of all my Evaſions: In my preſent Condition it is more reputable to you, to Conquer me this way, than to overcome me by Force: You would have acquir'd but ſmall Glory by vigorouſly attacking a Man, who is already driven to Extreamity, and to whom Fortune has given ſo many Blows, that the leaſt may ſatisfie to over-whelm him. Amidſt the Darkneſs in which ſhe hath plac'd us, we can have no Defence; but here all our Art and our Skill in Parring are uſeleſs. The Caſe perhaps might be otherwiſe, if you had ſet before my Eyes the Sun of which you

you make mention; and as dejected as you ſee me now, I ſhould grow daring enough to enter the Liſts againſt you, if the Light of that were divided between us equally. 'Tis more to have that alone on your ſide, than all the reſt of Heav'n. The Beauties which ſparkle in all that you do, are only deriv'd from hers, and it is the Influence of her Rays on you, which produces ſo many Flowers. Nothing can ever appear more lively, than thoſe which you ſcatter on every thing that comes from you. I have ſeen them upon the Ocean's extreameſt Shores, and in Places where Nature cannot produce, no, not one Blade of Graſs. I have receiv'd Noſegays of them, which made me meet in Deſarts, with the choiceſt Delicacies of *Greece* and of fruitful *Italy*: And tho' they had been carried four hundred Leagues, neither the length of way, nor of time had in the leaſt diminiſhed their Luſtre. They are indeed Immortal and cannot decay, and ſo vaſtly different from all Terreſtrial Productions, that it is with a great deal of Juſtice, that you have offer'd them up to Heaven; for Altars alone are worthy of them. Believe me, Sir, in what I am ſaying, I ſpeak but my real Sentiments; when my Curioſity, as you ſay, had oblig'd me to paſs the Bounds of the

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ancient World, to find out rare and ſurpriſing Objects, your Works were the wonderfulleſt things that I ſaw, and *Africa* could ſhow me nothing more new, and no more extraordinary Sight. Reading them under the Shade of its Palms, I wiſh'd you crown'd with them all; and at the very time that I ſaw, that I had gone beyond *Hercules*, I found I came ſhort of you. All this, which was capable of producing Envy in any Man's Soul but mine, fill'd mine with ſo much Eſteem and Affection, that you then took the place there, which you are now deſiring, and perfectly finiſh'd what you think you are ſtill to begin. After the Knowledge which I have had of you, how can I form ſuch an Image of you, as you are willing to give me? How can I Fancy you to be that little Creature you ſay you are? How could I comprehend that Heaven could place ſuch mighty things in ſo ſmall a ſpace? When I give my Imagination a Looſe, it gives you four Yards at leaſt, and repreſents you of the Stature of Men engendered by Angels. Yet I ſhall be very glad to find that it is as you would have me believe. Amongſt the reſt of the Advantages, which I expect to derive from you, I am in hopes that you will bring our Stature into ſome Credit, and that it is ours

which henceforward will be accounted the nobleſt; and that by you, we ſhall be exalted above thoſe who believe themſelves higher than we. As we pour the moſt exquiſite Eſſences into the ſmalleſt Bottles, Nature infuſeth the divineſt Souls into the ſmalleſt Bodies, and mixes more or leſs of matter with them, as they have more or leſs in them of their Almighty Original. She ſeems to place the moſt ſhining Souls, as Jewelers ſet the moſt ſparkling Stones, who make uſe of as little Gold as they can with them, and no more than juſt ſuffices to bind them. By you the World will be undeceiv'd of that ſottiſh Errour of valuing Men by their Weight, and my Littleneſs with which I have been ſo often upbraided by Madamoiſelle *de Rambouillet*, for the future may recommend me to her. For what remains, the Affection is very Juſt, which you tell me, ſhe has for you, and with her, ſix more of the loveliеſt Creatures that illuſtrate the Light. But I wonder that you ſhould think to get mine by ſuch a Diſcovery; and to gain it by the very Means, which were ſufficient to make you loſe it. You had need to have a high Opinion of my Goodneſs, to believe that I can love a Man who enjoys my Right, and who has obtain'd the Confiſcation of my moſt valued

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Poſſeſſions: But yet I am ſo juſt, that even this ſhall be no Impediment, and I believe you to have ſo much Juſtice on your ſide, that I do not deſpair but that we may accommodate ev'n this matter between us. They may very well have given you my Place without your putting me out of it, and my room in their Hearts was but very ſmall, if it cannot contain us both. As for my part, I ſhall do my utmoſt, that I may not incommode you there; and ſhall take care to take up my Station ſo that we may not claſh, ſince ſo powerful an Intereſt cannot make me ceaſe to be yours, you may believe, that in ſpight of the worſt of Accidents, I ſhall be eternally

Tours, &c.

BILLET *from Madam* de Saintot, *to Monſieur* de Voiture.

I Have promis'd to beſtow you, for a Gallant, upon two fine Women, my Friends. I am confident that you will not find the Exploit too many for you, and do not doubt but that you will confirm my Promiſe, as ſoon as you have but ſeen them.

The Anſwer of Monſieur de Voiture.

LEt me ſee what I love as ſoon as you can: For I die with Impatience till that happy Moment. And ſince, at your Command, I have fallen in Love, it behoves you to take ſome care that I am belov'd too. I have thought all Night upon the two Ladies that —— In ſhort, upon you know whom. I write this Billet to one of them; deliver it, I beſeech you, to her, whom you believe that I love the more paſſionately of the two. In Acknowledgment of the good Offices which I receive from you, I aſſure you, that you ſhall always diſpoſe of my Affections; and that I will never love any one ſo much as your ſelf, till I am convinc'd that you have in good earneſt a Mind that I ſhould.

To his Unknown Miſtreſs.

WAs there ever ſo extraordinary a Paſſion, as that which I have for you? For my part, I do not know any thing of you; and, to my knowledge I never ſo much as heard of you: And yet, I Gad, I am deſperately in Love with you; and

and it is now a whole Day, ſince I have ſigh'd, and look'd ſilly, and languiſh'd, and dy'd, and all that for you. Without having even ſeen your Face, I am taken with its Beauty; and am charm'd with your Wit, tho' I never have heard one Syllable of it. I am raviſh'd with your every Action, and I fancy in you a kind of I know not what, that makes me paſſionately in Love with I know not whom. Sometimes I fancy you Fair, and at other times Black; Now you appear Tall to me, by and by Short; Now with a Noſe of the Roman Shape, and anon with a Noſe turn'd up: But in whatever Form I deſcribe you, you appear the Loveliest of Creatures to me; and though I am ignorant what ſort of Beauty yours is, I am ready to pawn my Soul, that it is the moſt Bewitching of all of them. If it be your Luck to know me as little, and to love me as much, then thanks be to Love, and the Stars. But leſt you ſhould a little impoſe upon your ſelf, in fancying me a tall fair Fellow, and ſo be ſurpriz'd at the Sight of me, I care not for once, if I venture to ſend you my Picture: My Stature is three Inches below the middle one; my Head appears tolerable enough, and is decently ſet off with a large grey Head of Hair; then with Eyes that languiſh a little, yet are

ſomething Hagard; I have a ſort of a cudden caſt of a Face: But in Requital, one of your Friends will tell you, that I am the honeſteſt Fellow in the World; and that for Loving faithfully in five or ſix Places at a time, there is no Man alive comes near me. If you think that all this will accomodate you, it ſhall be at your Service as ſoon as I ſee you: Till that long long'd for time, I ſhall think of you; that is, of I know not whom. But if any one ſhould chance to ask me for whom I ſigh, don't be afraid, I warrant to keep the Secret; I would fain ſee any one catch me at naming you to him.

To Mademoiſelle Paulet.

Madam,

THere was only one thing wanting to your Adventures, and that was to be a Priſoner of State; I have given you here the happy Occaſion of being ſuch: Fortune, who has omitted no Opportunity of bringing you into Play, will, in all probability, make her Advantage of this. I know very well that I bring you into Danger by writing to you; yet cannot even that Reflection reſtrain me. From whence you may

may conclude, that there is no Risk which I would refuse to run, to refresh your Remembrance of me, since I can resolve to endanger even you, you who are dear and valuable above all the rest of the World to me. I tell you this, Madam, at a time, when I would not lye, no, not in a Compliment: For I would have you to know, that I am much the better for the Distemper which I have lately had: It has caused me to assume such good Resolutions, that if I had them not, I could be contented to purchase them with all my Health. I plainly foresee, that this will but divert you, you who are conscious to so much of my Weakness; and who will never believe that I can keep single Resolutions, I who have broken so many Vows; yet nothing is more certain than that I have hitherto beheld the Spanish Beauties with as much Indifference, as I did the Flemish at *Brussels*; and I hope to grow a Convert in the very Place of the World in which the Tempter is strongest, and where the Devil resumes as glorious Shapes as what he put off when he fell. The Reformation is so great in me, that I have but one Scruple remaining, which is, That I think too often of you; and that I desire to see you again with a little too much Impatience. I, who have moderated

the reſt of my Paſſions, have been unable to reduce that which I have for you, to the Meaſure with which we are permitted to love our Neighbours; that is to ſay, as much as we do ourſelves; and I fear you have a larger Share in my Soul, than I ought to allow a Creature. Look out, I beſeech you, for a Remedy for this, or rather for an Excuſe for it; for as for a Remedy, I believe there is none, and that I muſt be always, with utmoſt Paſſion,

Madam, yours.

To the Marchioneſs of Rambouillet; *in Anſwer to a Letter of Thanks of hers.*

Madam,

THo' my Liberality ſhould, as you tell me, ſurpaſs the Bounty of *Alexander*, it would nevertheleſs be richly recompens'd, by the Thanks which you have return'd me for it. He himſelf, as boundleſs as his Ambition was, would have confin'd it to ſo rare a Favour. He would have ſet more value upon this Honour, than he did on the Perſian Diadem; and he would never have envied *Achilles* the Praiſe which he received from *Homer*, if he could but himſelf

ſelf have obtain'd Yours. Thus, Madam, on this Pinacle of Glory on which I ſtand, if I bear any Envy to his, 'tis not ſo much to that which he acquir'd himſelf, as to that which you have beſtow'd upon him, and he has received no Honours, which I do not hold Inferior to mine, unleſs it be that which you did him, when you declar'd him your Gallant. Neither his Vanity, nor the reſt of his Flatterers, could ever perſuade him to believe any thing that was ſo advantageous to him, and the Quality of Son of *Jupiter Hammon*, was by much leſs glorious to him than this. But if any thing comforts me for the Jealouſie which it has rais'd in me, 'tis this, Madam, that knowing you as well as I know you, I am very well aſſur'd, that if you have done him this Honour, 'tis not ſo much upon the account of his having been the Greateſt of Mankind, as of his having been now theſe two thouſand Years no more. However, we here find cauſe to admire the Greatneſs of his Fortune, which not being able yet to forſake him ſo many Years after his Death, has added to his Conqueſts a Perſon that gives them more Luſtre than the Daughters and Wife of *Darius*; and which has gain'd him a Mind more great than the World he Conquer'd. I ought here to be afraid, af-

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ter your Example of Writing, in too lofty a Style: But how can the Writer be too ſublime who writes of you, and of *Alexander?* I humbly beſeech you, Madam, to believe that I have equal Paſſion for you, with that which you ſhew for him; and that the Admiration of your Virtues will oblige me to be always,

Madam, yours, &c.

An

An Imitation of Monſieur de Voiture's *Letter to Mademoiſelle* de Rambouillet: *Being an Anſwer to that by which ſhe had inform'd him, who was then with* Monſieur *in Exile, that the Academy deſigned to aboliſh the Particle* Car, [For,]

That the Reader may be diverted with this Letter, he is deſir'd to ſuppoſe, that there is a Club of Wits erected in London, *for the Regulation of the Tongue, who have a Deſign to aboliſh it.*

Madam,

FOR, being of ſo great Importace in our Tongue as it is, I extreamly approve of the Reſentment you ſhew for the Wrong they deſign to do it; and I muſt needs declare, that I expect no good from this Club of Wits, which you mention, ſince they are reſolved to eſtabliſh themſelves by ſo great an Oppreſſion: Even at a time like this, when Fortune is acting her Tragedies throughout all *Europe*. I can behold nothing ſo deſerving of Pity, as when I ſee they are ready to arraign and to baniſh a Word, which has ſo faithfully ſerv'd this Monarchy; and which, amidſt all

all our Engliſh Confuſions, has always been of the ſide of thoſe who were truly Engliſh. For my part, I cannot for my Heart comprehend, what Reaſon they can alledge againſt a Word, whoſe only Buſineſs is to go before Reaſon, and which has no other Employment than to uſher it in. I cannot imagine what Intereſt can oblige them, to take away that which belongs to *for*, to give it to *Becauſe that*; nor why they have a mind, to ſay with three Syllables, that which they ſay with three Letters. That which I am afraid of, Madam, is this, That after they have been guilty of this one Injuſtice, they will not ſcruple at more; perhaps they may have the Impudence to attack *But*, and who knows if *If* may be any longer ſecure. So that, after they have depriv'd us of all thoſe Words, whoſe buſineſs it is to bring others together, the Wits will reduce us to the Language of Angels; or, if they cannot do that, they will at leaſt oblige us to ſpeak only by Signs: And here I muſt confeſs, that your Obſervation is true, *viz.* That no Example can more clearly ſhew us the Inſtability of Humane Affairs. He who had told me ſome Years ago, that I ſhould have outliv'd *For*, I had thought had promis'd me a longer Life than the Patriarchs. And yet

yet we ſee that after he has mentain'd himſelf for ſome hundreds of Years, in full Force and Authority, after he has been employ'd in the moſt important Treaties, and has aſſiſted in the Councils of our Kings with Honour, he is all of a ſudden fallen into Diſgrace, and threatned with a violent End. I now expect nothing leſs, than to be terrify'd with lamentable Cries in the *Air*, declaring to the World, that the Great *For* is dead: for the Death of the Great *Cam*, or of the Great *Pan*, was, in my mind, leſs important. I know if we conſult one of the fineſt Wits of the Age, and one whom I eſteem with Paſſion, he will tell us, that 'tis our Duty to condemn an Innovation like this, that we ought to uſe the *For* of our Fathers, as well as their Sun and their Soil, and that we ſhould by no means baniſh a Word, which was in the Mouths of our *Edwards* and of our *Henries*. But you, Madam, are the Perſon, who are principally oblig'd to undertake his Protection: for ſince the Supreme Grace, and the Sovereign Beauty of the Engliſh Tongue lies in yours, you ought to command here with an abſolute Sway, and with a Smile or a Frown, give Life or give Death to Syllables, as uncontroul'd as you do to Men. For this, I believe you have

have already ſecur'd it, from the imminent Danger which threatned it, and by vouchſafing it a Place in your Letter, have fix'd it in a Sanctuary and a Manſion of Glory, to which neither Envy nor Time can reach. But here, Madam, I beg leave to aſſure you, that I could not but be ſurpriz'd to ſee how fantaſtick your Favours are, I could not but think it ſtrange, that you, who without Compaſſion could ſee a thouſand Lovers expire, ſhould not have the Heart to ſee a Syllable die. If you had but had half the Care of me, which you have ſhewn of *For*, I ſhould then have been happy in ſpight of ill Fortune: Then Poverty, Exile, and Grief would ſcarce have had force to come near me. If you had not deliver'd me from theſe Evils themſelves, you had freed me at leaſt from the Sence of them. But at a time that I expected to receive Conſolation from yours, I found that your Kindneſs was only deſign'd to *For*, and that his Baniſhment troubled you more than ours. I muſt confeſs, Madam, it is but juſt, you ſhould undertake his Defence; but you ought to have taken ſome care of me too, that People might not object to you, That you forſake your Friends for a Word. You make no Anſwer at all to that which I writ about; you take not the leaſt Notice of that

that which ſo much concerns me: In three or four Pages you ſcarce remember me once; and the Reaſon of this is *For:* Be pleaſed to conſider me a little more for the future, and when you undertake the Defence of the Afflicted, remember that I am of the Number. I ſhall always make uſe of him himſelf to oblige you to grant me this Favour, and to convince you that it is but my Due; *For*

I am, &c.

To the Duke of Enguien, *upon his Taking of* Dunkirk.

I Am ſo far from wondring that you have taken *Dunkirk*, that I believe you cou'd take the Moon by the Teeth, if you did but once attempt it. Nothing can be impoſſible to you: I am only uneaſie about what I ſhall ſay to your Highneſs on this Occaſion, and am thinking by what extraordinary Terms I may bring you to reach my Conceptions of you. Indeed, my Lord, in that Height of Glory, to which you have now attain'd, the Honour of your Favour is a ſingular Happineſs; but it is a troubleſome thing to us Writers, who are obliged to

to Congratulate you upon every good Success, to be perpetually upon the Hunt for Words whose Force may answer your Actions, and to be ev'ry Day inventing of new Panegyricks. If you would but have the Goodness to suffer your self to be beat sometime, or to rise from before some Town, the variety of the Matter might help to support us, and we should find out some fine thing or other to say to you, upon the Inconstancy of Fortune, and the Glory that is gotten by bearing her Malice bravely. But having, from the very first of your Actions, rank'd you equal with *Alexander*, and finding you rising upon us continually; upon my word, my Lord, we are at a loss what to do, either with you or our selves. Nothing that we can say, can come up to that which you do, and the very Flights of our Fancy flag below you. Eloquence, which Magnifies smallest things, cannot reach the Height of those which you do; no, not by its boldest Figures. And that which is call'd Hyperbole on other occasions, is but a cold way of speaking when it comes to be applyed to you. Indeed it is different to comprehend, how your Highness each Summer has still found out means to augment that Glory, which every Winter seem'd at its full Perfection; and

and that having begun ſo greatly, and gone on more greatly, ſtill your laſt Actions ſhould crown the reſt, and be found the moſt Amazing. For my own part, my Lord, I congratulate your Succeſs, as I am in Duty oblig'd; but I plainly foreſee, the very thing that augments your Reputation with us, may prejudice that which you expect from after Ages; and that ſo many great and important Actions, done in ſo ſhort a ſpace, may render your Life incredible to future Times, and make your Hiſtory be thought a Romance by Poſterity. Be pleas'd then, my Lord, to ſet ſome Bounds to your Victories, if it be only to accommodate your ſelf to the Capacity of Human Reaſon, and not to go further than Common Belief can follow you. Be contented to be quiet and ſecure, at leaſt for a time, and ſuffer *France*, which is eternally alarm'd for your Safety, to enjoy ſerenely, for a few Months, the Glory which you have acquir'd for her. In the mean time, I beſeech you to believe, that among ſo many Millions of Men who admire you, and who continually pray for you, there is not one who does it, with ſo much Joy, with ſo much Zeal and Veneration, as I, who am,

My Lord, your Highneſs's, &c.

To the Duke of Euguien *(afterwards the Great Prince of* Conde*) upon his gaining the Battle of* Rocroy.

My Lord,

AT a time that I am ſo far remov'd from your Highneſs, that you cannot poſſibly lay your Commands upon me, I am fully reſolv'd to ſpeak freely my Mind to you, which I have ſo long been oblig'd to diſguiſe, leſt it ſhould bring me into the ſame Inconvenience, with thoſe, who before me, have taken the like Liberties with you. But let me tell you, my Lord, you have done too much, to let it paſs without taking Notice of it; and you are unreaſonable if you think to behave your ſelf as you do, without being loudly told of it. If you did but know how ſtrangely all *Paris* talks of you, I am very confident that you would be aſham'd of it; and you could not without Confuſion hear, with how little Reſpect, and how little Fear of Diſpleaſing you, all the World preſumes to diſcourſe of what you have done. I muſt confeſs, my Lord, I wonder what you could mean: You have ſhewn your ſelf Bold with a Vengeance, and Violent to the laſt Degree, in putting ſuch an Affront upon

on two or three old Captains, whom you ought to have reſpected, if it had been only for their Antiquity: In Killing the poor Count *de la Fountaine*, who was the very beſt Man in the *Low-Countries*; in Taking ſixteen Pieces of Cannon, the proper Goods of the King's Unkle, and the Queen's own Brother; and in Confounding the Spaniſh Troops, after they had ſhewn ſo much Goodneſs in letting you Paſs. I heard indeed, you are obſtinate as a Devil, and that it was not to much purpoſe to diſpute about any thing with you: But yet I never thought, that your Heat wou'd have tranſported you ſo far. If you go on at the rate you have begun, you will ſhortly grow Intollerable, I aſſure you, to all *Europe*, and neither the Emperor nor the King of *Spain* will either of them be able to endure you. But now, my Lord, laying the Man of Conſcience aſide, and reſuming the Man of State: I felicitate your Highneſs for the Victory I hear you have gain'd, the moſt compleat, and the moſt important, which has happen'd in our Age. *France*, which you have ſhelter'd from all the Storms that it dreaded, is amaz'd to ſee that you have begun your Life with an Action, with which *Cæſar* would gladly have crown'd his own, and which alone, re-

flects more Luſtre upon the Kings your Progenitors, than all theirs have transferred to you. Well, my Lord, you have verified what has been formerly ſaid, That Virtue comes to the *Cæſars* preventing Time: For you, who are a true *Cæſar*, both in Wit and in Knowledge; *Cæſar* in Diligence and in Vigilance; in Courage *Cæſar*, and *per omnes Caſus Cæſar*; you have outrun the Hopes, and ſurpaſs'd the Expectation of Men; you have clearly ſhewn that Experience is neceſſary to none but ordinary Souls; that the Virtue of Heroes comes by a more compendious way, and that the Works of Heaven are finiſh'd when but begun. After this I leave you to judge, how you are like to be receiv'd and carreſs'd by the Lords of the Court, and with what Pleaſure the Ladies heard, that he whom they had ſeen Triumphant in Balls, had been Victorious in Armies; and that the fineſt Head of all *France*, was likewiſe the beſt and the ſtrongeſt. There is not a Man ev'n to Mounſieur *Beaumont*, who does not declaim in your Praiſe. They who had revolted againſt you, are now reduced; and they who complain'd that you were always Laughing, have been forced to confeſs, that you have ſhown your ſelf now in good Earneſt; and ev'ry one's afraid

fraid of being of the Number of your Enemies, ſince you have defeated ſuch Multitudes of them. Pardon, O *Cæſar*, the Liberty which I have taken; receive the Praiſe that is due to you; and permit us to render to *Cæſar*, that which is due to *Cæſar*.

To Monſieur de Balzac.

Sir,

IF it be true that I have always kept the Rank, which you tell me I have held in your Memory: Methinks you have ſhewn but an indifferent Concern for my Satisfaction, in delaying ſo long to impart the pleaſing News to me, and in ſuffering me ſo long to be the happieſt of Men, without dreaming I was ſo. But perhaps you were of opinion, that this very good Fortune, was ſo infinitely above any thing that I could in reaſon hope for, that it was neceſſary you ſhould take time to invent Arguments, which might render it credible, and that you had an occaſion to employ all the Power of Rhetorick to perſwade me, that you had not forgot me. And thus far at leaſt I muſt needs confeſs, that

you have been very Juſt, that reſolving to let me have nothing but Words for all the Affection you owe me, the Choice which you have made of them, has been ſo rich, and ſo beautiful, that, let me die, if I believe the thing they aſſure me of would be of greater Value: This, at leaſt, I'm ſure of, that they would ſuffice to Counterballance any Friendſhip but mine. I am only diſcontented at one thing, and that is, that ſo much Artifice and ſo much Eloquence, ſhould not be able to Diſguiſe the Truth from me; and that in this, I ſhould reſemble your own Shepherdeſſes, who are too ſilly to be beguiled by a Man of Wit. But indeed, you muſt excuſe me if I am ſomething inclin'd to ſuſpect an Art, which could invent Commendations for a Quartan Ague, and an Art which you have at more command than ever Man had before you. All thoſe Graces, and that Air of the Court, which I ſo much admire in yours, convince me rather of the Excellence of your Wit, than of the Goodneſs of your Will. And from all the fine things which you have ſaid in my Favour, all that I can conclude, ev'n when I am inclin'd to flatter my ſelf, is, That Fortune has been pleas'd to give me a place in your Dreams: Nay, I know not if the very Extravagancies of a Soul ſo

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exalted as yours, are not too ſerious, and too reaſonable, to deſcend ſo low as to me. And I ſhall eſteem my ſelf too obligingly us'd by you, if you have but ſo much as dreamt that you Love me. For to imagine, that you have reſerv'd a Place for me amidſt thoſe ſublime Thoughts, which are, at preſent, employed, in Recompenſing the Virtues of all the World, and Diſtributing Shares of Glory to Mankind; to imagine this, would be extream Preſumption in me. I have too great an Opinion of your Underſtanding, to believe that you could be guilty of any thing that is ſo much below you; and I ſhould be unwilling, that your Enemies ſhould have that to object to you. I am perfectly ſatisfied, that the only Affection which you can have juſtly for any one, is that which you owe to your ſelf; and that Precept of Studying One's ſelf, which is a Leſſon of Humility to all beſides you, ought to have a contrary Effect in relation to you, and oblige you to contemn, whatever you find without you. And therefore here let me ſwear to you, That without pretending to any Share in your Affection, I ſhould have been very well ſatisfied, if you had preſerv'd, with never ſo little Care, the Friendſhip which I have vow'd eternally to have for you, and to have

placed it, if not amongſt the things which you value, at leaſt amongſt thoſe which you are not forward to loſe. But in leaving me here with that lovely Rival, of whom you made mention of in yours, you have ſhewn, let me tell you, too little Jealouſie, and you have ſuffer'd her to gain ſo much Advantage of you, that I have reaſon to ſuſpect that you have conſpir'd with her, to do me a Miſchief. And therefore I have more reaſon than you to complain, that ſhe has enrich'd your ſelf by your Loſſes, and that you have ſuffer'd her to get into her Power, that which I thought to have ſecur'd from her Tyranny, by entruſting it in your Hands. If you had been willing to have made never ſo little Defence, the better part of my ſelf, had yet been our own; but you, by your Negligence, have ſuffer'd her to ſurprize it; and to advance her Conqueſt at ſuch a rate over me, that tho' I ſhou'd ſurrender to you, all that remains of me, you wou'd not have ſo much as one half of that which you have loſt. Nevertheleſs, let me aſſure you, That you have gain'd, in my Eſteem, as much as you have loſt in my Affection; and that at the very time that I was beginning to Love you leſs, I was forced to Honour you more. I have ſeen nothing of yours ſince your

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Departure, which does not go beyond all that you had done before: And by your laſt Works, you have the Honour of Excelling him who ſurpaſs'd all others. It cannot therefore but appear ſtrange, that when you have ſo much reaſon to be contented, you ſhould yet be complaining, and that you your ſelf ſhould be the only great Man who remains diſſatisfied with you. At preſent all *France* is liſtening to you, and you are indifferent to no Man, who has but learnt to Read. All who are concern'd for the Honour of their Country, are not more inquiſitive after what the Mareſchal *de Crequi* is doing, than they are after what is doing by you. And you are the Perſon who can make more Noiſe in your Solitude, than the moſt Happy and moſt Renown'd of our Generals, at the Head of forty Thouſand Men. Can you wonder then, that with ſo much Glory, you ſhould be obnoxious to Envy; and that the very ſame Judges with whom *Scipio* was Criminal, and who condemn'd *Ariſtides* and *Socrates*, ſhould not unanimouſly do Juſtice to your Deſert? The People can plead Preſcription for hating the very Qualities which they admire in any one. Every thing which tranſcends 'em, they think affronts 'em; and they can better bear with a common Vice,

Vice, than an extraordinary Virtue. So that if that Law was in force amongſt us, of Baniſhing the moſt Powerful for Authority or Reputation, I make no doubt, but that you would ſtand the Mark of the Publick Envy: and I believe ev'n Cardinal *Richlieu* would not run greater Hazard. But, for God ſake, have a care of calling that your Misfortune, which is but that of the Age: And complain no more of the Injuſtice of Men, ſince all, who have Worth, are of your ſide; and that amongſt them, you have found a Friend, whom yet, perhaps, you may loſe once more: At leaſt, I ſhall do my utmoſt to put you into a condition of doing ſo. For every Man's Darling Vanity, at preſent, is to be accounted yours. For my own part, I have always in ſo publick a manner profeſs'd my ſelf ſo, that if thro' ill Fortune I ſhould not be able to Love you ſo much as I have done, yet here let me ſwear to you, That you ſhall be the only Man to whom I will dare to declare it; and that I will always own my ſelf to the reſt of the World, to be as much as ever,

Yours, &c.

To

To the Marqueſs of Piſani, *who had loſt all his Money and his* Baggage, *at the Siege of* Thionville.

The Character of the Marqueſs of Piſani, *was a Man of Honour, Generoſity, and Courage; but an Extravagant, Ignorant, Obſtinate, Diſputing Gameſter.*

Sir,

THE Man would be to blame, or I have been very much miſinform'd, who ſhould upbraid you with having had the Mules to keep, at your Camp of *Thionville:* The Devil a Mule have you kept there, Sir. They tell me, that upon the weighty Conſideration, that ſeveral Armies have been formerly loſt by their Baggage; you have made all poſſible haſte to be diſencumber'd of yours. And that having often read in the Roman Hiſtories, (this it is to be ſuch a Man of Reading, look you) that the greateſt Exploits that were done by their Cavalry, were done on Foot, after having voluntarily diſmounted in the Extreamity of the moſt doubtful Battles, you took a Reſolution to diſpatch away all your Horſes, and have manag'd Matters ſo ſwingingly, that you have not ſo much

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as one left. And now, *the important Perſon ſtands on his own Legs.*

Perhaps, you may receive ſome ſmall Inconvenience from this: But let me die, if it be not much for your Honour, that you, as well as *Bias*, honeſt old *Bias*, I warrent you know him ſo wonderous well, ſhould be able to ſay, that you carry all that is yours about you. No great quantity I muſt confeſs of Foppiſh Accoutrements, nor a long Train of Led-horſes, nor abundance of that which they call the Ready; but Probity, Generoſity, Magnanimity, Conſtancy in Dangers, Obſtinacy in Diſputes; a Contempt of all Foreign Languages, Ignorance of Falſe Dice, and a ſurpriſing Tranquillity upon the Loſs of Tranſitory Things: Qualities, Sir, which are properly and eſſentially yours; and of which neither Time nor Fortune can ever deprive you. Now as *Euripides*, who was, as you know, or as you know not, one of the graveſt Authors of *Greece*, writes in one of his Tragedies, that Money was one of the Evils, and one of the moſt pernicious ones, that flew from *Pandora*'s Box; I admire, as a Divine Quality in you, the Incompatibility which you ſhew for it, and look upon it to be a diſtinguiſhing Mark of a Great and Extraordinary Soul, that you

you are Uneaſie till you are rid of this Corrupter of Reaſon, this Pois'ner of Souls, this Author of ſo much Diſorder, of ſo much Injuſtice, and of ſo many Violences. Yet, I could heartily wiſh, that your Virtue were not arriv'd at ſuch an extraordinary Pitch, and that you could be brought to ſome Accommodation with this Enemy of Human Kind, and that you might be perſuaded to make Peace with it, as we do with the Great Turk, for Politick Reaſons, and the Advantage of Commerce. Now upon Conſideration, that it is a difficult matter to be much at one's Eaſe without it, and fancying that as I play'd for you at *Narbonne*, you threw for me at *Thionville*; and that it is perhaps in my Name, that you have pack'd off your Baggage, I here ſend you a hundred Piſtols at preſent in part of Payment; and, that theſe may not meet with the ſame Fate which befel their Predeceſſors, I deſire you not to defile your Hands with them, but to deliver them to the French Gentlemen who are with you, for whoſe ſake I chiefly remit them.

I am, &c.

The End of Mr. Dennis's *Tranſlation.*

To

To Mademoiſelle de Bourbon,

A Relation of the Author's being toſs'd in a Blanket.

By *Tho. Cheek*, Eſq;.

Madam,

LAſt *Friday* in the Afternoon I was toſs'd in a Blanket; becauſe I had not made you Laugh in the time that was given me: Madam *de Rambouillet* pronounc'd the Sentence, at the Requeſt of her Daughter, and Mademoiſelle *Paulet*. They had deferr'd the Execution to the return of the Princeſs, and your ſelf; but they bethought themſelves afterwards, not to delay it any longer; and that it was very improper to put off Puniſhment to a time, which ought to be wholly devoted to Pleaſure. 'Twas in vain to cry out, and make Reſiſtance, the Blanket was brought, and four of the luſtieſt Fellows they cou'd get, were pick'd out for this Service. I may venture to affirm to you, Madam, that no Man was ever yet in ſo exalted a Condition as I was, and I did not believe that Fortune wou'd ever have raiſed me ſo high; at every Toſs they threw me

me out of ſight, and ſent me higher than a ſoaring Eagle. I ſaw the Mountains crouching far below me, the Winds and Clouds travel beneath my Feet, diſcover'd Countries that I n'ver had ſeen, and Seas I n'ver had thought of. There can be nothing more diverting, than to ſee ſo many things all at once, and to diſcover half the Globe at one View. But I aſſure you, Madam, all this cannot be ſeen without ſome Diſturbance; when one is in the Air, and certain of falling down again, that which frightned me the moſt was, That, when I was very high, looking downwards, the Blanket appear'd ſo ſmall that I thought it impoſſible to fall into it; and that I confeſs was ſome trouble to me: But, among ſo many different Objects, which at the ſame time ſtruck my Sight, there was one which for ſome Moments took away my Fear, and touch'd me with real Pleaſure: It is this, Madam, Being deſirous to look towards *Piedmont* to ſee what paſs'd there, I ſaw you at *Lyons*, as you croſs'd the *Saone*; at leaſt, I ſaw a great Light upon the Water, and abundance of Rays about the moſt charming Face in the World: I cou'd not well diſcern who was with you, becauſe at that time my Head was lower-moſt; and I believe you did not ſee me, for you look'd another way; I made

made Signs to you as well as I could: but as you began to look up, I fell down again, and one of the Tops of the Mountain *Taraza* hindred you from seeing me: As soon as I came down, I told 'em that I had seen you, and, as I was going to tell 'em how you did, they all fell a Laughing as if 'twere a thing impossible, and immediately began to make me leap higher than before. There happen'd to me a very strange Accident, which will seem incredible to those who have not seen it: One time when they had toss'd me to a very great height, in coming down, I found my self in a Cloud, which being very thick, and I extremely light, I was a great while intangled in it, before I could fall down again; so that they stayed a long time below, spreading the Blanket and looking up without being able to imagine what was become of me. By good Luck there was no Wind stirring, for if there had, the Cloud in marching would have carried me of one side or t'other, and so I must have inevitably fallen to the Ground, which could not have happen'd without hurting me very much. But a more dangerous Accident succeeded this, the last time they threw me into the Air, I found my self amongst a Flock of Cranes, who at first were mightily surprized to see me

me so high; but when they came near me, they took me for a Pigmy, with whom, you know Madam, they have perpetual War, and thought I came to 'em as a Spy into the middle Region; immediately they fell upon me with great Strokes of their Beaks, and with such Violence, that I imagin'd my self struck with a hundred Daggers. And one of them, that had taken me by the Leg, pursu'd me so furiously, that she did not leave me till I was in the Blanket. This made my Tormentors afraid to send me back to the Mercy of my Enemies; who were now got together in great numbers, and hover'd in the Air expecting me again. At last they carried me home again in the same Blanket, but so dispirited as never Man was: To tell you the truth, this Exercise is a little too violent for one of my tender Constitution. I leave it to you, Madam, to judge how cruelly I have been dealt with, and for how many Reasons you are obliged to condemn this Action; and to deal plainly with you, you that are born with so many commanding Qualities, should think it of the highest Consequence to begin betimes to hate Injustice, and to take those that are oppress'd into your Protection: I beseech you then, Madam, in the first place, to declare this an Outrage you by no

means approve; and for Reparation of my Honour, and my Strength, to order a great Canopy of Gauſe, to be ſet up for me in the blew Chamber of the Houſe of *Rambouillet*, where I ſhall be waited on, and magnificently entertain'd for a whole Week, by the two Ladies who were the cauſe of this Misfortune; that at one Corner of the Room they ſhall be continually making Sweet-meats; one of 'em ſhall blow the Fire, and t'other ſhall do nothing elſe but put Syrrup upon Plates to cool, and bring it me as often as I have occaſion. Thus, Madam, you will do a deed of Juſtice, worthy of ſo great and beautiful a Princeſs, and I ſhall be obliged to be with the utmoſt Sincerity and Reſpect,

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To Madam de Rambouillet.

By *Joſeph Raphſon*, Eſq;

Madam,

HOw threatning ſoever your Letter be, I could not chuſe but admire its Beauty, and wonder how you could joyn the obliging and the terrible Stile with ſo much Artifice together. You make me think of the Gold

Gold and Azure we find on the Skins of our Snakes, you do as it were enamel the ſharpeſt Reflections, with the livelieſt Colours of Eloquence; and, in reading them, I cannot forbear to be pleaſed with thoſe very things which moſt affright me. You ſoon began to be as good as your Word, when you told me that you would no longer ſmile, then Fortune frown'd on me: In the ſame Minute ſhe ſeems to have granted me a little Repoſe, you begin to diſquiet me, and ſhew me, that tho' I have eſcaped the Dangers of the Seas and Pyrates, I am not yet in Safety, and that you are more dreadful than they. I could not have thought, Madam, that for having refuſed a Quarrel with your Dwarf, I ſhould have contracted one with yourſelf, nor that I ſhould be obliged to anſwer a Challenge, becauſe I did a Complement: If you think I fail'd in that, you ought rather to call it Reſpect and Fear, than Contempt; and believe that the ſame Creature who diſarm'd Monſieur *de M*——— of his Sword, made my Pen fall from my Hand. Altho' he might have ſome Reaſon to complain, yet you had none to take his part againſt me; and if you wiſh me Ill for his ſake, I may juſtly ſay you quarrel with me on the leaſt Occaſion in the World.

If you are reſolved to perſecute me, all

the Excuſes I can alledge will ſignifie nothing; and I can only wonder you take ſo much Pains to find a Pretence for it. It will be no Advantage to me, to have come ſo far thro' ſo many Dangers; I ſhall find *Algiers*, where-ever you are; and tho' I am in *Bruſſels*, yet I was never ſo near Captivity, or being Shipwrack'd. However, don't perſwade your ſelf, Madam, that the Flames of thoſe Animals wherewith you threaten me, can make me afraid. I have long ſince learnt to defend my ſelf from thoſe ſorts of Miſchiefs; and whatever you can ſay, I am more apprehenſive of Death from your Eyes, than your Hands. Among all the Paſſages of your Letter, which ſeems to me admirable in all its parts, I take particular notice of what you ſay, how great a pleaſure it wou'd have been to you, if I had been taken by the Pyrates; I can't but attribute it to your extraordinary Goodneſs, that you cou'd wiſh I had been two or three Years chain'd to an Oar in the Turkiſh Gallies, that ſo my Voyage might have been more diverſified. 'Twas an ingenious Curioſity, to deſire to know how I could look after and dreſs the Camels of *Barbary*, and with what unſhaken Conſtancy I could bear Baſtinado's! After the rate you talk, I ſuppoſe you would have been glad, if I had been empal'd for

for half an Hour, to have ſatisfied you how it felt, and what I thought of it: But that which is yet more conſiderable, theſe kind Wiſhes, you ſay, you beſtow'd upon me, after you had reaſſum'd the mild Form of Woman, and were ſomewhat appeas'd, and become more Humane; neither can I any more reconcile to Juſtice the Quarrel you would pick with me about *Alcidalis:* Judge, Madam, if being embark'd in the ſame Seas with him, and in the ſame Dangers, I could forget thoſe Perils which I ſuffered, to recount thoſe he had gone through; and while I lay under my own Misfortunes, if I could amuſe my ſelf to write a Hiſtory of his? Notwithſtanding I did not omit it in the midſt of my Troubles, I writ above a hundred Sheets of his Hiſtory, and took a particular Care of his Life, at a time when I can ſwear to you, I had none of my own. But don't thence, Madam, make an Eſtimate of the Care I take to pleaſe my Friends. After I have render'd you all the imaginable Services I can, thoſe Shadows can only ſhew you the leaſt part of the Paſſion I have for your Concerns. If you would know that, conſider it rather in the Cauſe than in the Effects. But your Imagination, how lively and wonderful ſoever it is, falls ſhort of that; and if there is any

thing

thing in the whole World greater then your Soul, and which is beyond its Comprehenſion, it is the Reſpect, Affection, and Eſteem it has bred in mine. Being no leſs ſenſible to acknowledge the Obligations I owe to other excellent Perſons, you'll think that the Letter I receiv'd at the ſame time with yours, brought me an infinite Satisfaction, as well as an extreme Honour. You knew better than any other, the Inclination and Reſpect I have always had for the Merits of the Perſon who writ it, and you may remember in the time of the Civil Wars between you two, I have ſometimes left your part to take his. But this laſt Goodneſs of his has gained ſomething afreſh in my Heart; and ſince I have receiv'd it, pardon me, if you pleaſe, that I have eſteem'd him for ſome Moments above any other Perſon in the World: But that you may not think, Madam, that it is you who have procured me all the Favours I receive from him, I aſſure you that on another Occaſion very lately he has done me a piece of Service, without your being privy to it: Altho' it is none of thoſe I take the moſt Pleaſure in receiving, and it has given me a new Subject of reflecting on my ill Fortune, yet I eſteem it a great Honour to owe Obligations to him, which I ſhould be aſhamed

ſhamed to do to any other, and I am glad to receive any Marks of his Generoſity. He'll ſwear, when you ſpeak to him of it, he knows not what you mean; and methinks I now ſee him telling you ſo: but you know his Humour and Temper, never to forget to do a good Action, and never to remember it when it is done. Since the Honour of your Eſteem for me, has been the firſt Motive to eſtabliſh me in his Favour, I humbly beg, Madam, your Aſſiſtance to return him thoſe Thanks I owe him, and that way to pay him at leaſt as far as I can at preſent. I a thouſand times kiſs the Feet of that incomparable Perſon who was pleaſed to write with her own Hand the Superſcription of the Letter you ſent me, and with four or five Words, render that Preſent ineſtimable, which was extraordinary precious before. You have a great deal of Reaſon to call her the moſt charming and agreeable Perſon in the World, who can relieve the Diſtreſſed at ſuch a Diſtance. I wiſh that ſhe, who ſo well knows how to manage it, may once have all the Happineſs due to ſo much Goodneſs, Beauty and Vertue together, tho' I know this Wiſh is very Extenſive. I hear that the Lady, which I uſed to call the Morning-Star, is become Greater and more Admirable

than ever, and that it at the ſame time enlightens and burns all *France*; although its beams ſcarce reach the dark Shades where we live, yet its Reputation does, and as far as I can underſtand, the Sun is not ſo bright as it. I am glad the Intelligence that animates it, has loſt nothing of its Force and Light, and that there is nothing but the Soul of Madamoiſelle *de Bourbon*, that can make us doubt, whether her Beauty is not the moſt perfect thing in the World. The manner, as I have ſeen in one of your Letters, ſhe condoles me in, appears admirably fine: indeed ſo many Croſſes I have met with, ought to ſtir up Pity in her; in her, I ſay, who is ſo well acquainted with my Weakneſs, and who knows that from my Cradle, I have not had one Day of Repoſe. It has been diſturbed at the Poſtſcript of your Letter addreſſed to King *Chiquito*. In the Hell of *Anaſtarax* I found mine; and there I wandered three Nights and Days, without ſeeing a jot of any thing. I am very ſorry for it, for I deſired above any thing in the World to have the Comb of King *Georgia*; I have had a mind to it above theſe two Years. But ſince you pretend to ſo much Gueſſing, Imagine if you pleaſe, Madam, all I would farther ſay, if I durſt make my Letter longer. Gueſs how much more I honour

nour and eſteem, you than I did two Years ago; and think with how much Paſſion I am,

Madamoiſelle,

Bruſſels. *Tours*, &c.

To the Cardinal de la Valette.

By the ſame Hand.

My Lord,

I Am apt to believe, when you writ me the Letter, you were pleaſed to Honour me with, that you thought the Eſteem I have always had for you, has acquired you ſome Reputation in the World: That on all Occaſions, I had given you infinite Teſtimonies of the Honor of my Friendſhip, and had for that reaſon lent you two thouſand Crowns on an extraordinary Occaſion; and that at ſuch a Time when all your Credit fail'd you elſe-where; at ſuch a Juncture too, that otherwiſe your Reputation muſt have for ever ſunk. At leaſt, after the rate you return your Thanks, and ſpeak of your ſelf, and me, I have reaſon to believe, that in a Dream, you have miſtook the one for the other, and put your ſelf in my Place. Otherwiſe, my Lord, you would not write

after

after that manner you do, unleſs, perhaps you are of Opinion, that there is no greater Good in the World than to do ſo to others, and think thoſe oblige you, who give you an Opportunity of obliging them, and imagine you receive the Pleaſures you give: Certainly if it be ſo, there is no Man in the World, to whom you are more obliged than to me; and I deſerve all the Thanks you give me, ſince I have given you more Occaſions than any one elſe of exerciſing your Generoſity, and doing Actions of Goodneſs, which without doubt, are worth more than all the Good you have done me, or all that you have remaining. Among the great Number of thoſe I have received from you, and among ſo many Favours you have been pleaſed to beſtow upon me, I aſſure you, my Lord, there are none I Eſteem ſo much as the Letter, you have done me the Honour to Write to me; and if among ſo many Things which affected me with Joy, there is any one Thing that did ſo above the reſt, I muſt needs beg your leave to tell you, it is that, where you mention the two Perſons, who deſerve all the Reſpect we can pay them, and to whom, if we compare them not one to the other, there is nothing under the whole Heaven, they can be compared to. When

I think that I am in their Memory, for that Moment my Pains ceaſe; and whenſoever, I repreſent to my ſelf the Image of either the one or the other, the very Face of my Fortune ſeems to be changed, and that Imagination chaces from my Spirit, the Darkneſs which oppreſſes it, and fills it with Light: But that which is ſtill a greater Happineſs, is, tho' I am ſo far from ever having deſerved the Honour of their Favour, yet I flatter my ſelf that I have ſome ſhare in it; and I am ſo happy as to believe what you tell me concerning it. I know one, my Lord, who would not be ſo eaſie to be perſwaded, if he were in my place, and who after two Years Separation could not live in ſo much Tranquillity, nor with ſo great Aſſurance. In the Satisfaction which that Belief gives me, be pleaſed to judge if I am much to be lamented, and if there are not many whom the World calls Happy, that are not ſo much as I: Without this I could not defend my ſelf from the general Sorrow which is here on all ſides, nor reſiſt the Melancholy of Monſieur *de C*———, whom I am forced every Day to contend with, and who is in Truth much above what is commonly imagined of him. Beſides his Fancy he has taken to let his Beard grow, which already

already reaches down to his Middle, he affects a Tone more ſevere than ever, and which comes very near the ſound of *Aſtolphus*'s Horn: Unleſs he were to treat of the Immortality of the Soul, or of the Supreme Good, and the moſt Important Queſtions of Moral Philoſophy, he could not Bawl lowder. If *Democritus* ſhould come again, though he was never ſo great a Philoſopher, he would not bear with him, becauſe he was addicted to Laughing; he has undertaken to reform the Doctrine of *Zeno*, as too ſoft; and is going about to make the Stoicks turn Capuchins. So that, my Lord, you don't deſire any Advantage to that People, whoſe Governour—— you wiſh him to be.

To

To a young Lady, Maid of Honour to his Royal Highneſs's Daughter.

By Henry Cromwell, *Eſq;*

Madam,

HAving been ever ſenſible of the Power of your Eloquence, aſſiſt me, I beſeech you, in returning my Acknowledgements to the faireſt, and moſt generous Princeſs of the World: For, I ſwear, I have been Oppreſt with her Bounties, and muſt declare, that there is not any thing under Heaven, ſo Lovely, and ſo Charming, as the Miſtreſs whom you ſerve; I had almoſt ſaid whom we ſerve: And, indeed what would I not give, that I might thus expreſs it? From the firſt Moment that I heard her, I preſently concluded that there was not in the World ſo great a Genius as hers; but the Care ſhe has been pleas'd to take of me, above all things amazes me, and I can not ſufficiently admire, how, among ſuch elevated Thoughts, ſhe can have room for any ſo trivial; and how a Mind, in all things elſe ſo high, can deſcend ſo low. The Paſtils which were preſented me this Morning, have had a

won-

wonderous Effect upon me, and I can not imagine from whence this Miracle proceeds, unleſs from a Touch of her Royal Highneſs's Hand; for I find my ſelf infinitely better, by having kiſt the Paper only that incloſed 'em: This, as long as I live, ſhall be my Antidote againſt all ſorts of Ills, and there is but one, for which ſo pleaſing a Remedy as this can have no Cure: But leſt you ſhould too curiouſly inquire, what this is I mean, 'tis much better that I ſhould explain my ſelf, and tell you, that 'tis the Trouble, to have ſo ſeldom the Sight of her, and to be deſtin'd to live far from the only Perſon who deſerves to be Adored; if you reflect upon this, it will appear the greateſt of Misfortunes; and 'tis very hard to be a Man of Honour, and ſurvive it.

To

To the Marchioneſs de Rambouillet, *on Abſence.*

By the ſame Hand.

Madam,

MY Lady, your Mother, muſt excuſe me; but never any thing was ſo tireſom to me as *Rome:* Not a Day paſſes, but I ſee ſomething that's wonderful; Maſter-pieces of the greateſt Artiſts that ever were; Gardens where there is an everlaſting Spring; Buildings that are not to be equal'd in the World, and Ruins yet more Beautiful than they: But all this that I tell you hath no power to divert me, and at the ſame time that I ſee 'em, I wiſh my ſelf far from 'em: The moſt excellent Paintings, Sculptures, and Portraictures of *Apelles*, *Praxiteles de Papardelle* have no Charms for me. I ſhou'd be amazed at this, were I not ſenſible of the Cauſe, and did not well know that a Perſon who has been accuſtom'd to the ſight of you, cou'd never be eaſie when he did not enjoy it: for to tell you the Truth, Madam, I have the ſame Sence of you, as of Health; I never ſo well know your Value, as when I have loſt you: and al-

although, when I am near you, I manage not always ſo well as to maintain my ſelf with you, yet from the Moment that I behold you no more, I ſeek you with a thouſand Wiſhes. I call to mind that you are the moſt precious of worldly Things, and I find by Experience, that all the Delights of the Earth are harſh and diſagreeable without you: I had more Pleaſure ſome time ago in two or three turns of the Ruel with you, than I have had ſince, in ſeeing all the Vine-yards of *Rome*, or that I ſhou'd have to ſee the Capitol, though in all its ancient Splendor, with even *Jupiter Capitolinus* there in Perſon; but that you may know that this is no Raillery, and that I am really as Ill as I expreſs it, 'tis but eight Days ſince, that walking in the Morning with the Chevalier *de Jars*, I had fall'n all along if he had not received me in his Arms; and the next Evening I ſwoon'd once more in the Apartment of the Mareſhal *de Eſtree*'s. The Phyſicians ſay that thoſe are melancholy Vapours, and that theſe Accidents are not to be neglected; as for me, ſince this has taken me two Days ſucceſſively, and that I was threatn'd with ſomething worſe, I have neither been ſtupid nor inſenſible; but have taken ſome Antimony which Monſieur *Nerli* gave me; this

this has done me ſome good, and I'll bring four Doſes with me, which I will perſwade the Dutcheſs *d'Ainguillon* to take; for there is no Volatile Salt which can have ſo good Effect: and this we muſt be contented with, till he that hath given me it, ſhall find the Receipt of the *Aurum Potabile*, which Secret, as he ſays, he ſhall attain to in a Year at leaſt. I hope to leave this place in a Week; you will be amaz'd that I can continue ſo long in a Place which I tell you I have been ſo tyr'd with; but I have been kept here till now, by ſome things which I will acquaint you with, and which I have not yet been able to diſpatch; but I aſſure you once more, that I never in my Life was ſo uneaſie and ſo impatient to ſee you; I humbly beſeech you to do me the Honour to believe me, and to be aſſur'd that I am much more than I can here expreſs,

Rome. *Madam yours.*

To Monſieur Coſtart.

By ——

Monſieur,

YOu will be ſurprized that I ſolicite your Aſſiſtance in an Affair on t'other ſide the Mountains; that I beg your Succour againſt the *Romans:* It is not the firſt time as you know, that they have diſturbed the Quiet of thoſe that troubled themſelves not with them. But I think they were never ſo unjuſt to any body as to me; they never gave *Hannibal* more Vexation than they will me, if you do not help me: *Quorſum hæc,* I'll tell you; They have among them an Academy of Men, that call themſelves Humouriſts, which is as it were fantaſtical; and indeed, they muſt be ſo to take a fancy to admit me into their Number, and to adviſe me of it by a Letter from one of their Society. I muſt write him an Anſwer of Thanks in Latin; and this 'tis puts me in ſuch pain. But I have been eas'd from the Moment that I thought of you, for this methinks is your true Tallent, and a Man that lives in *Poitou,* and writes Latin Letters out of Wantonneſs, can't refuſe me one. Their Device is a Sun raiſing Vapours from

from the Sea, which falls back again in Rain, with this *Motto* out of *Lucretius*, *Fluit agmine dulci:* Pray try what you can ſay upon this, and upon the Honour which they have done me, and my want of Merit. Monſieur *Pauquet* will be ſure not to fail us, and he knows more then either you or I: I leave this Matter wholly to you two; for I am no way capable of it, when you can do it if you pleaſe.

Me dulcis dominæ Muſa Lycimniæ,
Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
Fulgentes oculos, & bene mutuis,
Fidum Pectus amoribus.

She has been gone this nine Days: Poor *Lycimnia*! Without Lying, I love her better than my ſelf, but not better than you,

I am, Monſieur, &c.

To Madam ——

TO acquaint me with your Sufferings, is the way to redouble mine; and I, that have ſupported my own with ſo much Patience, doubt whether I ſhall be able to

bear up under yours. But whatever happens, I can't indure too much, since it is for Love of you, and the two Words which you have put in your Billet, out of Rank from the rest; are enough to render any thing supportable, and make me cheerfully embrace Martyrdom. I suppose you have no doubt of it, and that you are assur'd of my Resolution, since after having warned me of the Mischief you intend me, you expect that I should come and meet you: and that after Dinner, I should voluntarily appear in a place where my Pains are to be encreas'd. These Menaces wou'd terrifie any other but my self, and make a wiser Man than I, provide for his Security: But whatsoever Danger I foresee, it's impossible for me to disobey you: Or having the Honour of knowing you so well as I do, to forbear being,

Madam.

To

To the ſame.

I Have forgot all that I ſhou'd ſay to —— to whom you wou'd reconcile me, and I aſſure you 'tis not becauſe I have ſlept ſince; I am ſorry to have ſo little Concern for a Perſon ſo well recommended to me, and that not being able to afford her any room in my Affection, ſhe had no more in my Memory. It's the part of my Soul in which I may with moſt Juſtice allow her a place, being that which is moſt oppoſite to the Judgment, and wherein things paſt are laid up. But if I ſay any thing obliging to her after Dinner, ſhe ſhall not be able to complain that I talk to her by heart; for I find that I'm ſo much a Stranger to all that I have to ſay to her, that if you do not quickly relieve me, you ſhall ſee that I know no more than you, either the Words or Time: I wiſh you knew no better that of your departure. For without lying, I have not Courage to endure the bare thought of it, which ſtifles in me all others. When I think that to Morrow you will be no longer here, I am ſurpris'd that I am to Day in the World, and I am ready to confeſs to you that there is ſome Faction in this Love, which I teſtifie, when I conſider that I yet breathe,

and that my Diſpleaſure has not yet finiſhed my Days. Others have loſt their Speech and confin'd themſelves to inacceſſible Solitudes for leſs Misfortunes than mine. I own that I could not go ſo far from you, to vent my Grief, but I am methinks to be excuſed for not ſeeking a Cell in the Deſarts of *Ægypt*, ſince I hope for a place in that which you are making. It is this Hope only, which keeps me in the World, and my Life hangs only on this Expectation. I know not whether all that I here ſay be within the bounds of a paſſionate Friendſhip, but you cannot accuſe me of ſpeaking too intelligibly, ſince all my words will bear a double Conſtruction; nor complain that I do not write to you in ſuch Terms as you deſire, ſince I never met with the Perſon that ſhou'd inform me what thoſe are: So long as ſome Allowance is made for my Failings, and that I may tell you ſome part of my thoughts, I ſwear to you by the ſame Affection that I did Yeſterday, that the only Folly I ſhall ever be guilty of, ſhall be always to love the moſt aimiable Perſon that ever was, and that I will be content to be hated by you, when ever I offer you my Friendſhip.

To

To Diana.

By the ſame Hand.

Madam,

IF you be as ſenſible of the Uneaſineſs of not ſeeing what you love, as I am; if you ſuffer, during this Abſence, any thing like what I endure; What Conſiderations, charming *Diana*, could prevail upon you, to be two Days without ſeeing me? Why do not we rather hazard the other Extremity, than this which our Misfortune reduces us to? Is it reaſonable, to hinder four or five People from prating and obſervingour Satisfaction we ſhould ſacrifice it, and to prevent a little Noiſe, endure ſo much Miſery? No, no, my dear *Diana*, the greateſt Misfortune that can befal us, is to be ſeparated from one another; I know nothing that we ought ſo much to fear: Do not think that our Love is a whit the more private, for the pains we take to conceal it; the Dejection which is viſible in my Countenance, ſpeaks plainer than any body can do. Let us then lay aſide a Diſcretion which coſt us ſo dear, and give me, after Dinner, an Oppertunity of ſeeing you, if you would have me live.

To the Preſident of the Houſhold.

By ***

Sir,

MAdam *de Marſilly* believes that I have ſome Int'reſt in you; and I, who am vain enough to be thought to have it, have not inform'd her to the contrary. She is a Lady eſteem'd at Court, and that may influence the Parliament; and if ſhe ſucceeds in a Cauſe to be heard before you, believing that I have contributed to her Succeſs, you cannot imagine the Credit it will do me amongſt the better part of the World: I can propoſe nothing to byaſs you farther than by putting you in mind of my Intereſt, becauſe you know your own can never engage you. To ſerve a Friend, and to do Juſtice, which is all we demand, are things the ſevereſt Judges may be ſolicited for; and I ſhall be ſenſible you do 'em both to me, if you continue loving me as much as you have done hitherto, and if you believe that I am

Yours.

To

To Monſieur d'Emer, *Comptroler General of the King's Revenues.*

By the ſame Hand.

Sir,

SInce you won't permit me to mention ſome of your Letters, pray give me leave to take notice of that you writ to Monſieur *d' Arſes* upon my Account, and to tell you, there are very few in *France*, that can write in ſuch a Manner, particularly where you ſay that to accommodate my Affair you'll advance a Sum of Money; you muſt pardon me, if I am of Opinion that to offer twenty thouſand Livers to do a Friend a Service, is ſo gallant a way of Writing, that there are few capable of expreſſing themſelves in ſuch a Stile: Even we of the Academy of the *Beaux Eſprits*, are not able to boaſt of any Turn of Thought equal to this.

The

The Abridgment of a Letter to Monſieur d'Avaux.

By the ſame Hand.

VIs ergo inter nos, quid poſſit uterq; vitiſſim, Experiamur: No, I beg your Pardon Sir, *Apollo* tells me I am overmatch'd, and I am reſolv'd to take his Advice; nor am I concern'd that you have ſo far exceeded me in your laſt Letter, becauſe there you have even exceeded your ſelf: I muſt tell you, I am jealous of the very Praiſes you give me; they are ſo artful and ingenious, that I ſhou'd be prouder of being capable of giving, then receiving them; and the very Words wherein you tell me how much I am above others, ſhew me how much more you deſerve that Compliment; every Line of your Letter is extraordinary, eſpecially the Picture you draw of Madam *de Longueville*, which is ſo raviſhing, that the ſight of the Original cou'd not have tranſported me more. You ſay 'tis wonderful, that at a Treaty for Peace, you cannot be ſafe in *Munſter*, notwithſtanding the Paſs-ports from the Emperour and the King of *Spain*; that is, Sir, you cannot be ſecure in *Munſter* becauſe Madam *de Longueville* is there. When

When you upbraid me, that you have had but one Letter from me in a whole Year, and that I cannot hold out to Write twice ſucceſſively with the ſame Force, I cannot but acknowledge that even your reprimands are not leſs obliging than your Praiſe, except where you tell me I am fifty Years old, and where you upbraid me with my Spectacles and grey Hairs. Before I make an end of this Letter, I muſt ſend you the Compliment of Madam *de Sable*, and Madam *Monthauſier:* I have ſhown them both theſe Paſſages of your Letter, where you ſpeak of Madam *de Longueville*; for the reſt, fear not that any ſhall ſee it, eſpecially that part where you ſpeak of fifty Year old. You muſt know, that here I am but forty ſeven, therefore pray let me be no more at *Munſter*. I had alomſt forgot to tell you, thoſe Ladies commanded me to ſay, that if you ſpeak but as well as you write, Madam *de Longueville* cannot be tedious in any place where you are. They ſwear there is no Perſon upon Earth has Wit enough but your ſelf, and I tell them that I have thought the ſame thing this five and twenty Years; but I muſt detain you no longer,

Ne me Criſpini Scrinia lippi,
Compilaſſe putes. Verbum non amplius addam.

To

To Madam ——.

By Henry Cromwell, *Esq;*

Madam,

THE Letter which you desired to see, is not worth the least Line of that in which you command it; but you, who were Yesterday so devout, do you make no scruple to write such Things in the Holy-week, and do you not apprehend the Consequence of 'em, and what Effect they may have? I had set my Conscience at rest, and for that reason had resolved never to see you more. But your Letter has given me a new Disorder; and as well as another, I have suffer'd my self to be overcome by your Pearls, and your four thousand Livers. I could not have thought, that you wou'd ever have made use of such Means, to regain a Lover, or that these sort of Things cou'd have had any Power over me: And I assure you, 'tis the first time that I have let my self be dazled with Riches. So to tell you the Truth, the Pearls were never so well set as they are in your Letter; and your four thousand Franks as you have manag'd 'em, are worth more than three hundred thousand;

ſand: You are an incomprehenſible Perſon, and I can not ſufficiently Admire, how, without reading *Herodotus*, and making uſe of the *Saturnalia*, you can write ſuch delicate Letters: As for me, Madam, I begin to imagine that you have deceiv'd us, I believe you are acquainted with the ſource of *Nilus*, and that Spring from whence you draw all theſe fine Things, which you ſay, is much more ſecret and unknown: in fine, whatſoever your Steward ſays, 'tis not the Marchioneſs *d' Sable*, who is the fineſt Perſon in the World: you have more Charms in a corner of an Eye, than there is in all the reſt of the Earth: Nor have all the Charms of Magick a Power comparable to thoſe you write.

To Madam——.

By the ſame Hand.

YOu may be aſſur'd that neither Grief nor Love will ever be the Death of any Perſon, ſince neither the one nor the other have yet kill'd me; and that having been too Days without the Honour of ſeeing you, I have ſome appearance of Life re-

remaining: If any thing cou'd have made me reſolve upon a Diſtance from you, 'twas the Belief I had that Death wou'd have been the only Conſequence, and that ſo great a Pain as that wou'd not ſuffer me long to have languiſhed: Notwithſtanding, I find, beyond all my Hopes, that I laſt much longer than I imagine; and whatſoever Mortal Wounds I have, I believe, my Soul can not detach its ſelf from my Heart, becauſe it ſees your Image there: This is the only Pretence that I find not to tax it with Cowardiſe, and the only Reaſon that ſhou'd detain it ſo long in a Place, where its Sufferings are ſo great. From that Hour when you ſaw me, dragg'd by four Horſes, and tore in pieces at my Separation from you: I ſwear to you, that I have not yet dryed my Eyes, and although they can no longer diſtinguiſh Colours, or diſcern the Light, yet will they ſerve more faithfully than ever, in aſſiſting me to Weep for your Abſence: Tormented and Languiſhing as I am, methinks I am left all alone upon the Earth, or that I have been tranſported into that corner of the World, where the Sun is not much oftner ſeen, than Comets here with us, and where the ſhorteſt Night is three Months long: But this Misfortune wou'd not be the worſt that might

might befal me, if this preſent Night of mine laſted no longer; but I doubt if after ſo long time I ſhall ſee the Light again: Judge, I beſeech you, to what Extremity I am reduc'd, that being only at the Entrance of ſo long and melancholy a Night, I already begin to count the Hours, and every lingering Moment with Impatience. Oh! that amidſt the Darkneſs that overwhelms me, there were at leaſt ſome Intervals of Repoſe, and that I cou'd ſometimes have pleaſing Dreams, but whatever my waking Dreams are, they are never ſo Extravagant as to propoſe to me any thing agreeable; and my Thoughts are only reaſonable in this, that they never promiſe me any good in this Condition: I believe that I may ſwear to you, that the moſt unfortunate Man this Day in the World, is he who Honours you the moſt; and it were impoſſible that I cou'd have lived ſo long, had I not hoped that it would have ſoon diſpatched me: I plainly ſee that I have but fifteen Days more to deplore your Abſence; and that my Life and my Misfortunes can endure no longer: This Hope alone has made me ſuffer both, with leſs Impatience; and I believe you are not diſpleas'd at it, ſince all that I ought to hope, you are willing to indulge me; at leaſt I cannot explain the laſt Words you

ſaid

ſaid to me, more advantageouſly to my ſelf; and whatſoever way I take it, I cannot ſee, what better I have ever to expect: nevertheleſs, you, who are more diſcerning, and ſee much farther than I can, I beſeech you tell me, if my Paſſion ought not to have an Event more fortunate than this, and what might have become of me if I had longer ſurviv'd it.

To Monſ. de Chaudebonne.

By Thomas Cheek, *Eſq;*

Sir,

I Write to you in ſight of the Coaſt of *Barbary*: There is but a Channel between us of about three Leagues over; tho' it is the Ocean, and the Mediterranean Sea together: You would be ſurprized to ſee a Man ſo far off, who takes ſo little Pleaſure in Rambling, and who was in ſuch haſte to return to you. But the Advice I receiv'd, that this Seaſon was very improper for Navigation, by reaſon of the great Calms, and that I ſhould find it very difficult to Embark before *September*, has given me at once an Inclination, and Leiſure to purſue this Voyage,

Voyage, for I choſe rather to ſuffer the Fatigue of Travelling, than the Lazineſs of *Madrid.* So that after having ſeen at *Grenada* all that remains of the Magnificence of the Mooriſh King's *El Alhambra*, the *Zaccatin*, and that famous Place the *Vivarambla*, where I had formerly imagin'd ſo many Tilts and Tournaments, I am juſt come to the Point of *Gibraltar:* From whence, as ſoon as they ſhall have equipp'd me a Frigot, I hope to paſs the *Streights*, and viſit *Ceuta*, and coming back from thence, to take the Road of *Cales*, St. *Lucar*, and *Sevil*, and ſo to *Lisbon.* Hitherto, Sir, I have not repented of this Enterprize, which at this time of the Year has ſeemed raſh to all the World: *Andalouſia* has reconciled me to all the reſt of *Spain*, and having paſs'd it in ſo many other Parts, I ſhould be ſorry not to have ſeen it in the only Place where it appears Beautiful. You'll think it ſtrange, that I praiſe a Country, where it is never Cold, and where the Sugar-canes grow: But in Recompence, I can aſſure you, they have ſuch Melons, that 'twere worth coming four hundred Leagues to taſt them; and that Country, for which a whole People wander'd ſo long in the Wilderneſs, could not be, in my Opinion, much more delicious than this is. I am attended here by Slaves, who are hanſome enough to be

my Miſtreſſes, and it is permitted me every-where to gather Palmes without Conqueſt. This Tree, for which all ancient *Greece* has fought, which is not to be found in *France*, but in our Poets, is here no ſcarcer than the Olive-trees; and there is not an Inhabitant on this ſide who has not more of them, than all the *Cæſars*. You may behold at one View the Mountains charg'd with Snow, and Vallies cover'd with Fruit. They have Ice in *Auguſt*, and Grapes in *January*: Summer and Winter here are always mixt together, and when the Year grown old in other Countries, and whitens all the Earth, here it is ever green with Lawrels, Orange-trees and Mirtles. I confeſs, Sir, I endeavour to make it ſeem as beautiful to you as I can; and having complained to you formerly of the Ill I have met with in *Spain*, if I do not retract what I have ſaid, I think I am oblig'd, at leaſt, to repreſent to the beſt Advantage, whatever I find that's Good in it: In the mean time you'll wonder, that a Man ſo much a Libertine as I am, ſhould be in haſte to quit all this, to go and find his Maſter. But I'll ſwear ours is ſuch a One, that there can be no Pleaſure, that ought to be preferred to the Honour and Satisfaction of Serving him. Liberty, which is eſteemed the moſt charming Thing in Nature, is not ſo deſirable as his Highneſs: You know how little I am

in-

inclined to Flattery; and one of the moſt remarkable Qualities which diſtinguiſhes my Lord, is that he cannot ſuffer it. But it muſt be acknowledged, that beſides the eminent Virtues which are owing to the Greatneſs of his Birth; his Affability, his good Nature, the Beauty and Vivacity of his Ingenuity, the Pleaſure he takes in hearing witty Things, and the Grace with which he ſpeaks them himſelf, are Qualities which can hardly be found any where to that degree, as they appear in him; and if it were only to ſee ſomething extraordinary, that I ramble about the World, what need I give myſelf the trouble to go ſo far, when I ſhould do much better to keep near his Perſon. I examine every thing I ſee with more Curioſity than I naturally have, that when the time ſerves I may give a ſatisfactory Account to his Highneſs: And I am well aſſur'd, that when I ſhall have once had the Honour to diſcourſe with him about theſe Matters, he will know 'em ever after better than I do. The prodigious Memory of this Prince, has been a mighty Comfort to me during my Abſence; for having had the Honour to be in it ſome time ago, I don't queſtion but I have a place there ſtill, becauſe I can hardly imagine, that I am ſo unfortunate as to be the only thing he ever

forgot. His Highneſs, who never forgot a Tribune nor an Ædile, nor even a Legionary Soldier, who has once been named in Hiſtory, will not, I believe, forget one of his humble Servants; and the whole Globe being in his Imagination better repreſented than in any Map of the World, let me go never ſo far, I need not fear for that to go out of the Honour of his Remembrance. Nevertheleſs, I humbly intreat you, Sir, (you who with ſo much Goodneſs, procure me all ſorts of Honours and Advantages) to find an opportunity to tell my Lord, how much I deſire to have the Honour to kiſs his Hand; and the Prayers I make continually for a Life of ſo great Conſequence to all Mankind. If after this I deſire any thing more of you, 'tis only that you would be pleaſed to take care that time ſhall diminiſh no part of what you have ſo liberally given me in your Affection: But ſee, how far the Exceſs of mine has carried me, that it makes me doubt the moſt generous Man a live. You who know, Sir, that in all thoſe that love much, there are always ſome Motions that are not conformable to Reaſon, pardon, I beſeech you, this Fear, and conſider that I am excuſeable, being with ſo much Paſſion

Yours, &c.

To my Lady Abbeſs, to thank her for the Cat which ſhe ſent him.

By Mr. Oldys.

Madam,

I Was ſo perfectly yours before, that I imagin'd you ought to have believ'd there was no need of Preſents to ſecure me to you, nor that you ſhou'd have contriv'd to catch me like a Rat, with a Cat. However, I muſt needs own, that your Liberality has created in me ſome new Affection for you; and if there had been yet any thing in my Soul that was ſtragling from your Service, the Cat you ſent me has caught it, and now it is intirely your own. 'Tis certainly the moſt beautiful and jollieſt Cat that e're was ſeen: The greateſt Beau-cat of *Spain*, is but a dirty Puſs compar'd to him; and *Rominagrobis* himſelf, who you know, Madam, is Prince of the Cats, has no better a Mein, nor can better ſmell out his Intereſt. I can only ſay, that 'tis very hard to keep him in, and that of a Cat brought up in Religion, he is the moſt uneaſie to be confin'd to a Cloyſter. He can never ſee a Window open, but im-

mediately he is for jumping out of it; he had e're this leap'd twenty times over the Walls, had he not been prevented; and there is no Secular Cat in Chriſtendom that is more a Libertine, or more head-ſtrong than he. I am in hopes, however, that I ſhall perſwade him to ſtay by the kind Entertainment I give him; for I treat him with nothing but good Cheeſe and *Naples*-Biskets; and perhaps (Madam) he was not ſo well treated by you: For I fancy the Ladies of —— don't ſuffer their Cats to go into their Cupboards, and that the Auſterity of the Convent won't afford 'em ſuch good Chear. He begins to grow tame already; Yeſterday I thought verily he had torn off one of my Hands in his wanton Addreſſes. 'Tis doubtleſs, one of the moſt playful Creatures in the World; there's neither Man, Woman nor Child, in my Lodging, that wears not ſome Mark of his Favour. But however lovely he is in his own Perſon, it ſhall always be for your ſake that I eſteem him; and I ſhall love him ſo well, for the Love I have for you, that I hope to give occaſion to alter the Proverb, and that hereafter it ſhall be ſaid, *Who Loves me, Loves my Cat.* If beſides this Preſent you will give me the Raven that you promis'd me; and if you will

ſend

ſend me an Elephant in a Hand-basket one of theſe Days, you may as proudly ſay that you have given me all the ſorts of Beaſts that I love, and ev'ry way oblig'd me to be, all the Days of my Life,

Yours, &c.

A Comical Letter, out of the famous Monſieur de Colletier, *to Madamoiſelle* de Choux.

By Sir D. Clark, *Kt.*

Madam,

DId you ever ſee an Almanack in your Life? You'll ſay this is an odd Queſtion. I'll give you the Reaſon then, why I ask'd it: There's an odd ſort of a Fellow uſually pictur'd in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? cry you. Why Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant, for that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has ſo pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like —— let me think, like what; —— like your Ladiſhip's Pin-

Pin-cuſhion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery: for, Madam, while I was Star-gazing t'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame (as we Lovers uſe to be) I dropt plumb into your Fiſh-pond, by the ſame Token, that I hiſs'd like a red-hot Horſe-ſhooe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pound to a Penny, but I had been drown'd, for thoſe that came to my Aſſiſtance, left me to ſhift for my ſelf, while they ſcrambled for boil'd Fiſh, that were as plentiful as Herrings at *Roterdam.* Some of my Fellow-ſufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladiſhip, as well as of, Madam,

Your moſt devoted Slave,

COLLETIER.

The End of the firſt Part of Voiture's *Letters.*

Twelve

Twelve Select

EPISTLES,

OUT OF

ARISTÆNETUS,

Epiſt. 2. Lib. 1.

Tranſlated from the GREEK.

I Was a ſinging to my ſelf one of the neweſt Songs laſt Evening in the Piazza, when a very merry Adventure befel me: Two pretty young Ladies in the bloom of their Youth, and inferiour to the Graces in nothing but their Number, came up to me, and the Elder of them, with a Look that had nothing of the Air of a Coquette in it, was pleas'd to greet me after the following manner:

What-

Whatever you may think of the matter, Sir, you have made two Conqueſts to Night by your Voice: Love has found a way to our Souls thro' our Ears; we are both ſubdu'd by your Harmony, and have had a long Debate with our ſelves, for which of us you intended this Entertainment. My own Vanity made me believe it was meant for me; my Companion here is as poſitive that the Compliment was deſigned for her. Thus not being able to decide the Controverſie among ourſelves, which had like to have engaged us in a Civil War, we both agreed to have it determined by yourſelf.

Why faith, Ladies, reply'd I, to them, you are both of you very Handſome; but the Duce take me if I am in love with either of you: therefore I wou'd adviſe you, as a Friend and a Plain-dealer, not to quarel about ſuch an inſignificant Fellow as I am, but to let all Acts of Hoſtility ceaſe, and live like good Neighbours together: Not but that I believe I cou'd be heartily in Love with both, or either of you at any other time, but at preſent my Heart is engaged elſe-where; and I am confident you have more Generoſity and Juſtice than to uſurp the Property of another, or to take up with the Leavings of Love.

Oh!

Oh! cry'd they, this is a downright Sham. There is not one handſome Woman in this Quarter of the Town, yet you pretend to be in Love; 'tis plain we have caught you in a Story, therefore you ſhall ſwear that you love neither of us.

I cou'd not but laugh at the Propoſal: Why, Ladies, ſaid I, every thing I have is at your Service; but I have a tender Conſcience, and wou'd not willingly be perjur'd.

That is as we would have it, ſaid one of 'em; we knew the Truth wou'd come out one way or other, therefore reſolve to come along with us, for we won't loſe ſo fair an Opporunity. With that both the Damoſels fell a tugging and hawling me forward; they pluckt one way, and I pluckt another; but you know the Proverb, *Two to one is odds at Foot-ball*; ſo I was forc'd to ſubmit to my Deſtiny, and go along with 'em whither they were pleas'd to lead me. So far the Story may be read or heard by all the World, but what follows is a Secret: In ſhort, not to ſet your Mouth a Watering with a Deſcription of every Particular, I was carried to a Room, where we made an extemporary Bed with Chairs and Stools; ſo ingenious is Love when it is put to its Shifts. The two good natur'd Nymphs were not diſappointed; and your hum-

humble Servant went off well ſatisfied with his good Fortune.

Glycera *to* Philinna.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 3. Lib. 2.

SOme ill Demon certainly ow'd me a Spite, (by the ſame Token he more than got out of my Debt) when I was prevailed upon to marry this dull Flegmatick Lawyer of mine; for I'll tell you after what a horrid rate he uſes me: Every Night, when other Husbands, as in Duty bound, ſolace their poor Wives a Bed, my Man of Law ſits up, pretending he has a Conveyance to draw for my Lord—— and then, ſays he, I'm to make a Speech in the Court to Morrow for my Client Sir *John* —— and if I have it not by heart, there will be the Devil and all to do; with that he walks about the Room in a meditating Poſture, to make me believe he is in earneſt, mumbling I know not what unintelligible Stuff to himſelf. Since he has not Aſſets enough, as far as I can perceive, to diſcharge the Debt of Matrimony, why ſhould he marry, I wonder, to inflame his Reckoning? Why ſhou'd

ſhou'd a Man that doth not want a Wife to humble his Conſtitution, pretend to Monopolize a young Virgin to himſelf, eſpecially when he wants either Will or Ability to do her Juſtice? Did he chuſe to make me his Spouſe only to deafen me with impertinent Stories of Executions, Anſwers, Ejectments, and impertinent Decrees? Cou'd he think I cou'd ever prove ſuch a ſupple Slave, as to ſit up all Night to pore over a dull Statute-book? Since I find he puts my Bed-chamber to no other uſe, then to profane it with naſty Petty-fogging, I am reſolv'd for the future to have a ſeparate Bed by my ſelf: If this won't reform him, but he ſtill continues an incorrigible Sot, drudging in other Peoples Buſineſs, and neglecting mine, I am reſolv'd to ſhew him a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, and to ſpeak to ſome more able Council to manage my Law-caſe. This I hope is enough to make you comprehend my Meaning; you are a ſenſible Woman, experienc'd in theſe Affairs, and therefore a Hint is ſufficient. Conſider then, my dear Friend, and tell me how I muſt play this Game. You are a Woman, and underſtand the Neceſſities of our Sex, and tho' I have not nam'd my Diſeaſe to you in down-right Terms, (for my Modeſty wou'd not give

give me leave to do that) yet ſince you know the Nature of it, I hope you'll be my Doctreſs, and preſcribe me a Remedy. 'Tis but reaſonable, I think, that you, who are my near Relation, and beſides have a good Tallent at Compoſing of Differences, ſhou'd ſtand my Friend at this Juncture: Beſides, as you had a great hand in making this wicked Match, you are obliged in Honour, to make it ſupportable to me. But above all, it will be requiſite to be very ſecret, for ſhou'd my litigious Blade come to hear that I apply my ſelf to other Council, he may reject me for good and all, and ſo what I get in the Hundred, I may loſe in the County.

Cyrtion *to* Dictys.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 7. Lib. 1.

DIſtracted between Joy and Greif, I write the following Lines to you: Yeſterday I was at my old Recreation of Fiſhing by the Sea-ſide, and as I was drawing a thundring Fiſh out of the Water, ſo very large that it made my Rod crack again, behold there comes up to me a pretty Da-

Damoſel, with a lovely mixture of Roſes and Lillies in her Cheeks, tall and ſtrait as a Cedar that likes the Ground it grows in. Thought I to myſelf, I'm a lucky Dog to Day, Fortune favours me in both Elements, and now I am like to get a better Prize at Land than I drew juſt now out of the Water: Honeſt Friend, cries ſhe, I conjure you by *Neptune*, to look after my Cloaths a little, while I waſh my ſelf in the Sea. This Requeſt, you may imagine, was not unwelcome to me, becauſe it wou'd give me an Opportunity to ſee ſomething. She had no ſooner thrown off her Rigging; but, good Heavens! there was a ſight enough to have ſpoiled the moſt virtuous Reſolutions of the ſevereſt Philoſopher: From between her Hair, which was of a lovely Black, and flow'd down in great Quantity, I diſcover'd a pair of Roſie Cheeks, and an Ivory Neck, that wholly poſſeſt me with Admiration and Surpriſe: both theſe Colours were in the higheſt perfection, but they deriv'd no little agreement from the neighbourhood of the Black. To return to our Nymph, ſhe had no ſooner undreſs'd, but ſhe plung'd foremoſt into the Waves. The Sea was as ſmooth as a Bowling-green, and when ſhe appeared above the Water, had I not ſeen her before, I durſt have ſworn ſhe was one of the

Ne-

Nereids, of whom the Poets tell us ſo many Stories. When ſhe had waſhed as long as ſhe thought fit, out ſhe came; and from ſuch a ſight as this, our Painters, I ſuppoſe, were inſtructed how to draw *Venus* riſing out of the Sea. I immediately ran to my lovely Damoſel to deliver her her Cloaths, and when ſhe was ſo near me, cou'd not forbear to touch her Bubbies, and ſo forth. But to ſee what ill Fate attends me! The young Gipſie bluſh'd and frown'd at me: But even her very Anger became her; it gave a freſh Luſtre to her Beauty, and her Eyes darted Lightning at me. Then in her Indignation ſhe broke my Rod flung my Fiſh into the Sea, and ran away from me, as faſt as her Legs would carry her. Imagine in what a Confuſion ſhe left me. I lamented the loſs of what I had taken with ſo much Pains; but the loſs of her, whom I had as it were in my Hands, afflicted me infinitely more. This Diſappointment, in ſhort, ſo mortifies me, that I dare no longer truſt my ſelf with the cruel Idea of it.

Phi-

Philochorus *to* Polyænus.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 4. Lib. 1.

LAſt Week *Hippias* and I were taking a turn in the Park, when on a ſudden he thus alarm'd me: Friend, ſays he, prithee mind that Lady yonder that leans upon her Maid's Arm. How tall! how ſtrait! how well-featur'd ſhe is! By Heavens, 'tis a Miracle of a Woman: Let us e'en croſs the Walk and accoſt her. Why, reply-ed I to him, you're mad I think: Unleſs I am miſtaken in her Outſide, ſhe's a Woman of Vertue, and conſequently no Game for ſuch as you and I: But if you reſolve to proceed, let us view her a little more diſtinctly before we board her, for I love to look about me before I leap. My Companion fell a Laughing, as if he had been diſtracted, and ſtriking me gently on the Shoulder, Thou'rt a Novice, ſaid he, I find in theſe Affairs. Take it from me, all the Women in the World are made of ſinful Materials. One may have more Hypocriſie than another, but if you put it home to her, I'll engage you'll find her made of true Fleſh and Blood. But alas,

you are a perfect Stranger to the Town-intrigues, otherwiſe cou'd you imagine that any Woman of Honour wou'd be walking here at this time of the Day, and dart her Glances ſo artfully on all ſhe meets? Prithee obſerve how ſhe plays with her Necklace, how ſlily ſhe ſteals her pretty Hand out of her Glove; and as if ſhe went to reform ſome Diſorder in her Dreſs, how dexterouſly ſhe diſcovers her Breaſts? From theſe and a thouſand other Indications I conclude that this Lady won't let a Man ſigh at her Feet in vain: but what is more convincing, I now tipt the Wink at her, and ſhe as kindly return'd it; therefore let us go and board the Veſſel, for I dare ingage ſhe'll make no Reſiſtance. He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Words, but he makes directly to the Prize above mentioned, and finding a fit Opportunity, he thus made his Addreſſes to her: I ſwear by your Beauty, the moſt ſacred Oath to me that can be, you have made your ſelf in a Moment the abſolute Soveraign of my Heart; and if you pleaſe to order that Eves-dropping Maid of yours, to retire to ſome diſtance, I have ſomething to communicate to you, which perhaps you will not be diſpleas'd to hear. She accordingly commanded her Attendant to file off, when the other in this manner perſued

ſued his Diſcourſe, As I know that Love is no Camelion to live upon Air, I am not ſo unreaſonable as to demand any Favours of you *gratis*: And, on the other hand, Madam, I am ſure you are too conſcientious to put too high a Price on 'em. Gold, you know, may be too dearly bought; but I hope you'll comply with the running Market-price; I have Madam, two things to plead for me, Vigour and Wealth, but I wou'd by my good Will husband both of 'em ſo, as to make 'em hold out: Come give me your Anſwer. The Lady's Eyes ſufficiently declar'd the Conſent of her Heart; ſhe ſtood ſtill and bluſh'd, and ſuch a beautiful Red ſtreak'd her Cheeks, as we find in the Heavens when the Sun is juſt a ſetting. When my Friend found the Bargain was now as good as ſtruck, he turn'd about to me; And what do you think now of my Skill in theſe Affairs? you would have diſwaded me forſooth, from this Expedition, but now you ſee how I have ſucceeded; for, at the expence of a few Words and a little Time I have brought the Nymph to ſurrender. You alas, are ſuch a Heretick, as to believe there are Women in the World above Flattery, Corruption and Bribery; but you are in a damn'd Miſtake; follow me, and I'll ſhow you ſome Sport: but in the mean time take

this for granted, That there is no Garriſon ſo ſtrong, and no Woman ſo obſtinately vertuous, but by one Practice or other, both may be brought to take a new Maſter.

Lamprias *to* Philippides.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 16. Lib. 1.

YOu remember me troubl'd with all the Symptoms of Love, and deſire to know how I got cur'd of it; I us'd to entertain my Paſſion in the Fields and ſolitary Groves, which inſtead of abating, grew every Day fiercer, and raged more violently in my Breaſt. As I walk'd by the purling Streams, May *Cupid,* ſaid I, and his Mother, (for they, and only they, know what Torments I languiſh under,) give me Courage enough to make a Declaration of my Paſſion, which hitherto I have ſtifl'd within me. As Love has transfixt with his Darts this tender Breaſt of mine, ſo I hope he will in the ſame manner, treat the fair Inſenſible, who has given me ſo many cruel Inquietudes. One Day it happened that

that after I had amuſed my ſelf with theſe Contemplations in the Woods, I found I had Reſolution enough to venture an Interview with my Miſtreſs. I went accordingly to her Houſe, and had a long Converſation with her, wherein I found the Beauties of her Mind, to be not at all inferiour to thoſe of her Face: Her Looks wore all the bewitching Marks of the moſt agreeable Innocence; I admir'd her Hand, the whiteſt and ſofteſt in the World: I viewed with ſacred Horror, thoſe charming Eyes, that penetrate quicker and deeper than Lightning. To compleat my Ruin, ſhe ſhow'd me a delicious pair of Breaſts as it were by accident, on which the God of Love himſelf, wou'd be proud to recline his Head. All this while my Tongue was tied with a religious Awe, and I had not Aſſurance enough to acquaint her with my Pain. However, I was very intent on my mental Devotion, and pray'd to *Cupid*, that ſince he knew my Imbecillity ſo well (which I wholly imputed to himſelf) he would ſo effectually touch my Miſtreſs's Heart that ſhe of her own accord, ſhould own her Affection for me. I had no ſooner concluded theſe pious Ejaculations, but I found the God had heard my Prayers; for my Miſtreſs, who look'd ſo Coy and Demure

at my firſt coming into the Room, on the ſudden, ſmiled very graciouſly upon me, and gently ſqueez'd me by the Hand; and then no longer able to conceal the Vehemence of her Deſires, ſhe impreſt ſo warm a Kiſs on my Lips, that I was in good hopes, the Seal wou'd never have par-ed from the Wax: All the Sweets of *Arabia the Happy*, all the fragrant Odours of the Eaſtern World, all the blooming Beauties of the Spring, and the Wealth of Summer: in ſhort, all the Incenſe that is offer'd on the Altars of our Gods, comes infinitely ſhort of the natural Sweetneſs of her Breath. But here I will ſtop my Narration, for what need I trouble my ſelf to ſend every Particular to you, who are old enough to imagine 'em of your ſelf. Only this I will add, That we ſtrove all Night long, which of us ſhould expreſs their Love in the moſt Emphatical Manner; and that, that ſawcy Intruder, ſleep found us too well employ'd to offer to interrupt us.

Phi-

Philomatia *to* Eumuſus.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 14. Lib. 1.

THis comes to let you know that we are not ſo bewitched to Muſick as you imagine, and that the beſt Lute and Guitar in the World will make but little Progreſs, unleſs it comes attended with the more powerful Harmony of Mony. Why then do you give your ſelf and me the unneceſſary trouble of ſo many Serenades? Why muſt you employ your Hands to ſhew the Paſſion of your Heart? Why do you perſecute me with your Sonnets, and ſing under my Windows?

Since Beauty's Charms do hourly fade,
And a Scandal it is to be reckon'd a Maid;
Let not Love's Pleaſures be delay'd.

You are old enough, one wou'd think, to know that Mony atones for all Defects with us Women, and that Beauty and Vigour have no Merit with us, if they have no Gold to recommend 'em: But you think me an eaſy, fooliſh, good-natur'd Creature, who am to be impoſed on by any wheedling Stories. You fancy'd, I ſuppoſe, that I never had been

been initiated the Misteries of our Profession and that I wou'd immediately surrender to you, upon the first stroak of your Violin, and the first touch of the Lute; but to undeceive you, know that I was bred up under the most experienc'd Mistress of her time; who formed my tender Mind with wholsom Precepts; telling me, that nothing under the Sun was sincere or desirable but Mony; and teaching me to despise every thing but that. Under her Instructions, and by her virtuous Example, I have profited so much, that I now measure Love, not by vain empty Compliments, that signify nothing, but by the Presents that are made me, and by the Almighty Rhetorick of Gold, which will stand my Friend, when a thousand such fluttering Weather-cocks as you have left me in the Lurch.

Terpsion *to* Polycles.

Out of the same, Epist. 7. Lib. 2.

TO convince you how insensibly Love gets Admission into the most innocent Hearts, be pleased to read over the fol-

following Story: A young Country Girl, fell deſperately in Love with her Miſtreſs's Gallant, and took Fire herſelf, while ſhe contributed to eaſe that of others. Being obliged to keep Watch upon the Stairs, leſt the Lovers ſhou'd be ſurpriz'd, ſhe cou'd not but often hear their Murmuring and Sighing: She ſaw 'em too folded in one anothers Embraces, performing the Ceremony of Love; and thus through the Eyes and Ears of this tender Girl, the God of Love, with his Torch and Arrows plung'd himſelf over Head and Eârs in her panting Breaſt. She bewailed the Unhappineſs of her Condition, and accus'd her Deſtiny for giving her a Mind ſuſceptible of the moſt tender Impreſſions, yet, denying her the Means to ſatisfy them: Why ſhou'd not I, ſaid ſhe, participate Pleaſure with my Miſtreſs, ſince I have a Soul as ſenſible as hers? Why ſhou'd Love, that tramples over all Diſtinctions of Rank and Quality, ſhew himſelf a Daſtard only in reſpect to me? But ſhe did not long afflict herſelf with theſe unprofitable Complaints. *Venus* wou'd not ſuffer her to loſe the Time in lazy Wiſhes, for being ſent one Afternoon to invite the Gallant to her Miſtreſs's Lodgings, without any farther Preamble or Preface, ſhe accoſted him in this manner: *Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I believe*

lieve you to be a Gentleman, and willing to eaſe the Longing of a young Virgin: If my Face will go down with you, that, and the reſt of my Body are at your Service. You know well enough what it is to Love, and therefore will have Compaſſion, I hope, on one that languiſhes under that Diſtemper. The Gentleman without farther ado, took her at her word, and was ſo courteous as to play the Prieſt, ſince ſhe was ſo willing to be the Sacrifice. He ſoon eaſed her of that Burden ſhe complain'd of, and own'd that he ne'er received more Pleaſure in his Life. The Kiſſes of married Women are generally inſipid; the Kiſſes of mercenary Harlots are fallacious and deceitful; but thoſe of an innocent, uninſtructed Virgin are true, and conſequently delicious. Our Lovers had like to have fainted away under the Violence of their Agitation; their Souls hover'd about their Mouths, but their uninterrupted Kiſſes denied them a Paſſage: While the golden Minutes paſs'd away in theſe Tranſports, the Miſtreſs, who was ſeized with a Fit of Jealouſie to ſee them ſtay ſo long, ſtole ſoftly into the Room, and ſurprized them in very criminal Circumſtances. The unhappy Maid found the firſt Effects of her Indignation, whom ſhe thump'd and beat, and dragg'd by the Hair, but the poor

poor Wench intreated her to conſider, that tho' her ill Stars had ſent her a Slave into the World, which was none of her Fault, ſhe had as ſtrong Inclinations as the beſt of her Sex: that Love was an Imperious Deity; and when he had once got Entrance into a Heart, wou'd not throw up his Poſſeſſion, as ſhe her ſelf cou'd not but know by Experience. Wherefore, Madam, ſays ſhe, in conſideration of Love, who is our common Maſter, and whoſe Yoak both of us carry, be pleaſed to forgive this Indiſcretion in me: which, after the worſt Gloſs you can put upon it, was only the Effect of a fooliſh Curioſity, from which the beſt of Women are not exempt. Theſe Complaints ſo innocently deliver'd, ſoon appeas'd her Miſtreſs's Fury, who, taking her Gallant by the Hand, thus rallied him; *I find*, crys ſhe, *you are of the Humour of ſome People, who had rather gather ſour Grapes, than ſtay till they are Ripe. What cou'd make you ſo fooliſhly trifle your time with a ſilly raw Baggage, that is ſo far from knowing how to perform her part in the Chorus of Love, that ſhe does not yet underſtand how to level her Kiſſes aright; which are but a Prologue to the buſier Drama that follows. A Virgin is dull and heavy, and unacquainted with the true Management of a Paſſion; where-*

as,

as ſuch a Woman, as I am, that has tried many a Fall with many a Man in her time, needs not the Inſtructions of any one, but gives the utmoſt Satisfaction: In ſhort, a Woman gives, but a Virgin only receives Kiſſes, which makes a ſenſible Difference between them; *And this*, continued ſhe to her Spark, *you know well enough*; *but, if you want to have your Memory refreſh'd, come to me to Night, and I will make you own I am in the right.*

What happen'd upon this, I can't tell, neither am I curious to know, becauſe all Men affect to Govern themſelves by their own peculiar Palates, but eſpecially in the Buſineſs of Love.

A Letter of Gallantry, from a young Gentleman, to his Perjured Miſtreſs.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 9. Lib. 2.

IF you conſider, Madam, what ill Treatment I have had from your Hands, you are in the right on't to believe that I hate you moſt mortally; but then if you reflect what an abſolute Empire your Beauty has gain'd

gain'd over my Soul, you can't but be ſenſible that it is impoſſible for me to harbour the leaſt injurious Thought of you. To convince you how far I intereſt my ſelf in every thing that concerns you, I ſwear to you by that adorable Face, which hath made ſo perfect a Conqueſt of me, That next to the Grief of loſing you, I am in the next place concern'd to think what Puniſhments Heaven has in ſtore for you, for affronting it by ſo open, ſo bare-fac'd a Perjury. Love has ſo effectually ſtifl'd all Reſentments within me, that I dare not entertain the leaſt diſadvantagious Wiſhes againſt you. But tho' I am ready to forgive you, I am afraid leaſt the Powers above ſhou'd call you to an account for violating their Majeſty by a Crime ſo provoking. If the thing wholly depended on me, you might ſafely ſtare Heaven in the Face, after you have ſo often called down its Vengeance on your Head; but my Fear is, (and my Concern for you, obliges me to tell you ſo much) that the Gods will not be ſo ready to pardon you, as I have been; and any Misfortune of yours wou'd afflict me more, than to find my ſelf neglected and forgotten by you. I impute my Miſeries to Deſtiny, not to you, (you ſee Madam, I would rather judge injuriouſly of Heaven than

than of your ſelf) and I will never ceaſe to pray, that Juſtice it ſelf may be blind, that ſo you may eſcape the Puniſhments you deſerve, and rather than thoſe bright Eyes ſhould ſuffer any thing, tho' they have caus'd my Ruin. Nay, if it ſhould be your chance to treſpaſs once more, and offend Heaven again, I hope it will have a due Regard to the Weakneſs of your Youth. I am content to ſacrifice my Pretenſions to you; I, who wou'd ſooner part with the *Indies* than your ſelf, provided that you be no Sufferer. Farewel charming Creature, farewel; and may Fate be as indulgent to you, as I have been: Show me now if you can, a Lover like me, who after ſuch cruel Uſage ever writt ſo humble a Letter.

Abrocomas *to his dear* Delphis.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 21. Lib. 2.

YOu'll be angry perhaps at the frank Confeſſion, I am going to make to you. I examine with curious Eyes all the Women I ſee, I go to all the places of publick Reſort, and no Female eſcapes me; pray,

pray, Madam, don't think I do this to carry on any Intrigue with 'em (for I wou'd not have you put ſo unjuſt a Conſtruction upon my Expreſſions) 'tis only to ſee how much your Beauty ſurpaſſes theirs, and to be able to do the more Juſtice to your Merits. Yes, Madam, by *Cupid* I ſwear it, who never had a devouter Votary then my ſelf, you ſurpaſs the reſt of your Sex in Dreſs, Beauty, and the Agreeableneſs of your Deportment: Your Charms are ſo conſpicuous and ſhining, that they need no Artifice to ſet 'em off: a natural Red adorns your Cheeks; neither do you lye under any neceſſity to load your Head with that cumberſome Attire, other Women take a Pride in. You have the lovelieſt Hair in the Univerſe; Who can behold ſo black a pair of Eye-brows, in ſo fair and white a Forehead, and not own himſelf your Slave? I dare not truſt my Invention, as fertle as it is, with venturing upon more Particulars. In ſhort, Madam, all the Perfections of your Sex center in you; and your Empire is never ſo ſafe, as when you appear amongſt our moſt celebrated Beauties. Your ſight alone, as it creates our Aſtoniſhment, ſo it commands our Love; and to make a new Triumph, you need only appear to a new Beholder. Since my Life is intirely wrapt up in yours, I wiſh you may

live

live long and happy. All my Inclinations, all my Hopes and Thoughts terminate in you; and I earneſtly beg of Heaven, that I may always continue in this Opinion. Enjoy that Conqueſt therefore which Nature has given you, and I will everlaſtingly carry Love's Golden Dart in my Breaſt. Neither do you endeavour to pluck it out from thence, for beſides that, you are not able to do it, I don't deſire to have it done, for I take pleaſure in nothing ſo much as in my Paſſion. May it always be the Scope of my whole Life to love *Delphis*, and may it be my Fate to be beloved by her, to be ſubdued by her Beauty, and charm'd by her Converſation.

Oceanius *to* Ariſtobulus.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 20. Lib. 2.

YOu deſire to know what Progreſs our Friend *Damon* has made in the Affections of his Miſtreſs, whom he hath ſo long beſieg'd, and I am ſorry I cannot ſend you ſo good News as I cou'd wiſh: He threw himſelf down at her Feet, and in the Com-

common ſtrain of Lovers; will you not, ſays he, take compaſſion on my Youth? Will you not pity one that dies every Moment for you? Show at leaſt ſome Tenderneſs to the Man, who never was conquer'd by any Beauty but yours? But ſhe return'd him a Compliment, as cold as if it had come out of the midſt of *Tartary:* Leave perſecuting me, ſays ſhe, with idle Stories of your Paſſion, with your pretended Darts, and your Romantick Flames, for you do but loſe your Time and Labour. The Youth was reduc'd to the laſt Deſpair, when he found himſelf thus ſlighted, and as Anger on theſe Occaſions generally ſucceeds to Love, he ſaid the moſt reproachful bitter things againſt her, that his Indignation cou'd inſpire him with. When his Fury had ſpent it ſelf, looking upon him with a ſcornful Air, I know, ſays ſhe, how to puniſh the Inſolences of your Tongue: All your Sex are perfidious and falſe; You devour us, nay, you devour one another. The moſt ſavage Beaſts in the Woods, unleſs compell'd by Hunger, ſeldom attack the Travellers, but when they are taken by you, and have been debauch'd with a Domeſtic Education, they prove erranter Brutes than any in the Foreſt; to be ſhort with you, your Perjury and Inconſtance

teach us to lay aſide all pity, and treat you as you deſerve: for in the firſt Ardors of your Love, you can lie all Night at our Threſholds on the bare Ground; you can ſay the moſt ſubmiſſive things in the World; you can whine and cry, and make Goddeſſes of us; you have Oaths perpetually at command, and with thoſe Counters you deceive us; but no ſooner have we granted the laſt Favours to you, but you grow inſolent and haughty; you make us the Subject of your ill-manner'd Mirth, and you diſdainfully reject her, whom the Hour before you adored like a Divinity. You are all Atheiſts as to Love, and pretend that *Jupiter* has other Buſineſs on his Hands, then to trouble himſelf with the Oaths of Lovers.

Thus the Lady diſcarded the unfortunate *Lyco*; and, as partial as I am to my Friend, I cannot but own there is a great deal of Truth in her Invective.

Chry-

Chryſis *to* Myrina.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 15. Lib. 11.

YOu and I, my deareſt *Myrina*, have long languiſh'd under the Tyranny of *Cupid*, who is the moſt Fantaſtical of all the Deities. You are in Love with my Huſband, and 'tis my unhappy Deſtiny, (But who can reſiſt the God who commands all the reſt?) to doat on your Page. What Expedient will Love, who uſes to be no Block-head when he is put to his ſhifts, what Expedient, I ſay, will Love find out, to put an end to our preſent Sufferings? You know I am a conſtant Woman at Prayers, and if a Woman ever prays for any thing in good earneſt, you likewiſe know, 'tis when ſhe prays for a kind Gallant. Now to be plain with you, I put up a fervent Petition to Heaven this Morning, that it wou'd furniſh a Remedy for both our Paſſions; when immediately the following ing Thought came into my Head: I won't be poſitive, as our Prieſts generally are, that this Whimſie of mine is of Heaven's inſpiring; but it ſeems ſo eaſie, ſo pretty, and ſo feaſible, that I am reſolv'd with your help to ſee it put in Execution.

The Stratagem in ſhort is this: Do you pretend to be very angry with your Page, upon what Occaſion you think moſt proper, whether for tearing your Fan, beating your Squirrel, or ſo forth, but be ſure to turn him out of your Houſe. The better to colour this Buſineſs, I will give you leave to ſtrike him a Blow or two, but I article before-hand with you, that you ſhan't hurt him. Upon this I know he will immediately run to me, as being your greateſt Acquaintance, and I will take care to diſpatch my Huſband on an Errand to you, under pretence of interceding for the Boy, that you wou'd be ſo kind as to take him into your Service again. By this Means both of us will have a fair Opportunity to ſatisfie our Longings, which, for my part, I will ſee punctually perform'd, unleſs your Page is a very ignorant Devil indeed; and I ſuppoſe you will not be wanting to your ſelf. But, my dear *Myrina*, remember to keep my Husband with you as long as you can, for that you know will be for our mutual Intereſt. I can tell you before-hand, that you will not be diſappointed in my Spark; I that have ſo often experienc'd how well he performes upon Duty, am ſatisfi'd he'll out-do a Heroe, when Wickedneſs ſpurs him on. *Farewel.*

Ste-

Steſichorus *to* Eratoſthenes.

Out of the ſame, Epiſt. 9. Lib. 1.

TO ſee now what cunning Gipſies theſe Women are! T'other Day a certain Woman of my Acquaintance, walking in the Market-place with her Husband by her ſide, and a Train of Servants at her heels, ſaw a Gallant of hers at ſome diſtance off, with whom ſhe uſed to be familiar. She had a mighty longing to whiſper ſomething in his Ear, and if poſſible to ſteal a Kiſs from him before her Husband's Face; ſo to bring the matter about, ſhe pretends to fall upon her Knee, and her Gallant, who as it ſeem'd, underſtood her Deſign, charitably lent her his Hand to help her up: Then down ſhe tumbles again, and our Gentleman was forced the ſecond time to give her his Aſſiſtance. Oh! my poor Wife, cries the Cuckold, in a ſtrange Conſternation, I hope thou haſt not hurt thy ſelf. Troubled with ſuch cruel Fits, cry'd ſhe; and then ſhe made the third Stumble. The Gallant on one ſide, and the Husband on the other did what in 'em lay to ſet her on her Legs again, but as her Fits ſtill increaſt, the Husband, with the help of the

kind Gentleman, was obliged to carry her to the next Tavern: The Gallant chafed her Hand, and rubb'd her Face; and all the while the Fellow thank'd him for the great Pains he took with his Wife: but finding her Indiſpoſition ſtill increaſe, he ran down Stairs like Lightning to fetch a Phyſician of his Acquaintance to her, not daring to truſt his Servants with ſo important a Meſſage. In the mean time our Lovers, were not wanting to adminiſter mutual Conſolation to each other: So by that time the Husband came back with his Doctor, his Wife was exceedingly refreſhed. The Gallant was complimented a thouſand times for his Civilities on this Occaſion: Sir, ſays the Man, I heartily beg your Pardon for the Trouble my Wife has given you. Lord Sir, anſwer'd he, if it was to do ten times again, it would be no trouble. But indeed 'twas too much, Sir. I'faith, cries the other, I don't think I can ever do too much for her. I ſwear but you have, ſays the Husband, I find ſhe hath put you into a Sweat with helping her. In ſhort, they drank a loving Glaſs together; the Wife pretended ſhe was twenty *per Cent.* better than when ſhe ſet out in the Morning; the Gallant was highly ſatisfy'd with what he had done, and the Huſband was the merrieſt Man alive, to ſee his Wife ſo miraculouſly recover'd.

The End of Ariſtænetus's *Epiſtles.*

Some Select LETTERS, OUT OF *PLINY*, Junior.

Made Engliſh by T. Brown, *Gent.*

I Am to inform the Reader, that in the following Letters, I have not confined my ſelf to a literal Verſion. Where I found any place ſo perplexed that no certain Sence cou'd be made of it, or where it cou'd not be underſtood without a Comment, (which wou'd have looked ridiculous in ſuch a Collection as this.) I have fairly omitted it, and ſometimes I have made bold to alter a Word or two to make my Author more palatable to the Engliſh Reader. As for the Choice I have

made of the Letters, if they are not the best, I hope they will not displease.

To his dear Friend Romanus.

Lib. 3.

AT your Requeſt, I have ſent you the Panegyric I lately deliver'd before our moſt incomparable * Prince, altho' I had ſent it to you whether you had deſired it or no. Now you have it before you, I muſt beg you to reflect upon the Difficulty, as well as the Nobleneſs of the Subject. Upon other Occaſions, the Newneſs of the Argument generally draws our Attention, but here it was impoſſible for me to ſay any thing which all the World did not know before: for which Reaſon, the Reader having nothing elſe to employ him, will only mind the Elocution, in which 'tis a hard matter for a Man to ſucceed well, when that, and only that, is eſteem'd. I cou'd wiſh that the Order, Tranſitions, and Figures cou'd be conſider'd at the ſame time: for in the barbarous Nations, you ſhall find ſeveral that are able to invent handſomely, and to expreſs themſelves magnificently

* *Trajan*

ently enough; whereas to diſpoſe of things in their proper Order, and to vary the Figures with Art and Judgment, is only the Talent of the Learned. I am of Opinion indeed, that the ſublime and pompous Stile is not alway to be uſed; for as in a Picture, nothing ſets off the Light ſo well as an artful Diſpoſition of the Shades, ſo an Oration is no leſs recommended by the Simplicity than the Majeſty of the Diction. But why ſhould I trouble you with theſe things, who know them ſo much better than my ſelf? In the mean time I beg the favour of you, to mark what places you ſhall think want Correction; for I ſhall be the eaſier inclin'd to believe that the reſt of the Oration pleaſes you, when I find you diſlike ſome Paſſages in it. *Farewel.*

To his dear Geminius.

Lib. 8.

'TWas the nobleſt thing you ever attempted in your Life, to relate the Dacian War in Verſe: For, beſides the newneſs of it, what Subject is more Copious and Fertile, what more Poetical, and, tho' we

we all know it to be true, what more ſeemingly Fabulous? You will have a noble Occaſion to employ all the Stores of your Invention: when you talk of Rivers commanded to take a new Courſe, or bridled by new Bridges, that before were hardly to be paſs'd in Boats, when you talk of Armies encamp'd on the tops of Precipices, and mighty Kings who had graſped the whole Univerſe in his Imagination, not only deſpoil'd of his Kingdom but his Life: In ſhort, when you come to deſcribe two magnificent Triumphs, both of which were celebrated for the Reduction of a Nation held Invincible before: The only and greateſt Difficulty will be, to expreſs all this in a Strain equal to the Dignity of the Subject; which even you, my Friend, will find to be no eaſie Task, altho' you have a towring, elevated Genius, capable of the higheſt undertakings. Some little Trouble too you'll find it, to ſoften the Names of theſe barbarous People, and particularly of their Towns, ſo as they ſhall not ſhock our Ears, when they come into Verſe; but there is nothing ſo harſh and diſſonant but what may be made harmonious, or at leaſt tolerable with a little Care and Alteration. Beſides, if it was lawful for *Homer* to contract, to extend, and turn Words, even of Grecian Extraction,

ction, for the better Cadence of his Verſe, why ſhou'd not the ſame Privilege be allow'd you, eſpecially ſince it is not affected but neceſſary? Therefore, when after the Cuſtom of the Poets, you have invoked the Help of the Muſes, and eſpecially of your Heroe, their greateſt Patron, whoſe noble Atchievements and Actions you are going to Sing, weigh Anchor, put up all your Sails, and if ever you did it upon any Occaſion, ſo now more particularly hoiſt your Flag, diſplay your Colours, and bear down with all the Force of Wit. Theſe Metaphors perhaps may ſeem too daring for Proſe; but why may I not be indulg'd to ſpeak in the Poetical Language to a Poet? But this I bargain with you before-hand, that you ſhall ſend me your Poem in pieces juſt as you finiſh it: Nay, even before you have finiſh'd it, by which means it will come the more freſh, like Fruit newly gather'd from the Tree. You will tell me 'tis impoſſible that ſmall Pieces ſhou'd pleaſe ſo well as an entire Work, or that a Sketch ſhould be ſo well liked as a finiſh'd Picture: I confeſs it, and therefore I will conſider it as ſuch, and you ſhall beſtow the laſt hand upon it at your leiſure in my Library. To your other Favours give me, I beſeech you, this farther Mark of your Friendſhip, as to communicate

cate to me what you wou'd let no body elſe ſee: For tho' I may the more commend and value your Writings as I ſee them come out more ſlowly and more correct, yet I ſhall both Love and Honour your ſelf infinitely the more, as you ſend me theſe things with moſt diſpatch, in their Undreſs.

To his Wife Calphurnia.

Lib. 8.

YOu ſend me word, that my Abſence does not a little afflict you, and that you have no other Antidote againſt your Melancholy but my Letters: 'Tis no ſmall Satisfaction to me, that I am always in your Thoughts, and that ſuch Trifles can contribute to your Diverſion. For my part, to let you ſee my Caſe is parallel with yours, I am perpetually reading yours, and the oftner I read them, the more new they ſeem to me, and I ſtill diſcover ſome freſh Beauties in 'em, which I did not obſerve before. Tho' this in ſome meaſure alleviates my Pain, yet it ſets me a longing the more for your Company; for if your Letters are ſo ſweet and entertaining, what Pleaſures

ſures may I not expect from your Converſation? Therefore let me conjure you to loſe no Opportunities of Writing to me, tho', as I hinted before, at the ſame time this Commerce delights me, it gives me ſome Uneaſineſs.

To the Same.

Lib. 7.

'Tis impoſſible for me to tell you how much I regret the want of your good Company, and I have ſeveral good Reaſons for it: In the firſt place, there is Love in the caſe. Then 'tis to be conſider'd that you and I never lived aſunder, which is the reaſon why I paſs the greateſt part of the Night in thinking on you. From the ſame Cauſe it proceeds, that even in the Day-time, at thoſe Hours when I uſed to viſit you in your Chamber, my Feet of their own accord carry me to you, and then when I miſs you there, I come back no leſs melancholy and ſorrowful, than if you had turn'd me out of your Room. The only time that I am free from theſe Inquietudes, is when I am pleading in the Hall,

Hall, and drudging for my Friends. Judge then, what a mortified Life I lead, when I am forced to find Relaxation in Labour, and Comfort in Care and Misery.

To his dear Friend Ferox.

Lib. 7.

YOur last Letter is a convincing Argument that you Study, and that you don't. You'll tell me I talk Riddles to you, and so I do, till I explain to you more distinctly what my Meaning is. In short, the Letter you sent me, shows you did not study for it, so easie and negligent it appears to be; and yet at the same time 'tis so polite, that 'tis impossible that any one should write it, who did not weigh every word; or else you are certainly the happiest Man in the World, if you can write Letters so Entertaining, without Care and Premeditation.

To

To Cornelius Tacitus.

Lib. 8.

I Return you your Book which I read over very carefully, having marked all along in the Margin what places I thought fit to be alter'd, and what ſtruck out; For I am no leſs inclin'd to tell the Truth, than you are to hear it. 'Tis a plain Caſe I believe, that no Man ſuffers himſelf to be ſo patiently found fault with, as he that deſerves the higheſt Commendation. And now I expect my own Book from you with your Corrections and Amendments. Theſe reciprocal Offices of Friendſhip that paſs between us give me no little Satisfaction; for if our Poſterity will have any Concern for us, I am pleaſed to think that they will tell, with what Amity, Concord, and Integrity, you and I have lived together. It will be a remarkable, and perhaps the only Inſtance in Hiſtory, that two Men almoſt of the ſame Age and Quality, and of ſome Reputation for Learning, (I am oblig'd to ſpeak the more ſparingly of you, becauſe at the ſame time I ſpeak of my ſelf) ſhould promote one another's Studies ſo unanimouſly.

mouſly. When I was but young, and you had juſtly acquir'd a high Character in the World, even then it was my greateſt Ambition to imitate and follow you, tho' at never ſo great a Diſtance. We had then at *Rome* ſeveral Perſons of Wit and Learning, that were deſervedly admired; yet ſo great a Similitude was there between our Tempers and Diſpoſitions, that even then I endeavoured to Copy after you. For this Reaſon 'tis no ſmall Satisfaction to me, that whenever there is any Diſcourſe about Learning and Learned Men, you and I are ſtill quoted together; that when your Name is mention'd, the Company immediately mentions mine; and that when they prefer a third Man to one of us, they mean it of both. But 'tis no matter to me, whether you or I are mention'd firſt, for if I am firſt, it is only becauſe I am the next to you. I don't queſtion too, but you have obſerv'd, that in the laſt Wills of the Deceas'd, unleſs there was ſome particular Difference in the Caſe, you and I have Legacies of the ſame Value generally bequeathed us. The Concluſion I draw from all this is, That we have the greateſt Obligations that can be, to entertain the ſtricteſt Amity; ſince even our Studies, our Manners, our Reputations; in ſhort, the united Teſtimony

ſtimony of the World are ſo many Arguments why the mutual Friendſhip between us ſhou'd ſtill increaſe. *Farewel.*

To Cornelius Tacitus.

Lib. 6.

YOu deſire me to ſend you an Account of my Uncle's Death, that you may be the better able to relate it in your Hiſtory. I am obliged to you for this Favour, for I foreſee my Uncle's Name will be immortal, if it has the Honour to be preſerv'd by your Pen: Tho' it was his Fate to die, like great Cities memorable for their Calamities, in the Univerſal Deſolation of the fineſt Part of *Italy*; Nay, tho' he himſelf has written ſeveral learned Volumes, which will propagate his Memory to future Ages, yet that Eternity which ſeems to be intailed on every thing you write, will not a little contribute to perpetuate his Name: For my part I reckon thoſe Men happy, who by a particular Indulgence of Heaven are capable of doing things fit to be tranſmitted to Poſterity, or of writing Works, that de-

ſerve to be read; but I reckon thoſe the happieſt of all, who poſſeſs both theſe Advantages: Amongſt the Number of theſe Latter I reckon my Uncle, by means of yours, as well as his own Writings, upon which account I am proud to comply with your Deſires. My Uncle was then at *Miſenus*, with the Fleet under his Command in the Harbour, on the 24th Day of *Auguſt*, about one of the Clock in the Afternoon; when my Mother came to tell him, that ſhe beheld afar off a Cloud of an unuſual Magnitude and Form. He was then hard at Study, but calling for his Slippers, he got up to the higheſt part of the Houſe, from whence he might moſt advantagiouſly behold this Prodigy. At ſo great a Diſtance we cou'd not poſitively tell from whence this Cloud aroſe, tho' afterwards we knew it came from Mount *Veſuvius*: Nothing reſembl'd the Shape on't more than a Pine-tree does, for from a long taper Trunk, it ſpead itſelf to a very large Head, the Reaſon of which I ſuppoſe might be, that when the Wind that carried it up, began to fail, its own weight made it run out into a great breadth. Sometimes it look'd of a whitiſh, and ſometimes of a black gloomy Colour, according as it carried up with it Earth, or Aſhes. My Uncle thinking it impoſſible to make

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a juſt Obſervation of this Phænomenon without coming nearer, commanded a Gally to be got ready, and made an offer to take me along with him, if I thought convenient. I excuſed myſelf to him, and anſwer'd, that I wou'd paſs that Afternoon at my Study; and as it happen'd he had given me ſomething to tranſcribe. As he was going out of the Houſe with his Pocket-book in his Hand, the Seamen affrighted at the preſent Danger (for the Village lay under the Mountain, and there was no means of eſcaping but by Sea) begged of him not to expoſe himſelf to ſo eminent a Danger. This did not diſwade him from his Reſolution; and what he began out of a Spirit of Curioſity he perform'd with the greateſt Intrepidity. So he ordered the Gally to put out to Sea, and went himſelf aboard it, with a Deſign to aſſiſt not only thoſe of *Retina*, but the Neighbouring Towns, for the Country thereabouts is mighty populous: he ſteer'd his Courſe towards thoſe places, from whence the affrighted Inhabitants ran away in great Multitudes; nay, he ſail'd into the very Mouth of 'em, and was ſo free from Fear, that he took particular notice of every Circumſtance almoſt, relating to this Eruption. By this time the Aſhes fell on

the Deck, falling the hotter, and in greater Quantities, as they approach'd nearer to the Shore, with a ſhower of Pumice-ſtones. Then he conſider'd a little with himſelf whether he had beſt tack about, and Sail homewards (which the Pilate adviſed him to do) or make for *Pomponianum*. In this place, tho' the danger ſeem'd to be at ſome Diſtance from them, yet ſoon after came upon 'em, he order'd all his Luggage to be carried on Ship-board, being reſolv'd to make his Eſcape, tho' the Wind ſat in a contrary Corner. But as it then blew directly for 'em, my Uncle perſwaded them to be of good Courage. After this he Bathed and was very cheerful at Supper, or (what in theſe Dangers is full as great) he ſeemed at leaſt to be ſo. All this while the Flames bro ke out in ſeveral places of the Mountain *Veſuvius*, which appear'd ſo much brighter in ſo dark a Night: In this ſtrange Conſternation the Country People left their Habitations, which in their Abſence were devour'd by the Flames, and this my Uncle urged as an Argument, why it was not adviſeable to quit the place where they were. After this he compoſed himſelf to reſt: and ſlept very ſoundly, as thoſe which were in the next Room ſaid. But the Court-yard, thro' which there was a Paſſage to the Di-

Dining-room, was by this time so cover'd with Ashes and Pumice-stones, that there was no getting out of it for him, if he staid never so little longer; so being awaked out of his sleep, he, together with the rest that sate up, made the best of their way to *Pomponianum*: It was debated among 'em, whether they shou'd stay within doors, or venture abroad in the open Air, for the Earthquake was so violent, and the Houses reel'd and stagger'd so, that one wou'd have thought they had been torn up from their very Foundations. Now they were in the Fields, they had reason to fear the falling of Pumice-stones, tho' they were light and porous, which however of two Dangers were the least: with my Uncle, Reason overcame Reason, with the rest, one Fear overcame another, and they carried Pillows on their Heads to break the fall of any thing that might fall on 'em. In other places it was Day, but here it was as dark as possible Night itself cou'd be, tho' it was somewhat lessened by the Flambeaux and other Lights. Then it was resolved to go the Sea-shore, and see how the Sea stood affected, which still continued very Tempestuous. Here my Uncle, lying along upon a parcel of Cloaths, called once or twice for cold Water, and drank it off. After this the Flames, and a smell of

Brimstone, which used to precede the Flames made the place too hot for 'em, so they waked my Uncle, who being supported by two Servants, got up; but in an Instant fell down again, being I suppose suffocated by the sulphureous Vapours: Three Days after this, his Body was found whole and intire, without the least hurt or mark upon it, and in the same Cloaths he last put on; in a Posture too, that made him rather look like one that was asleep then dead. While this happen'd, my Mother and I were at *Misenus*; but this is nothing to the History, and you desired to be inform'd no farther, then relates to the Death of my Uncle. I will therefore conclude, but before I do that, give me leave to add, That I have given you a true and faithful Account of all the Particulars relating to this Accident, that have come to my Knowledge. I leave it to you to pick out what you think most proper for your Purpose; for it is one thing to write a Letter, and another to write a History; one thing to write to a Friend, and another to address himself to all the World. *Farewel.*

To

To Sura.

Lib. 7.

YOu and I are both at Leiſure, you to teach, and I to be inform'd; I have for a long while earneſtly deſired to know, whether there are any ſuch Things in Reality, as Spectres, or whether they are only the Reſults of a fearful Imagination: For my part, I am inclined to believe the former, by what happened, as I have been told the Story, to *Curtius Rufus*: He was walking up and down a Portico towards the Evening, when the Shape of a Woman appear'd to him, but much more bigger than the Life, and much more beautiful: This unexpected Sight ſtrangely ſurprized him, when the Phantome told him ſhe was *Afric*, and came to tell him his Fortune; adding that he was going to *Rome*, where he ſhould arrive to the greateſt Honours; that he ſhould return back to this Province in Quality of Governour, and there die. Every thing exactly happened as the Spectre foretold. The Story goes, that as he was ſailing for *Carthage*, and coming out of the Ship, the very ſame Figure met him upon

the Shore, upon which he fell Sick, and remembring what it had formerly told him, gave over all hopes of Recovery, before the Phiſicians thought his Caſe dangerous. But what I am now going to tell you, as it is by much ſtranger, ſo it is more terrible than the other. There was a large and ſtately Houſe at *Athens*, but untenanted for the ill Name it lay under; for in the depth of Night you might hear a Noiſe like that of the dragling of Chains, which at firſt ſeemed to be further off, but by degrees came nearer and nearer to you: At laſt the Ghoſt appear'd, in the Shape of an old Man, Lean and Meager, with a long Beard, and the Hair of his Head matted; It had Fetters about its Legs and Manacles on its Hands, which it ſhaked and rattled. Theſe ſtrange Noiſes diſturbed the Neighbourhood ſo, that few or none could ſleep for them; ſome fell ſick with watching ſo long, and their Fears increaſing, died ſoon after; for tho' the Spectre was not viſible in the Day, yet their Memory ſtill repreſented it to their Eyes, and one Fear begot another: For this Reaſon no one would dwell in the Houſe, but it ſtood empty, and was left wholly to the Ghoſt, to play his Midnight-frolicks in; however, there was a Bill put over the Door, to ſignifie that

that the Houſe was to be Let or Sold, if by chance they cou'd meet with a Chapman, who knew nothing that it was haunted. It happened that one *Athenodorus*, a Philoſopher, coming to *Athens*, read the Bill, enquired after the Price, and ſuſpecting there was ſomething extraordinary in the Matter, becauſe it was to be had ſo cheap, he informs himſelf of the Neighbours, who fairly acquainted him with the whole Buſineſs: He was ſo far from being diſcouraged by it, that it made him the more eager to ſtrike a Bargain. When it began to grow dark, he order'd a Bed to be made for him in a Room that faced the Street; he call'd for Paper, Ink, and Candle, and ordered all his Servants to withdraw; he employ'd his Mind, his Eyes, his Hands in Writing, leaſt his Imagination, having nothing to take it up, might be at leiſure to create Viſions and Spectres: All the former part of the Night the Scene continued quiet enough, at laſt he heard the rattling of Iron, and ſhaking of Chains. Our Philoſopher did not ſo much as lift up his Eyes to ſee what was the Matter, nor left off Writing, but endeavoured all he could to neglect it; the Noiſe ſtill increaſing, and moving nearer, ſo that ſometimes it ſeem'd to be within, and ſometimes without the Room,

Room, at last *Athenodorus* look'd behind him and saw it, just as the Neighbours had described it to him. It stood still, and beckon'd with its Finger, like a Man that calls to another. He on the other side makes a sign with his Hand, that it should tarry a little for him, and falls to his Writing again. All this while the Spectre rattled his Chains over his Head as he writ, and he looking behind him, found that it beckoned to him as before, so he took up his Candle in his Hand, and followed it: The Ghost walked leasurely along as if its Chains did hinder it, after that it turn'd into the Court-yard, and immediately vanish'd under Ground. Our Philosopher took some Leaves and Herbs that he might know the Place again, the next Day he goes to the Magistrates of the Town and advised 'em to dig in the place where this happen'd: which they accordingly did, and found a parcel of Bones wrapt about with Iron-Chains formerly belonging to a Body, which Time, and the Earth together had putrified. These reliques were publickly Buried, after which the House was haunted no more. I am inclin'd to believe this Story, having had it so confidently affirm'd to me. ——— I earnestly intreat you to bestow a little Consideration to inform me better upon this Point. 'Tis a Subject wor-

worthy of your deepeſt Enquiry, tho' I confeſs I am not worthy to have you to communicate your Learn'd Thoughts to me. Although you can plead on both ſides, and manage an Argument either *pro* or *con*, as the Cuſtom of the Gentlemen at the Bar is, yet I beg you not to employ that Talent here, but fairly to determine the Point, becauſe I wou'd not be diſmiſs'd uncertain or left in ſuſpence, ſince this is the Reaſon of my giving you this Trouble. *Farewel.*

The End of Pliny's *Select Epiſtles.*

Let-

LETTERS
OUT OF
Monſ. le Chevalier *d' Her.* ***

Made Engliſh by the ſame Hand.

To Mademoiſelle de J——

Upon ſending to her a Boar in a Paſty, who had like to have wounded him at the Chaſe.

Madam,

I Have ran the greateſt Risk in the World, but at laſt my Enemy is defeated, and now I ſend him to you bound to his good Behaviour in Pye-cruſt. I have ordered him to be well Spiced and ſeaſon'd with Salt, to preſerve the Memory of my Triumph. If I were acquainted with the Secret of the antient Ægyptians, I wou'd have embalm'd him, and made a Mummy of his Body: By that means he would

would have laſted numberleſs Ages, but it unluckily falls out with us Moderns, that we have no other Secret but this of Paſte. Imagine that this Animal you ſee before you, had no great mind that I ſhould kill him: As ſoon as he ſaw me, away he ſcamper'd as if the Devil had been behind him, but on a ſudden turn'd back upon me with a felonious Intent to Murder me. Upon which I deliberated with my ſelf what I had beſt to do. I cou'd not tell but you might have ſet him againſt me, for whenever I ſee any thing that is diſmal or terrible, I immediately conclude that it comes from you. But after I had well examin'd the Boar's Countenance, I cou'd not find that he had ſo jolly an Air, as even your Rigours and Cruelties uſe to be attended with. There was another Difficulty ſtill behind, and that was to know, whether I had not beſt die to put an end to thoſe cruel Torments you make me ſuffer; but there was too much Self-intereſt I thought to take that courſe, and I humbly conceiv'd it was for your Ladiſhip's Honour, that a Lover ſo faithful as I, ſhou'd live, altho' he did not find his Account in it. Thus the Zeal that I had for your Glory coſt the poor Boar his Life, who little imagin'd he had to deal with an Adverſary that was animated by ſo powerful a Mo-

Motive. In ſhort, I ſhot my Gentleman dead upon the Spot; and his Brother Boars I preſume will have more Guts in their Brains for the future, then to pick a Quarrel with ſuch as preſerve their Lives on purpoſe for you. I ſhou'd be the happieſt Man in the Univerſe, Madam, if you wou'd feed heartily upon him out of Revenge, for having been ſo impudent to put me in peril of my Life; and if that Conſideration make him go down the better with you, I am,

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

To Monſieur C——

Upon the Carteſian *Philoſophy.*

AND is it true Sir, that you have loſt your Underſtanding? I hear you are turn'd Philoſopher of late, and what is more, that you belong to that Sect of Philoſophy, which is the oddeſt in the World. It ſeems you don't think there are ſuch things as Colours: You maintain that Beaſts are Machines, and move by Clock-work: In fine, you turn things topſie turvy after ſo ſtrange a rate, that a Man can't tell what to truſt

to.

to. I ſpoke of it the other day to Madam *B*—— who is very much your Friend, and is heartily afflicted, at the loſs of your Reaſon: I dare ſwear ſhe wou'd ſtrangle *Des Cartes* in one of her Garters if ſhe had him in the Room; for in ſhort, his Philoſophy is not to be endured in a Chriſtian Country; it robs the Ladies of their Beauty, and makes 'em all as ugly as Witches. If there is no ſuch thing as Colours, there's conſequently no ſuch thing as a fine Complexion; and what will become then of the Lillies and Roſes in the Cheeks of our great Beauties? You'll come off but ſcurvily, let me tell you, if you think to appeaſe 'em, by ſaying that Colours are in the Eyes of thoſe that look upon 'em, and not in the Objects themſelves. The Ladies won't depend upon the Eyes of other Men for their Complexions, but are reſolv'd to hold it of themſelves and not at the Courteſie of every Spectator. If there are no Colours in the Night, our Friend Mr. *N*—— is finely brought to bed, who fell in Love with Madam *L*—— merely upon the ſcore of her fine Face, and married her. It wou'd be a great Mortification to him, after having believed that he has the fineſt red and white in the Univerſe between his Armes, to find there is no ſuch thing as red and white in

Na-

Nature. But if the Complexion is a cheat upon our Sences, what will you ſay to thoſe Ladies that practiſe the Myſtery of Painting, and lay on the Carnation and the White as thick as Plaiſter? 'Tis certain nothing can be more real, and ſo theſe Ladies will enjoy a Priviledge above the reſt of their Sex, I mean that of having a true Complexion; however, all the World are of another Opinion, and will poſitively tell you that theirs is not true.

I deſire you to anſwer this Argument at your leiſure; but this is not all, for Madam *De B*—— and my ſelf have found out another Objection againſt your Philoſophy, which you'll find it no eaſie matter to anſwer. You pretend that Beaſts are no leſs Machines than Watches; now I dare ingage, that if you put a certain Machine call'd a Dog, and another Machine call'd a Bitch together in the ſame Room, there will reſult a third little Machine from their correſponding together; whereas you may put two Watches together as long as you live, nay, till Dooms-day if you pleaſe, and they will never produce a third Watch between 'em. Now Madam *B*—— and I find by our Philoſophy, that all thoſe things, that being two, have yet the vertue to make three, are of a Claſs much ſuperiour to that of Ma-

Machines. We give you time to consider of an Answer to these Objections, for we know very well that you must consult your Books, before you'll be able to do it. Madam *B*——— sends you word by me, that she will not receive a Visit from you, before you have made some Reparation to her Complexion: As for me, I assure you, I am a Piece of Clock-work newly wound up, to go in your Service, and am

Your most Obedient Servant.

To Madam D——— V———.

Upon sending her a Black and a Monkey.

Madam,

Afric has exhausted herself for you, she sends you too of the oddest Creatures she produces, and nothing wou'd be wanting to make my Present compleat, if I cou'd send you a Crocodile to keep 'em Company. Both of 'em are in Perfection, the Black is the saddest Dog of all Blacks, and the Monkey is the most malicious Devil of all Monkies. I can assure you, that one of these Beasts, has a mighty Respect

for the other, and is a profeſt Admirer of his Ingenuity and great Parts. You'll ſoon diſcover that this Admirer is the Black. Beſides it is an Article of Faith among thoſe of his Nation, that the Monkies have as much Reaſon as themſelves, but that they conceal it as much as they can, by not talking, for fear Men ſhou'd clap Pack-ſaddles upon their Backs, and make them Work for their Living. This Black, Madam, has a particular Eſteem for the Monkey, as having lived under the ſame Roof many Years with him, and has not a jot of Underſtanding more than he has learnt in his long acquaintance with him. But I have one Advice to give you, Madam, and that is to look him frequently in the Face: Our Blacks in *France* turn tawny, and become of an Olive Complexion, which is enough to ſcare *Lucifer* out of his Senſes. The Phyſical Reaſon of this is, becauſe the Sun is not ſtrong enough in our Clymate to keep up that charming Black which it gives 'em in *Afric*; but, Madam, your Eyes, that are ſo lively and piercing, will ſupply the Defect of the Sun; and will not let him loſe an Ace of his primitive Complexion. I am extremely glad that you will always have a Slave in your preſence to repreſent me; he is not more yours than I am; if he

he gives you any Occaſion to have him well Cudgel'd ſometimes, to put him in mind of his Duty, he ſomething reſembles me, for the Devil of Rebellion often tempts me to revolt againſt you. As for the Monkey pray don't be ſurpriſed, Madam, if you hear Sighs come from him, that are ſtrong enough to turn about a Wind-mill, if you ſee him paſs whole Nights without ſleeping a Wink, if you find him as Melancholy as a Horſe in a Pound, when he is not in your Company; in fine, if he eats little and can't divert himſelf in any thing, for I muſt tell you, Madam, that like a truſty Servant he has learnt all this of his old Maſter, who is,

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

To the ſame.

On the Death of her Monkey.

I Am told your Monkey is gone the way of all Fleſh, at which I am exceedingly griev'd, for I am like to be a great Loſer by his Deceaſe, ſince I have no body now to put you in mind of me but the Black. The

unhappy Creature I ſuppoſe broke his Heart becauſe he was not able to imitate me before you, as well as he deſir'd: indeed there was nothing which he cou'd not handſomly counterfeit with infinitely more eaſe than my Paſſion; but may his Deſtiny light upon all the Rivals you make me who ſhall have the Inſolence to be the Apes of my Affection; perhaps too the poor thing drew your Diſpleaſure upon himſelf, for endeavouring to imitate my Paſſion, and ſo unluckily dy'd of Deſpair. If it is ſo, I have nothing left me to do, but to imitate him in my turn, and to die after him. I am inform'd you have ſhed ſome Tears for him; it is ſomething of the lateſt to repent for the ill Uſage you have given him, but regulate your Conduct I beſeech you by him, and don't oblige me to die, if you muſt needs regret me after Death. It is very probable that if you ſo heartily lament the Party that imitated me, you'll grieve ten times more for your humble Servant. I am an Original of Tenderneſs, and if you loſe me, you are not like to find my Fellow in haſte, but muſt ev'n content your ſelf with very ſcurvy Copies. But, Madam, let me conjure you, not to uſe the Black the worſe becauſe he is my Repreſentative; it wou'd be very hard upon him indeed, if for that Reaſon he muſt meet

meet with the Deſtiny of the Monkey. Can you ſuffer nothing to be near you, that has the Misfortune to bear ſome Reſemblance of my Fidelity and Devotion for you, but you muſt kill it by your Cruelty? The Tears I ſhed for the Death of the Monkey are better founded than yours, ſince his Adventure teaches me what I am to expect. Farewel, Madam, but remember if you pleaſe, that you cannot reſtore the late Defunct to Life again, but that you have ſtill the Power to preſerve

Your humble Servant, &c.

To Mademoiſelle de C——

Upon ſending her an Extract of the Church-Regiſter.

Madam,

I Can without Vanity boaſt, that I make you to Day a very conſiderable Preſent: In ſhort, I give you two whole Years; you thought you were twenty two Years old, and I bring it you atteſted in a Paper under Hand and Seal, that you are

but twenty; now I reckon that I give you theſe Years which I take away from you, and indeed in thoſe matters we never reckon otherwiſe. The two Years you thought had paſt over your Head, are ſtill to come, and I do my ſelf the Honour to make you a Preſent of 'em. I am ready to die for fear, Madam, that you will not value them as they deſerve; But good Heavens! the Man that were able to make ſuch a Preſent, to certain Ladies that ſhall be nameleſs, what Favours might he not expect from their Hand? Where is the White and the Red, and where are the fine Dreſſes and Compliments that can be put into the Ballance with two compleat Years? It is but reaſonable, Madam, I think, that you ſhou'd employ 'em wholly upon me, ſince you are indebted to me for 'em. When they are gone and paſt; you may do what you pleaſe, I ſhall then pretend to have no manner of Right over you, but with Submiſſion, Madam, from the preſent Moment till you are compleatly twenty two, you wholly belong to me. After that, I leave you juſt as I found you, at Liberty to break off, or continue the Commerce, according as you ſee convenient; but if I find you not at all inclined to do me Juſtice, know, Madam, that I will ſuffer no one to Love

you,

you, upon the Foot of twenty Years. Where-ever I go I will tell the Company, that in truth you had not been ſo old by two Years if you had not been ſo minded, but that you refuſed to accept 'em from me, and that ſince you don't Love me, 'tis but requiſite you reckon your ſelf to be twenty two Years old. You little imagine perhaps to what ſtrange Hazards you expoſe your ſelf, by making me Maſter of the Secret of your Age: for 'tis a Secret, Madam, which thoſe of your Sex keep inviolably to themſelves, and perhaps the only one a Woman can keep. Several Ladies have truſted me with the *Affairs* of their Families; nay, even with their Love; but I cou'd never yet meet with one ſo open-hearted to truſt me with her Age. There are a thouſand Women that will run up to the Mouth of a Cannon, that will hang or drown with as much cheerfulneſs as if they went to a Goſſiping, that will make you nothing to jump down four Stories: but, I never found a Woman, that had Courage and Reſolution enough to tell her Age. The truth on't is, the older they are, the more ſenſible they become of what Importance it is, that they had not lived ſo many Years. As for you, Madam, who have not plaid your Cards ſo cautiouſly as you ſhould have done, you

don't know how you will tremble one Day left I ſhould tell any Tales of you. Your Deſtiny will depend upon me, and there is nothing which I cannot force you to comply with, if inſtead of a Ponyard I ſend you the Extract of the Church-regiſter. I dare ingage that you laugh at my Menaces at preſent, and that you think the time is ſo far off, that you don't believe I ſhall ever live to ſee it. I am afraid indeed you'll prove a Propheteſs, for unleſs you are leſs rigorous, you'll ſoon diſpatch

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

The End of Monſieur Fontanelle's *Letters, under the borrowed Name of the Chevalier* d' Her.

Original Letters.

Lately Written by Mr. Brown.

To his honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard *at the* Bath.

Dear Doctor, *July* 6. 99.

WHile here in Town we are almoſt Roaſted by the hot Weather, and the Sun plays ſo warmly on us, that ſome People who were of no *Religion* before, talk of turning *Adamites* in their own Defence; I cannot but laugh to think what a *bleſſed* Pickle you are in at the *Bath*, where ſuch Crowds of you Stew in ſo little a Pipkin; where you broil upon the Earth, parboil in the Water, and you breathe the Compoſition of Gunpowder; or, were there nothing extraordinary in your Soyl, your Climate, or the Seaſon of the Year, where you have pretty Ladies enough to ſet you all on Fire, though you were ſons ples they

or three Degrees more to the *North* than *Lapland*, and I were Writing to you now in the midſt of *January*.

This is the *firſt* Summer ſince the *Revolution*, that the Sun has been pleaſed to *diſpence* any *Favours* to us, for hitherto we have had as *little* Reaſon to complain of his Benignity to us, as the *Politiques* of our *States-men*. Our Fruits have ripen'd without the Influence of the one, as our Affairs have made a ſhift to rub on without any great Conjuring on the part of the other. The Sun that ripens the Grape, will likewiſe ripen Feavors, and other ſuch generous Diſtempers, to the great Joy of the Poets and Phyſicians; and *Phœbus*, their common Father, will incourage his own Tribe, by raiſing up a new Stock of Wines and Diſeaſes. Indeed, where you are, it is almoſt impoſſible for the Gentlemen of the Faculty to want Buſineſs, for if our laſt Advices from the *Bath*, don't deceive us, you have almoſt as many Doctors upon the Spot as you have Patients, that watch the coming in of every Coach, as nicely as a young Boy at the Univerſity do the Return of the Carrier, and ply at all Corners of the Streets, [illegible]egularly as the Watermen do at the [illegible]ple Stairs: But it has long ago been [illegible]ed of you, as of the Lawyers, that they

they will find or make Work where-ever they come; and accordingly I knew a little Town in *Eſſex*, where the Inhabitants, time out of mind, had lived in as uninterrupted Tranquility, as the happy *Indians* did in *America*, before the *Spaniards* came to beat up their Quarters; but upon an Attorney's coming to reſide amongſt 'em, the Face of Affairs was immediately alter'd, Tenants conſpir'd againſt their Landlords, Hoſtlers revolted from their Maſters, and the Apprentices took up Arms againſt their lawful Tyrants: Not a Tithe-egg could be had without an Action, nor a Pig under a Suit in Chancery, a Spirit of Diviſion had crept into every Family, Maids betray'd their Miſtreſſes, Girls rebell'd againſt their Grandmothers, and Sweethearts deſerted their confiding Damſels; in ſhort, every Man ſtood as much upon his own Guard, as if he had been in an Enemy's Country; theſe were the bleſſed Effects of the Lawyer's living amongſt 'em.

Now Doctor, it were a very hard Caſe, if having ſo much Credit at the *Bath*, you cou'd not do as much for your ſelf, as the above mention'd Attorney did to promote his own Buſineſs; if you cou'd not Philoſophically Reaſon People into Diſtempers they were never troubled with, like the Fanatick Parſons that Fly-blow their Hearers with Scruples

they

they knew nothing of before. If you cou'd not cure 'em of Ails they never felt, and leave behind you Maladies, you never found upon 'em. But I am inform'd that the Tub-Preachers are very much dissatisfied that you invade their Territories, and encroach upon their Prerogative of Hell. Your hot and cold Baths (they say) put their Brimstone and Ice out of Countenance; and 'tis reported, that by the skilful Management of your Torments, by scalding your Patients at the Bath in *July*, and freezing them at *Islington* in *December*, you've broke half the Retailors of the Terrours of *Plato's* Kingdom.

But to come now to the News of the Town, we have had an Apparition lately here, stranger than any in *Glanvill* or *Aubry*; for it has appeared in the Streets at noon Day, and thousands of People are ready to depose that they have seen it. By this strange Apparition, I mean the *White Parson*, so call'd for his wearing a White Hat-band, Scarf, and Surfingle, by which he distinguishes himself from the rest of his Brethren. I cou'd wish you had been here in *Holbourn* t'other Morning, to have seen his Cavalcade: He rode up the Hill as great as a Prince, and like other Princes signalized his Entry with printed Declarations, with a great

great Rabble of loud-mouth'd Hawkers, Male and Female, bellowing it on every ſide of him; and 'tis ſuppoſed by the Learned in Aſtrology, that he will keep this Declaration as Religiouſly as ſome other Princes beyond Sea have kept theirs: In ſhort, he pretends to preach the Goſpel *Gratis*, and indeed as he manages it, it is pity he ſhou'd have a Farthing for it: He calls the reſt of his Cloth Hirelings, tho' unleſs the Fellow is bely'd, he wou'd accept of a Pot of *Ale* from a Chimney-ſweeper, and has preach'd a hundred times upon a Joint-ſtool for a pickl'd Herring and a Poringer of burnt Brandy. The *Rozinante*, on which this *Don Quixote* rode, had a Laurel-garland about his Head, and I dare ſwear, deſerv'd the Bays as well as his Maſter; for the Wretch, as I am inform'd, is troubled with a Whore to his Wife, and his Muſe is an arrant Jilt, the latter is the more common Proſtitute of the two.

But, dear Doctor, News are as ſcarce in Town, as Fees at the *Bath* and it falls out unluckily for you and me, that we muſt change Places, to find what we want; for I hear you have a Mint at the *Bath* for Scandal, as we have here for Money; ſo that 'tis but ſhifting the Scene, and we may draw Bills upon one another, to anſwer our ſeveral Occaſions, till when, I am. Me-

Melaniſſa to Alexis.

GIve me leave, my deareſt *Alexis!* give me leave, who love you better than my Life; and if I make bold to reproach you with your Failings, you will eaſily forgive this freedom, unleſs I am mightily miſtaken in the Humour of my *Alexis*, when you find it wholly regard your own Intereſt and Welfare.

It is not without a ſenſible Concern that I ſee you abandon your ſelf ſo to the Bottle of late: A young Fellow, but eſpecially one like *Alexis*, ought to devote himſelf to another Divinity; old Age indeed may be allow'd to ſupply its defect of Warmth with Wine, but Youth as it needs it not, ſo Nature adviſes it to purſue a more agreeable Game. But can any thing in the World be ſo abſurd as to ſurfeit our ſelves with Cordials when we have not the leaſt Indiſpoſition?

To convince you then that my Complaint is neither junuſt nor unreaſonable, I, who know ſo little of the World, and have nothing but Nature to guide me; I who am a Stranger to Language, and Style, and conſequently muſt maim my Thoughts, for want of knowing how properly to expreſs 'em,

'em, will endeavour to deſcribe to you, a Night as it paſſes away in the *Embraces* of an agreeable Miſtreſs, accompany'd with all the Tranſports and Tenderneſſes of Love, and the Night as it is commonly *ſpent* by what the Town call Men of *Wit* and *Pleaſantry*, at the *Roſe* or *Blew-poſts*:

The Play is now over, and the Sparks who while it was Acting, rallied the Vizard-Maſques, laugh'd aloud at their own No-jeſts, cenſur'd the Dreſs and Beauty of all the Ladies in the Boxes; and, in ſhort, minded every thing, but the Repreſentation that brought them thither, begin now to File off, and gravely debate how and where the Evening is to ſpent; At laſt the Tavern is pitch'd upon, the Room taken, and our learned Criticks in Pleaſures ſeat themſelves round the Table.

The Maſter of the Houſe is the firſt Perſon they ſend to Adviſe with; who, after a few Cringes and Scrapes, tells 'em, He has the beſt *Champagne* and *Burgundy* in Town, and is ſure to ask an exorbitant Price for't, tho' 'tis a vile naſty Mixture of his own Brewing. After a long and fooliſh Diſpute, the Rate is adjuſted, Napkins are called for, the Muff, Sword and Periwigg nicely laid up, and now ſomething-like Buſineſs comes forward.

When

When theſe grand Preliminaries are ſett'l'd, the next important Debate is, what they muſt eat; ſo the Cook is ſent for, who recommends to 'em ſomething Nice and Dear; this Difficulty with much a-do got over, the Glaſſes plentifully walk round, to blunt and weaken that Appetite which they pretend to excite by it.

And now their Hearts begin to open, and their Tongues to communicate their moſt ſecret Thoughts. The topping Beauties of the Town are the firſt Subjects of their Converſation, and this is ſo ample a Field, that they ſoon loſe their way in it; one boaſts of Favours receiv'd from a Lady, whom perhaps he never ſaw any where but at the Play-houſe; another toſts a Counteſs, whom he pretends to admire in a particular manner, and gives broad *Items* of an Intrigue between her and a certain Gentleman that ſhall be nameleſs; in ſhort, 'tis reſolv'd by the Board, *Nemine contre dicente*, that there is not one honeſt Woman in the three Kingdoms, who has Beauty enough to gain her a Lover.

When this Argument is pretty well exhauſted, the next thing they talk of, is the *Authors* of the Town, and what *Books* and *Plays* have lately appear'd: Upon this Head, every Man in the Company affects to diſcover

cover a peculiar Taſt and Judgment, and thinks he ſhews his Witt by finding Faults, where there are none; the Play, whatever it is, is taken to pieces, the Plot upon Examination, is found either to be ſtolen, or not to be well unravel'd, the Scenes are languiſhing, the Characters thread-bare, or not worth a Farthing; infine, the Poet is ſent to the Devil for want of Wit, as the pert Critick thinks he ſhews his, by condemning what he doth not underſtand.

All this while the *ungodly* Brimmer walks inceſſantly round the Table, the Company ſoon dwindles into private Cabals, every Man talks buſily to his Neighbour, Affairs of State are determin'd, this Miniſter is diſplac'd, and t'other Man put into his room; The Proceedings in Parliament laid down before-hand, and 'tis concluded what Regiments ſhall ſtand, and what be broken; after this Punctilio's of Honour come to be diſcuſs'd, the freſheſt Duels behind *Mountague*-houſe, and *Chelſey*-fields are learnedly run over; ſuch a Man is a Coward for ſuffering Captain —— to tread upon his Toes in the Pit, and not calling him to Account for it; Damn you, cries another, *Jack* —— is as Gallant a Fellow as ever drew Sword, and whoever ſays any thing to the contrary, is a Son of a Whore and a Villain, and I'll

cut his Throat; with that a Bottle is thrown at his Head, the Glasses goes to rack, the Table is overturn'd, nothing but Disorder and Confusion is in the Room, and all this Mirth and Jollity concludes in Murder.

Or if the Scene doth not end altogether so Tragically, but they part Friends as they came in, ten to one but a merry Frolick is propos'd: The Quarters of some ill-natured Coquet are to be beaten up, and her poor Windows must feel the sad Effects of their Heroick Valour; but while they are carrying on this Attaque with unparalelled Vigour and Gallantry; behold the Superintendant of the Night, with his trusty Guard of *Mirmidons* falls upon their main Body; some of our Heroes lie sprawling in the Kennel, with their trusty and well-beloved Periwigs lying by 'em; the embroider'd Coat is all over cover'd with Dirt and Blood, the well-adjusted Cravat torn to Raggs, the Sword either broke or carried off in the Tumult; and thus, after a well-favour'd Drubbing, our Sparks make a shift to crawl home to their Lodgings, if the Nocturnal Magistrate and his Canibals, don't hurry 'em to *New-prison* or the *Round-house*, the usual Sanctuary for such Adventurers.

But suppose nothing of this happens, and our merry Gentlemen get home safe from the

the Tavern, without any Diſaſter or Calamity by the way; yet the next Morning calls 'em to a ſevere Account, for the Miſdemenors and Intemperance of the proceeding Night: Their Head akes, their whole Frame is in diſorder, they are incapable of reliſhing either Books or Converſation; even Muſick it ſelf, with all its boaſted Efficacy, is not able to allay their Pains, the moſt exquiſite Diſhes are nauſeous to 'em, they ſtarve amidſt the greateſt profuſion of Luxury, and curſe that Extravagance over Night that Starves them the next Day in the midſt of Plenty. 'Tis certain, that I have been favourable in this Deſcription, 'tis certain that I have not ſet down half the Diſorders that accompany a Debauch while 'Tis a making, nor half the ill Effects that happen after it. Let us now turn the Tables, to find whether Love can be reproach'd with any of theſe Inconveniencies that uſe to attend Drunkenneſs: Let us ſee how the Moments wear away in the Embraces of a delicious Miſtreſs; and then we ſhall ſoon diſcover on which ſide the Advantages lie, and be able to decide this Controverſie.

I know very well that I want Eloquence and Language, to deſcribe the Raptures and Tranſports of Love as they deſerve; how-

ever, I am so well assur'd of the Goodness of my Cause, that altho' I am an unfit Advocate to defend it, yet I don't much despair of carrying my Point.

The long expected Night at last arrives, when *Damon* is to be made happy in the Arms of his beloved *Armida*, with his Head full of a thousand delightful Idea's; (for Love is so good-natur'd, as to pay his Votaries part of their Pleasure before-hand) he comes to the happy Mansion, where the chief Treasure of his Soul resides, he knocks gently at the Door; the trusty Maid conducts him by the Hand in the dark, and leads him to his Mistress's Apartment.

At the first Interview, he is all wrapt up in Silence and Astonishment, his Thoughts so croud upon him, that they hinder one another in the Passage; after he is a little recover'd, he endeavours to speak; but, alas! his Eyes talk infinitely more than his Tongue. On her part, the Confusion is no less, and her Joys equally tumultuous; thus finding themselves unable to Discourse, they tell their Passion in Sighs and Glances; they confirm it by repeated Kisses, and at every Kiss their fluttering Souls meet at their Mouths.

Damon squeezes that Hand, which almost dissolves in the touch; he presses those glow-

glowing Breasts that wou'd warm the coldest Hermit; but all this is nothing but the Prologue to the succeeding *Drama*. Love calls upon 'em for a more substantial Repast, though they are undrest in a Minute, yet this very Minute seems an Age; and now they are a going to tast all that Felicity, which Love can bestow, or Humane Nature can bear.

The Candle is put out to hide the Blushes of *Armida*; she finds her eager Lover by her side, who cost her so many Tears and Sighs in private. The happy Lover is lost in a Labyrinth of Pleasure; sometimes he abandons her Breast for her Mouth, and sometimes her Mouth for her Breast, and is only uneasie he cannot Kiss 'em both together. He Faints, he grows Giddy with the Excess of Joy: nothing but half-formed Words and Murmurs can come from him; at last he approaches Love's Altar, at last he—— But here my Pen fails me, I am forced to draw a Vail over those Raptures, which 'tis not in the Power of mortal Eloquence to represent.

Thus our happy Lovers, after they have repeated Oblations to Love, lay intranced in one anothers Arms, and act over in their busie Dreams, the delicious Scenes that so Transports 'em waking.

The Morning approaches, the bluſhing Morning awakens the tranſported Pair. *Aminta* is beholding to its Light, for ſhowing him the Nymph, in whoſe Embraces he ſo agreeably paſt the Night. She charmed him in the Dark, ſhe raviſhes him in the Light; and the only Uneaſineſs that attends their Happineſs, is Impatience to repeat the Bliſs.

Both the Lovers riſe equally ſatisfied, with having done their Parts, with Gayety in their Looks, and Satisfaction in their Souls: Parting gives them ſome Pain, but that is ſufficiently recompenſed at their next Meeting.

Thus I have endeavour'd, my *Alexis*, to ſhow what a vaſt Difference there is between a Night murder'd in the Exceſs of Wine, and a Night conſecrated to Love.

Though no Truth is more evident than this; yet our Youth, poſſeſs'd by what fatal Stupidity, I cannot tell; generally Devote themſelves to the wrong Divinity. Inſtead of following the Dictates of Nature, whom they ought to obey, they treat her like an Enemy, and profane thoſe Altars, they ought to pay their Devotions at.

I know well enough, that you Gentlemen, don't much care to be Adviſed by thoſe frail Things call'd Women, and perhaps

haps too you will tell me, that Intereſt has made me ſay all this. However, let me conjure you to conſider a little upon what I have offer'd to you, and believe that no one loves you ſo dearly and tenderly as

MELANISSA.

To a litigious Country-Attorney.

A Letter of Gallantry.

Worthy Sir,

THat I am no Stranger to your Character (tho', I bleſs my Stars for it, I am to your Perſon) you'll ſoon find, if you'll give your ſelf the trouble to read the following Lines: There is no great pleaſure indeed in drawing Monſters; however, ſince it may be of publick Advantage to have 'em deſcribed in their true proper Colours, that others may avoid, and deteſt 'em, I have ventur'd at the Task, that your ſelf, as well as the World, may ſee by Reflection what you cannot help to be. To accommodate my ſelf to the Dialect of your Profeſſion, I will begin my Letter like a Bond, with a *Novarum Univerſi*: And

may all Men accordingly know by these Presents, That Mr. *M. C.* is the veriest pettifogging Rascal that ever scandaliz'd a *Green Bag*, or came within the Walls of *Westminster-hall*.

I have often wonder'd, that Providence shou'd be at the Trouble and Expence of Disordering the whole Fabrick of Nature, when it has decreed to punish us with Dearths and Famines, since it may go a more compendious Way to work, and effect all these Calamities by the Ministry of Lawyers. Give a true Lawyer but Pen, Ink, and Parchment, and I dare engage he will starve the Country ten Miles round him. The most odious Animals, and the most contemptible Insects, have some use or other, living or dead, or at least serve to diversifie the Universe: Toads, they say, suck up the Venome of the Earth; Snakes are useful in Medicine; but it wou'd puzle the wisest Naturalist to find out any thing good in a Lawyer, (I mean such a Fellow as you are) who abhor Honesty, and Plain-dealing, as much as a Miser does Charity, and build your own Welfare upon the Destruction of those poor Wretches who fly to you for Justice. We see puny Rascals, of a lower Class, truss'd up every Sessions, for petty Roguries to thine; for easing the Hedges

Hedges of ſome louſie Linnen, for nimming of Cloaks, ſtealing of ſupernumerary Spoons, *&c.* when ſuch a Villain, as you reduce whole Families to Poverty, and ſet a County together by the Ears, and are ſo far from being call'd to an Account for it, that you get an Eſtate out of the Publick by Rapine and Extortion, Noſe the Parſon of the Pariſh, and Inſult over all the Neighbours; and, tho' you have Tricks and Evaſions enough to eſcape Juſtice here, yet you pay *Cent. per Cent.* Intereſt for your Rogury in another World; the Devil never keeps a Holiday in good earneſt, but when an Attorney of your Stamp makes a perpendicular Leap into his Dominions; and he will no more part with him, when he has got him into his Clutches, than one of his own Lawyers will refund a Fee; Poſſeſſion being eleven Points of the Law in *Hell* as well as in *Weſtminſter-hall.*

Thus, Sir, you ſee I have made a little familiar with you and your Function, and perhaps am bolder than welcome: But, Sir, I have a Favour to requeſt at your Hands, and I tell you before-hand, that you muſt not deny me. What I have to propoſe to you is not unreaſonable or difficult; for I don't deſire you to make Reſtitution of what you have unjuſtly plunder'd from ſo many Fami-

Families, nor to build *Hospitals*, (unless it be one for your *Father*, who Grazes upon the Common:) No, Sir, you shall find me the fairest, the easiest Man you ever deal with: I am informed your House stands by the side of a famous River, which looks as if Providence design'd you for the End I advise you to: So, Sir, if you please, one of these fine Mornings to take a Leap into it from your Garret, it will be the best-natur'd thing you ever did to the World in your Life; you need not cram your Pockets with Stones or Lead, to make you sink, for your own Sins are pondrous enough to do your business without 'em, if the Proverb don't secure you. But, Sir, if this will not do, as perhaps it mayn't, (for, as I told you before, you shall find me the most reasonable Man in the Universe) why then, Sir, I wou'd advise you to hang your self in your Closet, in your Wife's Garters, or rip up your Guts with a Case-knife, or cut your Jugulars with a Razor, or take a good large Dose of *Opium*; or lastly, knock your Brains out against a Brick-wall: but then, Sir, take my Word for't, you must knock hard; for, your Neighbours tells me, you have a confounded thick Scull. In short, Sir, I shan't insist nicely upon the How, the Where, the When, provided the thing

be

be done in a reasonable Time: and I promise you under my Hand, that the Bells shall ring merrily, as soon as it is accomplish'd; and to encourage you to proceed in this Affair, I can assure you you'll Oblige no less than a whole County by it, and particularly your unknown Servant.

To Mr. Moult.

Dear Sir, *London, July* 25, 99.

ACcording to Promise I had written to you last *Saturday*, but that I was obliged to Accompany some Gentlemen that Morning to *Richmond*, in Expectation of hearing *fine* Musick, which never in the Play-house had pass'd the Censure of a Pit-Fop; and drinking true *Languedoc*, never yet debauch'd in a Vintner's Celler. But it happen'd quite otherwise with us: For the Wine was such sophisticated Stuff, that I told the Company, it set Drunkenness on the same Level with Swearing; I mean by disarming it of all Excuses: And as for the Musick, it was so abominable, that half a dozen Welsh-harpers met upon St. *David*'s Day, to make merry over a Mess of Leek-porridge, could not have tormented the Ears

Ears of a *Purcel* with more diſcording *Thrumthrum*. I dare almoſt ingage, had the ſame Fellows play'd upon the ſame Inſtruments before the Town of *Jerico*, the Walls would have paid the ſame Compliment to their Harmony, as they did to that of the Levites, for nothing could have patience to ſtand ſtill and liſten to their Performances. So, after this double Diſappointment, we were forc'd, very late in the Evening, or very early in the Morning, (I wont be poſitive which) to go back to our Boat, and return for *London*, reflecting all the way as ſeverely on our miſpent-time, as a Town-lady, who has oblig'd a Poet with her Favours all Night, and gets nothing in the Morning for her Pains, but the Copy of a new Song for Breakfaſt.

When I had the Happineſs of ſeeing you laſt in Town, I told you that you ſhould not fail of having a Letter from me every other Poſt; I am afraid I ſhall be *better* than my Word, and Perſecute you more *conſtantly* then a City-vintner does a Country Parliament-man that chalk'd it *plentifully* laſt Winter *Seſſions*. Since I have no other way of converſing with you but by Letters, you may depend upon ſeeing me twice a Week at leaſt, tho' were you in Town I believe I ſhould ſcarce viſſit you ſo often,

But

But, dear Friend of mine, this is purely the Effect of Abſence. I knew a certain Gentleman, who, when he was at home with his Wife, ſcarce vouchſaft to exchange a Word with her once a Week; but being obliged to take a Journey as far as *York*, he never fail'd of writing to her every Poſt, and longer Letters too, than a Clergiman does when he recommends himſelf to his Patron for a fat Living. The reaſon of it is plain, becauſe all Bleſſings (and ſuch I ſay is Mr. *M*——'s Converſation to me and every one that knows him) are never throughly underſtood when we have 'em in our Poſſeſſion, and are never ſo much valued as when they are at ſome diſtance from us.

Thus, my dear Friend, for want of ſomething elſe to entertain you, I have fallen the Lord knows how, into making Moral Reflections, which was never my Talent; but if a Man is to govern himſelf by the Examples he ſees in this wicked Town, I don't know why I ſhould not be allow'd to Talk out of my Element, as well as a Thouſand more which I cou'd name to you, were I diſpoſed to be ill-natur'd: I cou'd tell you of a certain famous *Painter*, who underſtands his Trade and Buſineſs, as well as moſt Men living, and yet is perpetually new modeling the Government, and harping

ping upon Politiques, which he understands just as much as the *Lord-Mayor* and *Aldermen* do *Arabick*. I know a *City Physician*, who can dispatch his Patients as fast as any of the Colledge, yet in spite of Nature and his own Genius, will be always murd'ring of Rhimes, and feeling the Pulse of the Muses; and another of the Faculty near *Charing-cross*, who instead of *Galen* and *Hippocrates* is perpetually puzling himself with *Daniel*, and the *Revelations*. I know a Lawyer perfectly well versed in all Mysteries of Conveyancing, who, by his good Will, Talks of nothing in all Companies but the Merits of *Cows Piss*, and the modern Dispute betwixt *Alcali's* and *Acids*. There is also a famous *Parson* I cou'd mention to you near St. *Dunstan*'s, who Preaches his Parish fast asleep every *Sunday* with the *Opium* he puts in his Sermon, yet over his Coffee must be setling the Affairs of *Europe*, the Succession of *Spain*, and the Union of the two *East-India* Companies, of all which he Talks more wretchedly than a *Poet* or a *Beau* does of *Religion*; though, by the by, this must be said in his Justification, that he Talks much better of every Thing, than what he was educated to.

I can't tell how you'll relish such an insipid Letter as this, but 'tis my Misfortune at pre-

present, that I can't furnish you a better Treat: For my part, I had rather Rob the *Spittle*, or quote Second-hand Sayings, from a Second-hand Wit at *Will*'s Coffee-house, than be beholding to those dull Rogues that Writes the Weekly News-papers: However, I hope to make you Amends the next Post; and in the mean time beg leave to Subscribe my self.

To Mr. George Moult.

A Letter of News.

Dear Sir, *August* 14, 99.

HAving nothing of our own Growth to Entertain you with, I stole into a *French* Coffee-house near *Soho* this Afternoon; where a Parcel of persecuted poor Hugonots, who had just shifted off their Rags, and crept into good Cloaths, by the help of our *English* Charity; were railing against the *Tyranny* of their quondam *K—g*, like so many Alms-folks against the Churchwardens of their Parish, and expres'd as great an Aversion to their own Native Country, as a *Jew* to Bacon, or the *Scotch Kirk* to Lawn-sleeves: Amongst the rest was a Par-

son,

ſon, who calling for a Diſh of Tea, the Coffee-man, through good Husbandry, had converted one of his wooden Shooes (which I ſuppoſe he came over in) to the uſe of a Sugar-box, which the Preacher took up as a Text, and gave us a very good Afternoon's Lecture, upon the Miſeries of his Country Men, in which the ungainly Slipper was oftentimes made uſe of, as a very ſerviceable Tipe.

This being over, I began to examine the Foreign Papers, to ſee what News. But *Europe*, as large as it is, being from the farthest Extremity of *Spain*, to the remoteſt Parts of *Muſcovy*, at leaſt two thouſand Miles in length, (more than I ſhall ever be Maſter off;) *Europe*, I ſay, that contains two *Empires*, fourteen *Kingdoms*, and the Devil knows how many *Principalities*, *Dukedoms*, *Marquiſates* and *Earldoms*, with a *Pope* at the Head of it too, that loves Miſchief as dearly, as a *Fryer* does *Nuns* Fleſh, is not able at preſent to furniſh out a Letter for you; but to ſatisfie you, that I have not been wanting, on my part, to hunt for Foreign Occurrences; I have here ſent you an *Abridgment* of the moſt material Paſſages in the Outlandiſh Gazets.

Our laſt Letters from *Warſaw* adviſe, that three *Poles* were run through the Guts by three

three *German* Soldiers, and that ſome of the ſmall *Diets* are broke up in a Heat; But, alas, what are Murders and Mutinies in *Poland?* No more than *Simony* in a *Welſh* Biſhop. They talk too, that the Cardinal *Primate*, grumbles in his Gizard, and is not ſo hearty to the King as he ſhould be; but when did you know a Church-man in Authority, and not endeavour to blow up the Coals of Sedition to the higheſt Aggravation, if it lay in his Power? I wiſh ſome one or other wou'd ſend him over Biſhop *Overhall's Convocation*-book. For certainly what help'd to open the Eyes of the D--- of *P——'s* can never fail of working Miracles, in ſo enlighten'd a Country as *Poland.*

Madrid, July 20. The King of *Spain's* Health is much alter'd for the better of late, he Eats and Walks to a Miracle; for Yeſterday at Dinner, he ravenouſly devour'd a whole Lark, and without any one to ſupport him, made a ſhift to walk threeſcore Foot out-right. This Re-eſtabliſhment of his Health, the *Prieſts*, ten to one, will Father upon ſome She or He-Saint, that knows nothing of the Matter; but I heard a merry Gentleman a Day or two ago Account for it otherwiſe. As *Monica* ſaid of her beloved Son St. *Auſtin's* Converſion, That it was impoſſible for a Son of ſo many Tears

ever to miscarry; so 'tis impossible, crys this Gentleman, that a Monarch, whose Health is drank in all the Taverns in Christendom, which are not *Frenchify'd*; shou'd do otherwise then find in himself a sensible Alteration for the better; and I pray to God continually, that a certain Person, who waits so impatiently for a certain dead Man's *Spanish* Slippers, may go bear Foot, and not have so much as a Pair of *French Wooden* shooes to keep him out of the Dirt.

Paris, July 23. The King's Statue was lately set up here in the *Place de Vandome*; 'tis a perfect *Colossus*, and Monsr. *Geriardin* has made it appear, That our Monarch has been drawn three times bigger than the Life, not only by his *Parsons*, his *Poets*, and his *Historiographers*, but by his *Statuaries* too. The Ceremony of the Erection was very magnificent, several of the *Nobility*, the *Counsellors* of the *Parliament*, and the Principals of the Citizens, assisted at it in all their Formalities; and if it had been the Custom of the Place, the City *Recorder* had made a handsome Speech to the Figure. Our Letters from all Parts of the Kingdom inform us, that the poor *Hugonots* are Persecuted ten times more severely, if possible, than the *Witches* in *Scotland*, and 'tis thought deserve it as little.

Rome,

Rome, *July* 10. Our last Letters from hence advise, that mighty Preparations are making for the ensuing *Jubile*; most of the *Charnel-houses* and *Tooth-drawers* Shops have been disfurnished of late, on purpose to provide *Reliefs* for the great number of *Votaries* we expect here. A *Carmelite* Fryer has brought a most valuable Rarity with him from the *Holy-land*, which he presented last Week to his *Holiness*: 'Tis the *Comb* which belong'd to the *Cock* that set St. *Peter* a Weeping; and the *Pope*, they say, designs to make a Present of it to a peculiar Favourite; we are like to be over-run with Strumpets from all Parts of *Christendom*, who flock hither partly to wipe off their old Scores, and partly to begin a fresh Tick with *Heaven*. 'Tis found by a modest Computation at present, that they are at least ten *Harlots* to one *Church-man* already. How will they be over-power'd then, when the whole *Posse* is got to *Rome*? However it is hoped that we shall have a speedy Reinforcement of *Brawney* well-chin'd *Regulars*, and *Seculars* from the *North*, to keep the Balance more even between the *Gown* and the *Petticoat*. This is the first time that a *Plurality* of *Concubines* was ever thought a Grievance at *Rome*.

Amſterdam, July 30. The Magiſtrates of this Place, lately took into their pious Conſiderations, the reforming the Abuſes of the *Long Cellar*, and one of them propoſed to have it lock'd up; for which he had lik'd to have been *Dewitted* by the *Mob*, for a Parſel of *Saylors* hearing of it, gather'd in great Numbers about his Houſe, demoliſh'd his Windows, and had proceeded farther in their Out-rage, had not ſome of the topping *Burgomaſters* pacified 'em, by telling 'em the old Immunities, and Priviledges of the *Long Cellar* ſhou'd be continued to them and their Heirs for ever. It was likewiſe propoſed in our Councel, to have laid ſome new Penalty upon *Drunkenneſs*; but it being repreſented to 'em, that it wou'd incenſe the People, and bring down the *Exciſe*, for that Reaſon they went no farther in it. Laſt Week four Men and as many Women came from the *Dutchy* of *Juliers* to this Place, with a Spick and Span *new Religion* (as 'tis reported) the whole Contents of which, may be carried in the compaſs of a *Snuff-box*: They give out that it is the *eaſieſt* and *cheapeſt Religion* that ever was known, and have offer'd it to the *States* for the value of four thouſand Gilders; if it be rejected, they deſign to Embark for *England*, and ſee what Market they can make of

of their *new Religion* at *London*. Two learned Criticks of the Univerſity of *Leyden* have had a long Conteſt about the right Spelling and Writing the Word *Idcirco*; and, at laſt, have agreed to referr the Matter to Dr. *B——y*, who being a Perſon of *ſingular Humanity*, 'tis not doubted but he will do it to Satisfaction.

Edenburgh, *July* 29. We have not had for theſe ten Years laſt paſt ſo favourable a Summer as now; ſo that we don't doubt, but that our *Sloes* will ripen; and the *Kirk* has appointed a general Thankſgiving for it: fifty two *Witches* are in Cuſtody in ſeveral Priſons in this *Kingdom*, and many terrible Things are alledg'd againſt 'em, and ſome of them have been ſuch *ſilly Jades* to own themſelves guilty, chuſing to be burnt outright, rather than live any longer like *Witches*. The chief Diſcoverer of them is Mr. *Sawney Cockburn*, who knows all the *Witches* Forms in the *Kingdom*; and with his *Kirk Terriers* will Unearth you ten of 'em in a Morning: We build great Expectations upon our new Coloney at *Darien*, and talk of covering all the *Churches* in *Edenburgh* with Silver in a very ſhort time; but others, who are not altogether ſo Sanguine, are of Opinion, that all theſe mighty Pretences will fall to the Ground: And now I am up-

on this Article, give me leave to tell you, that I heard a Polititian talk in the Rainbow Coffee-houſe Yeſterday upon this Matter; I am confident, ſays he, that the Hand of Heaven will appear very Viſible in the Chaſtiſement of the *Scots* in this new Project of theirs upon *America*. They have impudently bid Defiance to Fate, and oppoſed the Decrees of Providence, for as God Almighty from Eternity decreed the *Germans* to be Drunkards, the *French* to carry Packſadles, the *Jews* to be Raſcals; ſo he predeſtinated the *Scots* to be Pedlars; accordingly we find, the *Germans* to this Day get Drunk before Noon, the *French* carry Packſadles to this Day, and ſo will do in *Secula Seculorum*, the *Jews* Cheat on ſtill, and the *Engliſh Rebel*; only the *Scots* muſt kick againſt the Decrees of Fate, and inſtead of *Pedlars*, a Title their Anceſtours Aquieſt in for two thouſand Year and upward, ſet up for *Merchants*, Forſooth; but if ever they make any thing on't, ſays he, (and if they are not at laſt reduc'd to their old ancient Pedlariſm) I'll forfeit my Reputation of a Prophet to you, although they have cheated King *William* out of an *Act* of *Parliament*, I believe they will find it a hard matter, withal their Craft and Cunning, to cheat Heaven.

Thus

Thus, Sir, I have ſent you the moſt important Occurrences I cou'd find in the Foreign Papers. But as to *London*, which uſed to be an inexhauſtible Magazine of News and Scandal, it affords neither at preſent. Our *Beaux* are all gone down to *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*, in hopes to make Conqueſts in both thoſe Places; where I preſume they will ſucceed as well as our dear Brethren beyond the *Twede* in their new *Caledonian* Plantation; but a Month or two hence they will return to Town with their Pockets as empty as their Heads. The Lawyers are gon down to their reſpective Habitations to ſow Diſſention amongſt his Majeſty's liege People in the Country, and will reap, no doubt on't, a moſt plentiful Harveſt the next *Michaelmas*-Term. Our old red-noſed Claret-drinkers have now left us to recruit, by a Vacation-ſobriety, their decayed Carcaſes, and enable 'em to ſit up whole Nights with the Parliament-men the next Winter. In ſhort, the Stock-jobbers have left the Change, and the Citizens are half of 'em gon to *Epſom*, in order to Cuckold one another, which is the beſt News at preſent from your aſſured Friend, *&c.*

From the Gun Muſick-booth *in* Smithfield, *in the time of* Bartholomew-*Fair.*

Dear *George*, *Aug.* 28. 99.

All Things are huſh'd, as Law *it ſelf were dead,*
Poor penſive Fleetſtreet, *droops its mournful Head;*
Smooth Alcalies *in Peace with* Acids *ſleep;*
The Church *and* Stage *no longer Difference keep;*
The Pulpit-drums *don't beat.*

AND now the Spirit of Verſification leaving me in the lurch, I come to tell you in honeſt Proſe, I mean no more by all this rumbling Stuff, than to let you know this is the long Vacation, which *Lawyers*, *poor Whores*, and *Taylors*, as well as many other Trades, curſe as heartily together as *Ingroſſers* of *Corn* do a *plentiful Harveſt*, or *Cole-merchants* a *warm Winter*. Yet tho' many are glad this penitential Seaſon is near expired, as for my part, I cou'd heartily wiſh, as a *Soldier* does by the *Wars*, or a *Woman* by *Enjoyment*, it would laſt much longer.

You'll tell me, that this is a Paradox; For why the Plague ſhou'd a Man deſire to be in Town, when it is a Deſert in a manner,

ner, when all the beſt Company is gone to *Tunbridge*, *Epſom* or the *Bath*? All this may be true; but before you and I part, perhaps I may bring you to be of another Opinion, and reconcile you to the *long Vacation*.

In the firſt place: You muſt know, that I hate to be in a Crowd; for which reaſon I wonder, why ſo many wiſe Gentlemen ſhou'd be ſo fond to go to the *Jubile* at *Rome*, where they are like to be throng'd and crowded as much as a Spectator at a Country Bull-baiting, and with almoſt as bad a Mob (pardon the Inſolence of my Expreſſion) for conſidering what a vaſt Multitude of *Prieſts*, *Fops* and *Bigots* are gathered together at *Rome*, from all Corners of the Univerſe, I wonder how an honeſt Man can think himſelf ſafe in ſo dangerous a Crowd, or a wiſe Man pleaſe himſelf with the *Sacred Farces* of a *Church Rabble*. In ſhort, I love the long Vacation upon the ſame account that ſome honeſt Claret-drinkers love walking Home at Midnight, becauſe the Streets are clearer and not ſo incommodious as at other times. Beſides, *London* is at no time of the Year ſo thinly peopl'd (God be thanked) but a Man, with a little Induſtry, may find Company enough of both Sexes, to the ruine of

his

his Health and Conſumption of his Eſtate. But this is not all, a univerſal Spirit of Civility reigns over all the Town, the *Tradeſmen* are more confiding and the *Harlots* better natur'd.

A Vintner, who, in the hurry of *Michaelmas*-Term, is as difficult of acceſs as a Privy-counſellor, will now give you his Company for asking, and perhaps club his Bottle into the Bargain; and the very individual Damſel, with whom a Month or two hence, nothing below a Senator will go down, or at leaſt a Man that will bribe as deep, is now ſo humbled by the Emptineſs of the Town, that for the Credit of being carried in a Coach to her Lodgings, and the Expence of a Bottle of Wine, to treat her Landlady, will put on a clean Smock to oblige you, without ſo much as exacting Mony to pay the Landreſs.

I cou'd ſay a thouſand things more in behalf of the *Vacation*, but I ſhall content my ſelf at preſent, that it produces *Bartholomew*-Fair; and when I have ſaid that, I think it needs no farther Panegyrick. If Antiquity carries any weight with it, the Fair has enough to ſay for it ſelf on that Head. Fourſcore Years ago, and better, it afforded Matter enough for one of our beſt Comedians to Compoſe a Play upon it:

But

But *Smithfield* is another ſort of a Place now to what it was in the Times of *Honeſt Ben*; who, were he to riſe out of his Grave, wou'd hardly believe it to be the Place where Juſtice *Over-do* made ſo buſie a Figure, where the *Crop-ear'd Parſon* demoliſh'd a *Ginger-bread Stall*, where *Nightingales* ſung *Balads* and *fat Urſula* ſold *Pig* and *botled Ale*.

As I have obſerv'd to you, this noble *Fair* is quite another thing then what it was in the laſt Age, it produces *Opera's* of its own growth, and is become a formidable Rival to both the Theaters; It no longer deals in humble Stories, of *Criſpin* and *Criſpianus*, of *Whittington*'s Cat, with the merry Conceits of King *Edward* the Fourth and the *Tanner* of *Tamworth*: It beholds *Gods* deſcending from *Machines*, who expreſs themſelves in a Language ſuitable to their Character: It trafficks in *Heroes*, it raiſes *Ghoſts* and *Apparitions*; it has repreſented the *Trojan Horſe*, the Workmanſhip of the divine *Epeus*; it has ſeen St. *George* encounter the *Dragon*, and overcome him. In ſhort, for *Thunder* and *Lightning*, for *Songs* and *Dances*, for *ſublime Fuſtian* and *magnificent Nonſence*, it comes not ſhort of *Drury-lane* or *Lincolns-inn-fields*. But, to leave off this *Bombaſt*, with

with which the *Booths* have infected me, and deliver my self in a more familiar Stile, you are to know, that, at this present Writing, your humble Servant is in a *Musick-booth*; yet, tho' he is distracted with a thousand Noises and Objects, as a *Maid* whirling round with a dozen *Rapiers* at her Neck, a Dance of *Chimny-sweepers*, and a *Fellow* standing on his Head on the top of a *Quart-pot*, he has both Leisure and Patience enough to Write to you.

Smithfield had always the Reputation of being a Place of Persecution, with this difference, that the Women do that in this Age which the Priests did in the last, and make as many poor Sinners suffer as by Fire.

Cheap-side Cits come to see horned Beasts brought hither from all Parts of the World, when they might behold the very same Monsters at home, if they wou'd but be at the pains of consulting their own Looking-glasses: The pious Reformers of the City have been long endeavouring to put down this Nursery of Wickedness and Irreligion, as they call it; but the beloved Wives of their own Bosoms, and their vertuous Daughters, better understand their own Interest, than to lose any Opportunity of getting abroad and planting Cuckoldom and

and Fornication, as their Mothers did before 'em.

Certainly no Place ſets Mankind more upon a level than *Smithfield* does; *Lords* and *Bellows-menders*, *Beaux* and *Fleaers of dead Horſes*, *Colonels* and *Foot-ſoldiers*, *Bauds* and *Women of Vertue*, walk Cheek by Jole in the *Cloiſters*, and joſtle one another by Candle-light, as familiarly as *Nat. Lee*'s Gods in *Oedipus* joſtle one another in the dark. The poor Vizard-masks ſuffer moſt unmercifully; no ſooner can one of this Character ſhew her Head within this priviledg'd Place, but ſhe is hurried into a Corner, and a hundred ſeveral Hands are examining at once whether ſhe carries any *Contraband-goods* about her.

The Woman's Children in the *Maccabees*, that choſe rather to ſuffer than pollute themſelves with Swines-fleſh, wou'd have died ten thouſand Deaths rather than ſo much as taſted a Pig's Ear in *Smithfield*, with a thouſand of Prince *Molach*'s Subjects floating in the Sauce about him. But I ſuppoſe our vertuous People ſwallow Pig and Pork ſo earneſtly to ſhew their Averſion to *Judaiſm*.

So much may ſuffice at preſent, for I am juſt now going to a *Puppet-ſhow* to ſee the *Creation of the World* and *Noah*'s *Flood*, which

which will give me more Satisfaction, I don't queſtion, than Dr. *Woodward*'s *Hypotheſis*, Mr. *Whiſton*'s *Theory*, or any new Syſtem of our modern *Vertuoſo's*.

I am your moſt humble Servant.

A Conſolatory Letter to my Lady —— *on the Death of her* Husband.

Madam,

I Was very much ſurprized to hear that your Ladyſhip took ſo much to Heart, the Loſs of your Husband, that your Relations ſhould not be able to Conquer ſo obſtinate a Grief, or that a Perſon of your good Sence and Reſolution ſhould be ſo unfaſhionable and ſo weak, as to pay that Reſpect to the Aſhes of the *Dead*, which well-bred Women now-a-days can ſcarce afford to the *Living*; I will not pretend to attack your Grief in the common Formes, I will not repreſent to you, that *all Fleſh is Graſs*, that nothing is exempt from the Laws of Fate, and that 'tis in vain to regret a Loſs which it was not in our Power to prevent; theſe thread-bare Topicks I ſhall leave to Di-

Divines and Philoſophers, and ſhall content my ſelf, to oppoſe your Lamentations, with Arguments better ſuited to your preſent Condition. 'Tis true, Madam, you have loſt a Husband, but what of that? have not Thouſands done ſo before you? but then conſider, that his Death makes room for a new Election. A Widow ought no more to afflict her ſelf for the Death of her Husband, than a *Country Corporation* ought to go into *Mourning* for the *Death* of the *Member* that repreſented 'em in *Parliament*; for without ſtaying for a Writ from the *Clark* of the *Crown*, ſhe may proceed to a new Choice as ſoon as ſhe ſees convenient. Your *Husband*, God be thank'd, has neither carried your Youth with him into the other World, nor your Joynture; cou'd he have robb'd you of either of thoſe Bleſſings, you might have juſt Reaſon to complain; but I think a Woman's Condition is not very deſperate, when her two ſureſt Friends, her Beauty and her Wealth ſtick cloſe to her. As you have Charmes, and Money enough to procure you ſtore of Lovers, ſo in my Opinion, it muſt needs be an agreeable Diverſion in your preſent Sorrow, (for I will allow you, Madam, to keep up the Appearance of it) to obſerve the different Stile and Language of your Ad-

Admirers, one will tell you, that he adores the Perfections of your Soul, excluſive of all Worldly Conſiderations; but, Madam, have a care of theſe Platonicks, for a Man that makes *vigorous Court* to the *Body*, is worth a Thouſand *Coxcombs*, that pretend to be in Love with your *Soul*; another will tell you, that he is ready to hang or drown for your Sake, and deſires you to chuſe what ſort of Death for him you think fit, if you deny him that Bleſſing wherein his Life can be only happy. Be govern'd by me, Madam, and take ſuch a Lover at his Word, if he decently diſpatch himſelf; you may take it from me, that he lov'd in earneſt, but if he fails to give you this Teſtimony of his Affection, you may conclude him to be a *Hippocrite*; a third perhaps will boaſt of his Acres, and tell you what a large *Settlement* he will make you, whatever you do, pray take care of theſe *Smithfield Gentlemen*, for not one in a Thouſand is honeſt at bottom. It will be a pleaſant Amuſement to you, to manage theſe Humble Servants of yours ſo artificially, as to make all of 'em hope; yet, at the ſame time jealous of one another, to ſteal a kind Glance ſometimes at one, and beſtow a gracious Nod ſometimes upon another, and after you have thoroughly examined,

amined their ſeveral Merits and Qualifications, to proceed in your Choice, as the *Cardinals* do at the Election of a *Pope*, and pitch upon one, which, in all probability, is likely to make a *ſede vacante*. Thus, Madam, inſtead of dwelling upon the *Illuſtrious Qualities* of the *Defunct*, to the uſual Method of common Comforters, I have made bold to lay down before you, the Meaſures you are to take with the *Living*. I confeſs I have venter'd upon a Task for which I am no ways fitting: *Solomon* has told us, *That the Hearts of Kings are unſearchable*; which, I ſuppoſe, he knew to be ſo by his own Caſe; he might have added, when his Hand was in, *That the Hearts of Widows are paſt finding out*: Thus, *Madam*, you are not to wonder, if the Directions I have given you, are none of the ſureſt; however, ſuch as you ſee 'em, they are at your Service, as is likewiſe,

Madam,

Your moſt Obedient and Faithful, &c.

To Mr. Moult, *upon the breaking up of* Bartholomew-*fair.*

Dear Sir, *Sept.* 12, 99.

THE Glory is departed from *Smithfield*, and Intriguing has left the Cloiſters; in ſhort, *Bartholomew*-fair is over, *Et voila mon Ami les miſerables Effets d' une ſi grande Revolution.*

Thoſe very individual Perſons, who, two Days ago, glitter'd in Imperial Tinſel, govern'd Kingdoms in Imagination, commanded Legions, and talk'd ſublime Heroic in Tragic Buskins; thoſe very Perſons, I ſay, who put the *Sun* out of *Countenance* in his *double* Capacity, both as the God of *Poetry*, and the *Governor* of the *Day*, who *out-ſhone* him at Noon with their brighter *Briſtol Stones*, and *out metaphor'd* all *Parnaſſus* in the *Booth*, who commanded Reſpect from the inferiour *Mobb*, and drew the Eyes of the *whole City*, more than a *Lord-Mayor* at a *Publick Cavalcade*:

——— *Quis talia fando,*
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyſſi,
Temperet à lachrymis?

Are

Are now, by a moſt wonderful Revolution of Fate, diveſted of all their Splendour and Magnificence, their Troops, their Armies, nay, their very Guards have deſerted 'em; they are now reduced to the common Obſcurity of Mankind; inſtead of the moſt exquiſite Wine, that uſed to Crown their Glaſſes, we find 'em now burying the Regret of their loſt Sovereignty in humble *Flip*, or more humble *Anniſeed*; and are glad to be truſted for a Dinner at a *Boiling-cook's*, and ſnore contentedly in a *Garret*.

And thoſe charming *Dulcibella's*, who, by the unparalell'd Luſtre of their Eyes, forced *Monarchs* to lay their Scepters at their Feet, who had the Diſpoſal of Kingdoms and Dominions, who ſtole away the Hearts of all Beholders, and, when ever they pleas'd, drew either Admiration or Pity from the Spectators, are now, by their ſad Inconſtancy of Fortune, oblig'd to return to the Privacies of a leſs pompous Life. They, whom Yeſterday's Sun beheld ſo majeſtically ſecure, that they refuſed a gracious Smile to proſtrate Princes;

Nunc in quadriviis, & angiportis,
Glubunt magnanimos Bruti nepotes.

Are now glad to diſpence their utmoſt Favours, for no higher a Bribe than a *Silver-thimble*, and a *double-guilt Braſs-ring* at moſt. They pollute themſelves with the ſorrowful Embraces of their Fellow-ſufferers: In the Day-time, foot Stockings, waſh Foot-mens Socks, and charitably make up Breaches in *old Muſlin* and *Lace*; regale themſelves with a Pint of *Milk* at *Noon*, and *Gray-peaſe* at *Night*, trudge it on Foot from *Charing-croſs* to the *Change*; and, with their officious Elbows, remind all the Paſſers-by of their deſolate Condition: In fine, They, who ſo lately commanded the *whole Univerſe*, are under perpetual Alarms from *Watch-men* and *Conſtables*; and, though they ſo often Fee the ſavage Juſtice's Clark, are often forc'd to ſubmit to the barbarous Diſcipline of *Bridewell* and *New-priſon*.

But tho' *Bartholomew*-fair be dead, and buried for a *Twelvemonth*, yet, it is ſome Conſolation to us, that it revives in both the Play-houſes. Poetry is ſo little regarded here, and the Audience is ſo taken up with Show and Sight, that an Author need not much trouble himſelf with what he Writes, ſo he is but in fee with the Dancing-maſters, and has but Songs enough to lard his dry Compoſition. One wou'd al-

moſt

moſt ſwear, that *Smithfield* had removed into *Drury-lane*, and *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, ſince they ſet ſo ſmall a Value on Wit and Sence, and ſo ſuch Trifles that have no Relation to the Play. To convince you, that I have Reaſon for what I ſay, I will Tranſcribe one of their own Bills, that you may ſee what ſorry Entertainment they are now accoſtomed to. By the by, I am to tell you, that ſome of their late Bills are ſo very monſtrous, that neither we, nor our Fore-fathers, ever knew any thing like them, they are as long as the Title Pages to ſome of Mr. *Prin*'s *Works*, nay, you may read the *Gazette*, even when it is moſt crouded with Advertiſements, ſooner than run over one of them. In the firſt Place, here are to be ſeen, the Mimick Entertainments of Mr. *Clinch* of *Barnet*, who makes a moſt incomparable Conſort with a Pair of *Tongs*, and a *Key*. In the next Place, there is to be a Dance of *Bohemian Women*; then the worthy *Gentleman* that danced the *Cheſhire-rounds*, has been pleas'd, at the Inſtance of ſeveral *Perſons of Quality*, to ſhew his Parts upon the Stage. It were to be wiſhed the War had continued, for then we had not been over-run with a Parcel of fine light-heel'd *Meſſieurs*, who are a greater Nuſance to our Theatre, than the

Privateers were to our Merchant-men in the *Chanel*: We had *Monſ. L'Abadie*, *Monſ. Bulon*, the *Famous Burleſque Dancers* from *Paris*, and the *Famous Madam* —— *Laſ* —— that had the Honour to Dance before the Duke of *Orleance*, the *Daulphin*, and the Lord knows how many Perſons of Honour: Beſides, I had lik'd to have forgot to tell you, that one of their Bills promiſed us wonderful Things, from a *Gentleman* that *ſung* like a *Turkey-cock*. Shortly, I ſuppoſe, we ſhall have all ſorts of Sights and Shows here, as, Jumping through a *Hoop*; for why may we not have that as well as Mr. *Symſon*'s *Vaulting* upon the *Wooden-horſe*, *Dancing* upon the high *Ropes*, *Leaping* over eight Mens Heads, *Wreſtling*, *Boxing*, *Cudgeling*, *Fighting* at *Back-ſword*, and *Quarterſtaff*, *Bear-baiting*, and all the other noble Exercifes, that divert his Majeſty's People at *Hockley i'th' Hole*? not forgetting the witty Pranks of *Punchinello*, and the merry Conceits of the little *Pickle-herring*.

What a wretched Paſs is this wicked Age come to, when *Ben. Johnſon*, and *Shakeſpear* wont go down with 'em, without theſe Baubles to recommend 'em, and nothing but *Farce* and *Grimaces* will go down? For my part, I wonder they have not incorporated *Parſon Bu—eſs* in their *Society*,

ciety, for after the Auditors are ſtupified with a dull Scene, or ſo, he wou'd make a ſhift to relieve 'em: In ſhort, Mr. *Collier* may ſave himſelf the trouble of writing againſt the Theatres, for, if theſe lew'd Practices are not laid aſide, and Sence and Wit come in play again, a Man may eaſily foretel, without pretending to the Gift of Propheſie, that the Stage will be ſhort-liv'd, and that the ſtrong Kentiſh Man will take Poſſeſſion of *the two Play-houſes*, as he has done of that in *Dorſet-garden*. I am

Your Humble Servant.

P. S. The only News we have at preſent, is, that the ſtrong *Kentiſh Man* (of whom you have heard ſo many Stories) has taken Poſſeſſion of the Theatre in *Dorſet-garden*; and how they'll get him out again the Lord knows, for he threatens to thraſh all the Poets, if they pretend to diſturb him in his new Quarters. Mr. *Joſeph Hains*, was his Maſter of the Ceremony, and introduced him in a Prologue upon the Stage; and indeed, who was ſo fit to do it, as this Perſon, whoſe Breath is as *ſtrong*, as the *Kentiſh Man*'s Back. I don't doubt, but that ſeveral of the Ladies, who ſaw this Prodegy of a Man, long'd to try a Fall

with him in Private, like the Woman in *Ovid*, that was desirous to lie with *Hercules*, upon the score of his Strength. Her Words, unless my Memory fails me, were these,

——— *Subiit me magna cupido,*
Ferre *virum*, tulerat *qui prius ipse polum.*

She had heard that *Hercules* had *bore* Heaven upon his Back, which set her Concupiscence upon Tiptoes, to *bear* so Heavenly-minded a Champion; like Citizens, that long to Intrigue with the Minister, in Hopes to partake in his Godliness.

To W. K. *Esq;*

Being a Relation of a Journy to London.

Sir,

YOu are earnest to know how I got to Town, and what Adventures I met upon the Road. Since you can condescend to entertain your self with Trifles of this Nature, be pleased to take them as they follow:

As

As ſoon as I came to *Reading*, I ſent the Man of the Houſe, where I lay that Night, to enquire what Places were taken in the Coach; who brought me word, that only one Place was taken, and that for a Woman. I preſently repreſented to my ſelf ſome *Maid*, *Wife* or *Widow* of Nineteen, with black roguy *Eyes*, cherry *Cheeks*, narrow *Mouth*, ſwelling *Breaſts*, and a *Breath* as ſweet as *Violets*. I thanked my kind Stars for this favourable Opportunity, and with theſe pleaſant Imaginations paſſed away the Night very agreeably. Next Morning, full of theſe charming *Idea's*, I made haſt to the Inn where the Coach lay: But, good Heavens! no ſooner did I peep within the booted Caravan, but I found my ſelf the moſt lamentably diſappointed that ever poor Sinner was. Inſtead of the *Beauty* I had repreſented to my ſelf, behold an *old Gentlewoman* with formidable *Whiſkers*, her *Noſe* and *Chin* as ready to meet as the two Ends of a Half-moon, and a *diſmal Forehead-cloth* into the Bargain, cooled my Courage. A Man of more Piety than my ſelf wou'd have thanked Heaven for being ſo favourable to him, and ſecuring him from a Temptation; but, I'faith, I cou'd not find in my Heart to do it. Into the *Coach* I ſtept, but with as much Regret

on

on my side, as a *Transport* enters a *Virginia* Ship, and, without so much as bidding her Ladiship Good-morrow, I compos'd my self to sleep as well as I cou'd; and, being pretty well prepared for it, by what I had been doing the Night before, slept ten Miles perpendicular, without the least interruption, till we came to *Maidenhead*.

Here we took up a Captain, and two Gentlemen besides. The Captain was one of the most agreeable entertaining Gentlemen that ever could have atton'd for my former Disappointment: He had been in the Service ever since the Campaigning at *Hounslow*, since which he had seen most of the Action in *Scotland*, *Ireland*, and *Flanders*. Our Conversation at first ran upon Politicks: Religion succeeded to that Discourse; and, when we were weary with that Subject, by one unanimous Consent, we fell upon Women. The Captain, who, as I told you before, was a Man of Wit and Pleasantry, diverted us extreamly upon this Argument: He told us, that as other Gentlemen devoted their Time to *Geometry* or *Musick*, or any thing else which they fancied, he had made it his Business to study *Women*, and had arrived to so great a Perfection in this noble Science, that, after the first Interview, he cou'd as certainly tell how many Days a

Wo-

Woman wou'd *hold out*, and when she wou'd *deliver*, as Monsieur *Vauban* cou'd tell when any *Town* wou'd *surrender*.

I compare, says he, a *Woman* to a *Fortification*; In the first place, because it is in my own Way. And, secondly, because there's the greatest Resemblance in the World between them. There's no Fortification so strong, nor no Woman so vertuous, but, by open Force or Stratagem, may be made to yield. The World is at liberty to talk what it pleases; but I positively maintain, that every Woman is to be taken: They are either to be undermin'd by Flattery, or won by Bribery, which we *Military Men* call *Capitulation*, or else (but it does not happen once in a hundred Years) to be managed by downright Strength. Now all the Art lies to know how to employ these Expedients. Some Ladies will be flatter'd into *Love*, whom all the Bribes that stir about *Weminster-hall* in a *Session* can never move: And others, by far the greatest part of the *Sex*, are to be *managed* by *Mony*, who have too much Discretion to be imposed upon by Flattery. And there are others too great for *Bribery*, and insensible to all the *Flattery* in the World, that must be vanquished by Force. Tho' their Inclinations, Gentlemen, are as *rampant* as yours,

yours, nay perhaps fiercer, yet they wou'd ſeem to be forced; they think 'tis an Excuſe for their Infirmity, and quarrel with you after you have obliged them.

It was my Fortune, Gentlemen, about ſome eight Years ago, to be quarter'd upon an Elder, when ſome of our Troops were in *Scotland*: His Wife, as to her Beauty, was but indifferent, but ſhe was young, and ſhe belonged to the *Kirk*, which were two extraordinary Temptations, eſpecially the latter. I offer'd her half a Piece, which was a mighty Sum in that Country, but cou'd not prevail. Then I laid out all my Stock of *Rhetorick* upon her, and made a *Goddeſs* of this *Coquette*, but to as little effect as before. At laſt it came into my Head to take the following courſe; I ſpoke well of the *Covenant*, and railed at the *Biſhops*, after I found her communicative enough of her Perſon. The next Summer we were ſent for over into *Ireland*, and, after the deciſive *Battel* of the *Boyn*, purſued the broken Remains of K. *James*'s Army.

In ſhort, Gentlemen, I have tried all the Tricks in the World with them, and find, by long Experience, that *Flattery* does more than *ſincere Dealing* with them, and *Drink* more than *Flattery*, *Mony* more than that, and *Religion*, I mean the *Pretence* of it, more

more than *Flattery*, *Drink* and *Mony* put together. This you may take for granted, for *Spinoſa* and *Vanninus* never made a quarter ſo many Atheiſts, as Love.

Since I am upon this Argument, Gentlemen, and we have nothing elſe to talk of, give me leave to tell you a ſhort Story relating to this Affair: The Scene lies in *Wales*, or the Borders of it, I wont be poſitive, but I dare ſwear it will divert you for want of a better:

In the *Country* above-mentioned lives a *Family*, very remarkable for their *Godlineſs*, by the ſame token that there were always three or four *Presbyterian Divines*, with as many young *Cubs* of the *Schiſm*, to keep the Houſe in due Order. From Morning to Night there was nothing but *Exhortation*, and *Uſe*, and *Application* was to be heard within the Walls. The *Cook* exhorted the *Butler*, the *Groom* gave *Spiritual* Advice to the *Gardiner*: Yet, amidſt all this *Whining* and *Praying*, and *Singing of Pſalms*, the *Devil*, who owed the Family a Grudge, for making this Mock-War againſt him, ſeduced my *Lady*'s *Praying-Gentlewoman* to commit Acts of Wickedneſs with one of the *Knight*'s *Praying-Footmen*: This zealous Pair managed the Matter with ſo little Diſcretion, that their Amour

mour was discovered by some of their Fellow-servants; but *godly People*, you know, think themselves above *Scandal*. At last, word was brought to the *old Lady*, that they were actually in *Bed*. At first she disbelieved the News, but finding it confirmed by other Witnesses, she went to this Scene of Lewdness, taking with her a *Smith* to break open the Door, in case of Opposition, and a *Nonconformist Parson* to awake their Consciences for them, in case they found them Impenitent. Upon the first Alarm that my *Lady* gave them, the Lovers wou'd not answer; but when they found the *Smith* began to break open the Door in good earnest, the *Footman* got up and open'd it. The *old Lady* cou'd hardly forbear striking them, so much was her *holy Spleen* provoked at the Profanation of her House: But she thunder'd out Judgments plentifully against them, and the *Divine* that was with her did the same. In short, the *Footman* had his Livery stript over his Ears, and the poor *Wench* was sent Home to her Relations, by the same token that she attempted to drown her self by the way.

This godly Family was in a strange Disorder to be defiled thus with Fornication; and the Master of it, being then in *London*, this

this unhappy News was ſent to him, withal deſiring his Advice to know what muſt be done upon this Occaſion. He order'd the *Bed*, upon which this ſinful Action had been committed, to be carried out of the Gates of the Houſe, and there to be *burnt*. On the Day when this was put in execution, the diſcarded *Footman* chanced to come by, as Fire was ſet to the offending Materials, and being told the reaſon of it, My Maſter, ſays he, might have let this Bone-fire alone; for, to my knowledge, if he's reſolved to puniſh in this manner every Bed that has been acceſſory to Fornication, there's not one in the Houſe can 'ſcape him.

The *Captain* had juſt made an end of his Story as the Coach was got upon the Stones. I took my leave of the Company in the *Hay-market*, being obliged, as you know, to viſit Mr. *C*——; by whom I find, that there's no ſtirring for me out of Town this Month or two. Had not the end of our Journy caus'd a Separation of our Company, I queſtion not but the witty Converſation of my Fellow-traveller would have furniſhed me with ſomething farther to have entertain'd you; but ſince our different Affairs robb'd me of the Opportunity, I beg you to accept, at ſecond-hand, what

what I have borrow'd from another to oblige you, and you will more than recompence the good Intentions of

Your humble Servant.

A Love-Letter from an Officer in the Army, to a Widow whom he was desperately in Love with before he saw her.

THo' I never had the Happiness to *see* you, no, not so much as in a *Picture*, and consequently can no more tell, what *Complexion* you are of, than he that lives in the *remotest* part of *China*; yet, Madam, I am fallen passionately in *Love* with you, and this *Affection* has taken so deep *root* in me, that in my *Conscience* I cou'd die a *Martyr* for you, with as much Alacrity, as thousands have done for their *Religion*; though they were as ignorant of the Truth, for which they dy'd, as I am of your Ladiship.

This may *surprize* you, Madam, but you'll cease to *wonder*, when I shall acquaint you what it was, that not only give Birth to my Passion, but has so effectually confirm'd

firm'd it. Last Week, riding into the *Country* about my lawful Affairs, it was my Fortune to see a most magnificent *Seat* upon the Road; this excited my *Curiosity* to enquire after the *Owner* of so *beautiful* a Pile; and being told, that it belong'd to your Ladiship, I began that very Moment to have a strange *Inclination* for you; but when I was farther informed, that some two *thousand* Acres of the *best* Ground in *England*, belong'd to this noble *Fabrick*, together with a fine *Park*, variety of *Fish-ponds*, and such like *Conveniencies*; I then fell up to the Ears in *Love*, and concluded to list my self in the Number of your humble Servants:

Thought I to my self, the Owner of so many *agreeable* Things, must needs be the most *charming* Lady in the Universe: What tho' she be *old*, her Trees are *green*? What tho' she has lost all the Roses in her *Cheeks*, she has enough in her *Gardens*? What signifies it tho' she be *barren*, since her Acres are *fruitful*? With these Thoughts, I lighted from my Horse, and on the sudden fell so inamour'd with your Ladiship, that I told my *Passion* to every *Tree* in your Park, which, by the by, are the tallest, straitest, lovelyest, finest shaped *Trees* I ever saw; and have since wore out above two dozen

Penknives, in *Engravening* your Name upon their Barks.

I will now *appeal* to your Ladiſhip, whether any *Lover*, ever went upon more *ſolid* Motives than my ſelf. Thoſe who are wholly influenced by *Beauty*, will infallibly find their Paſſion *decay* with that; thoſe who pretend to admire a Woman for the *Qualities* of her *Mind*, ought to conſider her Soul abſtractedly from her Body; and he that loves not a Woman for her Fleſh, as well as her Spirit, is only fit, in my Opinion, to make his Court to a Spectre; whereas you need not queſtion the *Sincerity* of my *Paſſion* which is built upon the ſame *Foundation* with your Houſe, *grows* with your *Trees*, and will daily *increaſe* with your *Eſtate*: For all I know to the contrary, your Ladiſhip may be the *handſomeſt* Woman in the World; but believing you are ſo, but whether you are or no, ſignifies not a Farthing, while you have Mony enough to ſet you off, tho' you were ten times Uglier than the preſent red-noſed Counteſs of ——, and older than the famous Counteſs of *Deſmond*. I am a *Soldier* by my *Profeſſion*, and as I *fought* for *Pay*, ſo, with *Heaven's* Bleſſing, I deſign to *love* for *Pay*; all your other *Suitors* wou'd ſpeak the ſame *Language* to you, were they as *honeſt* as my ſelf; this I will tell you for

for your *Comfort*, *Madam*, that if you pitch upon me, you'll be the *first* Widow upon Record, from the *Creation* of the World, to this preſent *Hour*, that ever *choſe* a Man for telling her the Truth.

An Exhortatory Letter, to an old Lady *that* ſmoaked Tobacco.

Madam,

THough the ill-natured World *cenſures* you for *Smoaking*, yet I would adviſe you, Madam, not to part with ſo innocent a Diverſion; In the firſt place it is Healthful, and as *Galen* in *de uſu Partium* rightly obſerves, is a ſovereign Remedy for the Tooth-ach, the uſual Perſecutor of old Ladies. *Secondly*, Tobacco, though it be a Heatheniſh Weed, is a great help to Chriſtian Meditations; for which is the Reaſon I ſuppoſe that Recommends it to our Parſons; the Generality of whom, can no more write a *Sermon* without a *Pipe* in their *Mouths*, than a *Concordance* in their *Hands*: beſides, every Pipe you brake, may ſerve to put you in mind of Mortality, and let you ſee upon what ſlender Accidents,

Man's Life depends. I knew a Country *Miniſter*, who on Faſt-days uſed to *mortifie* upon a *Rump* of *Beef*, becauſe it put *him*, as he ſaid, in mind, that all *Fleſh* was *Graſs*; but I am ſure much more may be learnt from Tobacco. It may inſtruct you that Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of this World vaniſh like a Vapor. *Thirdly*, It is a prety Play-thing: A Pipe is the ſame to an old Woman, that a Gallant is to a young one, by the ſame Token they make both Water at Mouth. *Fourthly* and *Laſtly*, It is faſhionable, at leaſt 'tis in a fair way of becoming ſo; cold Tea, you know, has been this long while in Reputation at Court, and the Gill as naturally uſhers in the Pipe, as the *Sword-bearer* walks before the *Lord-Mayor*.

I am your Ladiſhip's humble Servant.

To Sir W. S———.

January 8.

I Have, according to your Order, ſent you down by the *Canterbury* Coach, the *Satyr againſt Wit*, and the *Poetæ Britannici*, two incompar able Peices in their Kind, and which will certainly give you a great deal

deal of Diverſion, if you are to be diverted by *Dullneſs* and *Defamation*, or what is as bad as Defamation, by *vile*, *lowſie Panegyric*. The former of theſe two *Poems* came like *Melchiſedeck* into the World, without *Father* or *Mother*; I mean the *Author*, for ſeveral Reaſons beſt known to him ſelf, has not thought fit to ſet his Name before it: however, he is not ſo conceal'd as he fancies himſelf; for if there is any certainty in *Phyſiognomy*, or the Child to be known by reſembling the Features of the *Father*, as they ſay the *Auſtrian* Family are by the *Lip*; it was undoubtedly written by the *City Bard*, the ſame worthy Gentleman, who about three *Years* ago *lampoon'd* K. *William* in an *Heroic Poem*, by the ſame Token, that he was *Knighted* for it. I have been told he has diſown'd the *Baſtard* in ſeveral Companies, but that won't ſerve his turn: The *Grand Jury* at *Will*'s have found the *Bill* againſt him; ſo now he muſt e'en take the *Brat* home, and bring it up in its *Father's Religion*, *Hypocriſie* and *Backbiting*. A Friend of mine t'other Day, ſai'd a very pleaſant thing, methought upon this Occaſion, *A Satyr againſt Wit*; that is, ſays he, a *Satyr* againſt every individual *Subject* King *William* has in his *Dominions*, for there's never a Man between St. *Michael*'s *Mount*,

in *Cornwal*, and *Barwick upon Tweed*, but thinks himſelf a *Wit*, whatever the World may think of him; nay, I dare engage that the *Author* himſelf, for all his *Averſion* to *Wit*, does not believe this *Satyr* is without it. 'Tis the moſt fantaſtical Mixture of *Hypocriſie* and *Scandal* you ever ſaw: The Writer of it, (which he ſhews by his Scurrility and Want of good Manners) ſets up for an Advocate of Religion, and pretends that a *Confederacy* is carrying on in *Covent-garden*, to Baniſh *that* and *Learning* out of the World. By the terrible Deſcription he makes of ſome People, one wou'd be apt to think that the *Goths* and *Vandals*, who have been buried under Ground for ſo many hundred *Ages*, were newly *ſprung* up in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, and going with Fire and Faggot to ſet all our Libraries in Aſhes; and when that was done, to knock all the *Parſons* in the Head, and raviſh all the *Women* between *Temple-bar* and *White-chappel*. But Dr. *Otes*'s forty thouſand *Pilgrims*, with their *black Bills*, and ſo forth, don't ſmell ſo much of Romance. All the Reaſon I know of he has to make this hideous Out-cry, is, becauſe the *Diſpenſary* has made bold to expoſe the *rambling Fuſtian* of his two *Arthurs*, and ſome honeſt Gentlemen, that now and then uſe to *drink* a *Diſh* of *Tea* at *Will*'s, have

been guilty of the horrid Sin of ſpeaking the Truth, and condemning his Rhymes. A ſtrange thing this? that a Man muſt be an *Atheiſt*, only for calling *Dullneſs* by its proper Name, and a *Rake*, becauſe he has too much Honeſty to Flatter one of the moſt ſtupid execrable *Poems*, that has plagu'd the World ſince the Days of *Quarles* and *Ogilby*. As I told you before, the Author of this incomparable *Satyr* has been pleaſed to diſown it; but he has acknowledged enough to do his Buſineſs. He has own'd to a *Perſon* of the indelible Character, who complimented him upon the Writing of it, and told him, that an indelible Mark was ſtamped upon all his Works, that indeed he *Corrected* and *Reviſed* it (if another had been to Correct it, he would have done it with *Martial*'s *Una litura*;) but indeed did not Write it: However, this is enough in all Conſcience, for next to the Scandal of Writing ſuch a confounded *Satyr*, that of Correcting and Reviſing it, deſerves the next place. But in *Satyr* and *Murder*, there's no ſuch thing as *Acceſſories*, but every Man is a *Principal*. It wou'd look like too Solemn a Confutation of ſuch *Ribaldry*, to ſay that the Gentlemen, whom he has abuſed, have improved and cultivated our Tongue, have obliged the World with ſeveral Works that

will be read with Admiration, and remembred with Gratitude, when his are forgotten, that they think it no Disgrace to their Learning, to accompany it with good Manners, that they know when to unbend themselves to Pleasure, and when to apply to Business, that they don't affect a Gravity which after all becomes none but *mysterious Block-heads*, nor show their Morals, by censuring those of their Neighbours; I say, it would look too solemn, to say any thing like this in their *Justification*, since not only their own Works speak for them, but they are sufficiently commended, by being made the Heroes of his Libel. Among other merry Doctrines he advances, he tells the World, that 'tis impossible for a Man to be a Wit, and not a Rake; this I suppose he calculated for the Meridian of *Cheapside*, and for the Consolation of his *City-Friends*, whom all the *World* will clear from the Imputation of being *Wits*; and yet, with all due Respect to my *Lord-Mayor* and *Aldermen* be it spoken, I believe there are as many of that Character within the *City-walls*, as there are in *Covent-garden*, and stupid senseless Coxcombs too, that discredit *Pleasure*, and Murder *that* which was design'd to enliven *Conversation*. He principally levels his Indignation at Mr. *Dryden*,

den, and among other Sins, taxes him with Flattery. If Flattery is to be Pardon'd in any ſort of Men, it certainly ought to be in the *Poets*; but for my part, I don't think them more guilty of it, than the reſt of Mankind, who all agree to make their Courtſhip to Wealth and Greatneſs; and if it is a Sin to flatter Greatneſs, they do neither better nor worſe than all the *World*, who, perhaps, have not the ſame Excuſe. If Man were minded to be ill-natur'd, he might eaſily turn the *Tables* upon the *Church*, and ſhow that the *Parſons* have *flatter'd* as much as the *Poets*. If the Latter in their Epiſtles Dedicatory beſtow *Wit* and *Learning* upon *Block-heads*, the Former have beſtowed *Grace*, and the Lord knows how many *Chriſtian Virtues* upon thoſe that never poſſeſs'd them. What makes it look worſe in the *Parſons* than the *Poets?* Is it, that the Latter are priviledged by Function, whereas the former are Men of Grimace, and are ſuppoſed to deal in nothing but Truth: But 'tis a Jeſt, that the *City Bard* ſhould fall foul upon any one for Flattery; he that has been guilty of the groſſeſt, vileſt Flattery imaginable, and proſtituted the Dignity of an *Epic Poem*, more than any one before him. An *Epic Poem* is a noble magnificent Compoſition; the chief End of

it

it is to excite Men to Virtue, by celebrating illuſtrious Examples, and propoſing them to Imitation. 'Tis a Public ſort of a Building, like that of a *Temple*, or a *Town-hall*; now as a Man that deſigns to build any ſuch Structure, if he intends to adorn it with Statues, ought to ſet up thoſe of celebrated Men, of *Kings*, or *Princes*, or *Biſhops*, and not his *Barber*'s becauſe he Trims him well, or his *Shooe-maker*'s, becauſe he has got the Length of his Foot: So in *Epic Poem*, an Author ſhould only introduce Men of Figure into his Work, and not throw away his Incenſe upon mean or obſcure Perſons, merely becauſe they are his Friends, and now and then drink a Glaſs a Wine with him at the *Three Tuns*. Yet the Author of the two *Arthurs*, has not only done this, but has (to his immortal Credit be it ſpoken) introduced *Satyr* into an *Epic Poem*, which no one did before him, and I dare ſwear no one will ever attempt the like after him, except ſuch a ſordid Imitator, as he that has *Burleſqued* our *Saviour* in *Heroic*. But to return to our *Satyriſt*:

You and I, and every Body has been charm'd with the honourable Mr. *Boyl*'s Anſwer to a ſtiff haughty *Grammarian* that ſhall be nameleſs, but is known well enough. Never did Wit and Learning Triumph ſo glo-

glorioufly over Dullneſs and Pedantry, as in that noble Book; and never was any Argument managed with that Variety of Learning, and thoſe agreeable *Turns* of *Wit*. Accordingly it had not only a kind Reception in *England*, but elſewhere. The *Foreign Journals*, gave it the Commendation it deſerves, and all the *Polite Judges* in *Europe* were pleaſed to ſee an *arrogant Pedant*, that had been crouding his Head twenty Years together with the Spoils of *Lexicons* and *Dictionaries*, worſted and foiled by a *young Gentleman*, upon his own *Dunghil*, and by his own *Criticiſms*. Thus one would have thought that Mr. *Boyl*'s Merit and Quality would have ſecured him from any ſcurrilous Treatment; and that his Enemies, if he could have any ſuch, wou'd be content to Envy him in Private, and never have the Impudence to Attack him in Public. And yet the noble *Author* of the *Satyr againſt Wit*, has villainouſly inſinuated, that the *Gentleman* I have been talking of, did not Write the Book, to which he prefixed his own Name. I will appeal to you, whether 'tis poſſible for any Suggeſtion to be more malicious and baſe than This; and whether the *Publiſher* of it can be uſed too ſcurvily, ought to be treated with any good Manners, which he has ſo notoriouſly violated. They talk

talk of *Squibbing* him with *Epigrams*; for my part, I think 'tis doing him too much *Honour*, and making him more considerable than he deserves; however, if they go on with it, I shall not be wanting to contribute my *Quota* to so *Pious* a *Design*.

'Tis now high time to come to the Author of the *Poetæ Britannici*: I do the *Scoundrel* too much Honour to name him; but since two or three *Advertisements* have set him out in all his Trappings, for once I shall condescend to mention him: His Name is *Cobb*, the same numerical *Blew-coat-boy*, that some Years ago Writ a *merry Pindarick* upon the *Queen*'s *Death*, which was presented for *Blasphemy* at the *Old-baily*. I can't imagine how it cou'd come into the Head of so obscure a *Wretch*, to think he cou'd do any Honour to the Persons he pretends to commend, or that his *Censure* should be taken in Prejudice of the meanest *Scribler* in *Town*.

Thus I have given you a short Account of these two *Lampoons*; I should have made a Scruple to obey your Commands, (the only time I was ever like to Disobey you) in sending them down to you, but that I consider'd with my self, that your Worship in all probability has been a great *Transgressor* these *Christmas-holidays*, and Trespass most enor-

enormously with your *Tenants* in *Roast-beef* and *March-beer*; for which Reason it may not be amiss for you to do *Penance*, as I reckon you will most plentifully, if you can have Patience to Read over the *City Bard's* and the *Blew-coat Scribler's Poem*. I am, with all Respect,

Your most humble Servant.

To a Physician in the Country.

Sir,

WE are almost barren of News; the War betwixt the *Northern Crowns*, and the *Poetical Physicians* is the only Subject at present; *Holstein* and *Riga*, *Cheapside* and *Covent-garden* the Scene of all our Coffee-house Debates. What passes in our two first, the publick Prints will inform you; the latter I shall endeavour to give you some Account of: You are not Ignorant of the *Civil War* that is broke out amongst the Subjects of *Apollo*, and the Disorders in *Parnassus*. Two brawny *Heroes*, the Sons of *Paeon*, head the opposite Factions; both have signalized themselves extraordinarily

traordinarly, one in four Poems, which he has Printed, and to'ther in a Poem printed four times. The *City Bard* takes Arms, to drive out *Wit*, as an *Evil Counſellor* from all the *Rellins* of *Apollo*. The *Covent-garden Heroe* riſes in its Defence, and maintains its Services. This Quarrel is ſo far ſpread, that it's not like to be decided *Proprio Marte*; each Chief has his Faction, the *Knight* of the *Round-table* has gather'd a Body of Mercenaries, to whom, on the other ſide, are oppoſed a Squadron of Auxiliary Volunteers; and thus, as in Forty One, *Blew-aprons*, and *Laced-coats* are drawn up againſt one another, and the *Rable* and *Gentlemen* ſet together by the Ears; each Side confident of Succeſs, that truſting to their Multitudes, this to their Courage and Conduct. The *Peſtle* and *Mortar-men* are drawn up againſt the *Eſculapian Band*; the firſt, who like *Taylors* and *Women* meaſure the Goodneſs of every Thing by the *length*, aſſert the good old Cauſe of long *Bills*, and long *Poems*, againſt the *Jus Divinum* of Efficacy and Senſe; and think it infinitely more Meritorious to write three or four *Folio's* without *Wit*, than to fill a ſmall *Octavo* with it, and prefer the Art of *Swelling* a *Bill*, before the *Skill* to *Cure* a *Diſeaſe*. The *Cheapſide Heroe*, they ſay, devotes himſelf wholly to their Ser-

Service, and *Rhimes* as well as Preſcribes to the uſe of their Shops: However, this doubty Chief, in the midſt of his *Cheapſide Triumphs*, has been brought under Martial Diſcipline, and forc'd to run the Gantlet in *Covent-garden*, and ſwitch'd through the whole Poſſe of *Parnaſſus*, for fighting againſt the Law of Arms with falſe Colours. Thoſe that favour his Cauſe complain of the Injuſtice and Indignity of his Puniſhment, alledging, he ſuffers for what he never did. They on the other Hand defend their Proceedings, and affirm they know him through his Diſguiſe, and that coming upon 'em in Maſquerade, he ought to ſuffer as a Spy, or an *Aſſaſſin*, and deſerves no more Quarter, than he gives to his *Patients*. Notwithſtanding this, his Party have rallied once more, and the *Mercenaries* are brought to the Attack, who hope to affect that by Stratagem, that they deſpair of by plain Force; and, like the *Scots* at the *Baſs*, ſince they can't reduce 'em by *Arms*, attempt to Poiſon them with *Stink-pots*. At the Head of thoſe, is a Mendicant *Rhymer*, one that begs with a *Poem*, like a *Paſs* in his Hand, and with a ſham *Brief*, as a Sufferer by *Poetick Fire*; has Collected the Charity of well-diſpoſed Perſons through all *Parnaſſus* for above twice twelve *Months*;

and

and like a true Beggar, when he has tired 'em out, falls a Railing: For a Bribe from his Ballad-Printer's not large enough to Rob him of the Benefit of the Act of Parliament, for the Relief of Poor Priſoners; and the Promiſe of a Dinner now and then from Sir *Arthur*, he has conſented to *Libel* his Benefactors, and return to his old Quarters, and ſubſiſt for the Remainder of his Life upon the *Basket*. Thus countenanced and encouraged, he lays about him moſt deſperately, and like one not much concern'd for the Succeſs, draws his *Incenſe*, and his *Ammunition* from the ſame *Houſe* of *Office*. *Friends* and *Foes* are treated alike in Compliment, he paints one with the ſame Sir-reverence, that he aims to bedaub the other; and when his Hand is in, like the Conqueror in *Hudibraſs*'s Ovation, beſtows his Ordure very liberally amongſt the Spectators. Thus, Sir, I have given you a true Account of the State of the *Poetical War*, headed on both Sides by Gentlemen of your Faculty; among whom, though here has been no Bloodſhed, there has been as much Noiſe of Slaughter and Execution, as in *Holſtein*, or *Livonia*. You may expect more on the ſame Subject, for the Quarrel is not like to drop, while *H——ns* can tell his Fingers, or *P——* ſubſiſt on Mumping in Metre.

I am, &c.

LOVE-

LOVE-LETTERS,

WRITTEN

By Mr.—— to Madam——

I Had a Mind to know, *Madam*, whether you had quarrel'd with me t'other Night, at the —— or not; and therefore, writing to you Yesterday, I find now that you are angry at something; but may I be *discarded*, if I know the Reason: If you have made a Quarrel on my approving ——, I beg your *Pardon*, and shall henceforth do *Violence* to my own *Reason*, and contradict *Mankind* to agree with you: 'Tis hard to find any Simpathy in *Hearts*, where there's such *Contrariety* in Opinions. I shall therefore, *Madam*, henceforth square my Sentiments to yours in every thing; and if you will quarrel without a Cause, I will oblige you, and do so too. Your Uneasiness, *Madam*, wrongs either your own *Charms* or my *Sincerity*; either of which

is a ſenſible Abuſe to me. 'Tis a hard Fate, that you can't *love* and be *eaſie*, and I can't *deſiſt* and *live:* but I can *die* to make you *happy*; an ill-natur'd Line or two does the Buſineſs; for I cannot bear the *Spleen*, the *Rheumatiſm*, and *your Diſpleaſure* at once. So, *Madam*, ſtrike now, and for ever quit your ſelf of an unfortunate Man, who has but one Hand, which he thinks ſufficient, ſince he can thereby ever own himſelf

Yours.

To the ſame.

Madam, *Sunday-morning.*

NExt to my *Prayers*, I muſt addreſs my *Devotions* to you; to you whom I have offended, and to whom I muſt offer a *penitential Sacrifice*, if an Oblation of a *bleeding Heart* can make any Attonement for my *Sin*, I offer it freely. Heaven is merciful, and ſo ſhou'd you be; I dare not approach, without your Permiſſion: If you will Sign my *Pardon* in a Line from your *dear Hand*, expect me with all the Joy of a re-

repriev'd *Malefactor*. I am, *Madam*, *happy* or *miſerable*, as you pleaſe to make me.

To the ſame.

WHat ſhall I ſay to the *deareſt Woman* upon Earth! Were my Thoughts common, how eaſily might they be expreſs'd! But the Expreſſion, like the Enjoyment in Love, is loſt by a too ardent Deſire; my *Soul* plumes it ſelf in the ſecret Pride of being belov'd by you; and upon ſo juſt a Foundation of valuing my ſelf, who can accuſe me of Vanity? I can no more *compliment* what I *love*, than I can *flatter* what I *hate*; and therefore when I tell you, that your *Charmes* are more and more engaging, and my Love improving, believe it for a Truth; hear my *Wiſh*, and then conclude me happy:

Oh! cou'd I find (grant Heaven that once I may)
A Nimph fair, kind, poetical and gay;
Whoſe Love ſhou'd blaze unſullied and divine,
Lighted at firſt by the bright Lamp of mine:
Free from all ſordid Ends, from Intereſt free,
For my own ſake Affecting only me.
What a bleſt Union ſhou'd our Souls combine!
Her's alone, as ſhe was only mine;

Blest in her Arms, I should immortal grow;
Whilst in return, I made my Celia *so.*
Sweet generous Favours shou'd our Loves express,
I'd Write for Love, and She shou'd Love for Verse:
Not Sachariſſa's *self, great* Waller's *Fair,*
Shou'd for an endless Name with mine compare.
She shou'd transcend all that e're went before,
Her Praises, like her Beauty shou'd be more:
My Verse shou'd run so high, the World shou'd see,
I sung of her, and She inspired me:
The World shou'd see that from my Love I drew,
At once my Theam, and Inspiration too:
Blest in my Wish, my Fair, I'm blest with you.

I went abroad Yesterday morning about seven, and return'd about one this morning, slept till past eight, then arose to tell you, that I dreamt of you all the time, and that I am your own.

To the same.

BY Heavens and Earth (my Dearest) I am ty'd Neck and Heels with Wine, and Company! All the Spells of Love can't undo the *Charm*; besides, *my Dear*, I am almost fudled; I shall stay here at the *Rose* till towards eleven; it will be a tedious Walk to go home to Night, considering that

that you lie upon the ſame Floor with the Door: It is not impoſſible, methinks, for a Man of ſo much *Love* to ſlip in *Incognito*. Your —— is with me, there will be a double Pleaſure in deceiving him, and being happy in my *dear* One's Arms; I ſhall call at the Door, and ſee whether the Coaſt be clear: however, this, if it ſucceeds, will make me the happieſt upon Earth——; however, my *Dear*, run no Hazard that may expoſe you; but conſider, my *Dear*, the eager Wiſhes of the faithfulleſt, and moſt loving of Mankind.

To the ſame.

IF I did not *Love*, I wou'd not beg, and if ever you *loved*, you'll grant my *Pardon*; your Letter, *Madam*, has tormented me more than all the *Favors* of your whole *Sex* beſides can pleaſe *me*; if I have *loſt you*, I have *loſt* my *ſelf*, *and* ſhall be loſt to all *Womankind*: My Letter laſt Night was written in heat of *Wine*; ſo Men guilty of *Murder* in their *Drink*, repent it all their *Lives*; mine is a greater *Crime*, for I have *ſtab'd* my ſelf, pierc'd my own *Heart*,

and now it bleeds with *Anguiſh* and *Deſpair.*

Stab'd my own Heart, and pierc'd your *Image*, there the Remembrance of the Happineſs I have enjoy'd, will now prove the greateſt *Curſe*; the melting Sighs, the moving Tears, the Joys, the Raptures that mounted me to Heaven, now caſt me down to Hell: I ſhall now turn *Poet* in good earneſt;

And like poor Ovid, *baniſh'd from his* Rome,
Curſe that deſtructive Art, that caus'd his Doom.

In ſhort, *Madam*, I am *Mad*, and if I think farther, I ſhall let the World ſee it. Revoke that word, *eternal Silence*, or you make me eternally *Miſerable*, for I am now the moſt Diſconſolate of Mankind.

To a young Lady.

By another Hand.

My Dearest Madam,

FOr ſo I muſt ever think you, I hope you got ſafe to *London*, and that your Indiſpoſition is abated, which will be the Means

Means to make mine the more tolerable, ſince I can more eaſily bear mine own than yours; You expect I ſhould tell you, how I am; and excepting a little Melancholy, the Reaſon of which you know, I find my ſelf tolerable, my Feavour, I think, did not think fit to viſit me laſt Night; I ramble out of one Room into another, now and then I let fall a Tear. I deſign to come to *London*, on *Sunday* next, that my Heart and I, may be in the ſame Place; till then, believe me moſt entirely

Yours.

To the ſame.

I Cannot help telling my Deareſt, how much I am hers, what Pleaſure I have in her Company, what Pain in her Abſence; to love her, is but to ſee her; and to value her, is only to know her: But pray, my Dear Mrs. ——, forget not to drink ſome Chocolate with me to Morrow, that I may once ſay, I ſpent a *Sunday* well; I am ſure I ſhall have ſome good Thoughts in the Morning, becauſe I ſhall think of you; and when I do ſo, I ſhall think of

one that I paſſionately Love, and that I hope is not unmindful of

Hers.

To the ſame.

TO convince you, I am not given to Change, regard but this Piece of Paper, 'tis torn like my Heart at taking leave, and is ſuch a Scribble as I uſually write; I am harſh in my Stile, negligent of my Ink, and not too exact in faſhioning up my Letter; and cannot have the leaſt Eſteem for my ſelf, but when I reflect that I have the Honour to be lookt upon as,

Madam, your moſt Humble.

To the ſame.

Dear Madam,

'TIs to you, I muſt always addreſs to tell me how I do; 'tis no matter, tho' I ſhou'd find my ſelf in Health, if your Frowns ſhou'd tell me otherwiſe; know then,

then, Madam, I languiſh, or revive, as you ſmile or look out of Humour; and though, at preſent, one wou'd gueſs by my Hand-writing, that I am juſt at the point of Death; yet, I doubt not, but I ſhall live tell to Morrow Evening, if you wou'd but promiſe, at that time, to come to

Tours.

A Letter from a Lady to her Lover, in the French *Army*; with a Tuft of Hair incloſed in it.

Out of the French.

Sir,

I Have ſent you a *Pattern* of what you formerly us'd to *like* ſo much, and cou'd wiſh the *whole* Piece with you: I *long* to ſee you, and am ſorry, that your *Honour* is dearer to you, than your *Miſtreſs*, and that you prefer a Lodging in a *Trench* to her *Arms*. I begin to complain of the *length* of the *Campagne*; but if it be true, that *one* of *theſe* incloſed in this Letter, can *draw* more than *ſix Horſes*, I may have ſome

ſome Hopes they'll *pull* you hither to me; at leaſt *all* that's left of you, for I ſuppoſe you are too much a *Heroe*, to bring back all your *Limbs* with you, or to have any thing *entire*, but your *Heart*, at your return to

Yours.

To Madam C——ll.

Madam,

IT is not without ſome Pains, *Madam*, that I have gathered the following Account, which if it proves not advantagious to me; it is at leaſt very ſatisfactory, to know why I am *refus'd*: Becauſe you don't *like me*. A very *ſubſtantial Reaſon*, I muſt confeſs; and the only one I believe, on which the *Vertue* of your *Sex* is grounded: For, *Madam*, I am ſatisfied, your *Fortreſs* is not *Impregnable*, and though you won't *Capitulate* with me, though I offer your own *Terms*, I know the *Man*, to whom you would *gladly Surrender* upon his. A *Song*, or an *amorous Copy* of *Love-Verſes*, wou'd gain the Point: 'Tis ſtrange, *Madam*, that you ſhould be in *Love* with the *Sons* of the *Muſes*; thoſe *poor Rogues*, that can

can only pay with empty *Breath*, what I, with *ſubſtantial Gold*, wou'd *purchaſe*; and that uſed to be the moſt prevailing *Argument* with your *Sex*. Adſheart, *Madam*, half a Crown damns a *Poet* at any time, and for a Shilling, you may buy what he has puzl'd his Brains about half a Year to Collect; then, pray where lies the *Curioſity?* Now, I ſhould think, a *little Money*, or a *little Wit*, clean *Linnen*, and a *ſweet Breath*, might be every jot as acceptable. I may reaſonably ſuppoſe, your *Husband*, a *very Husband*; for Women are generally in Extreams, and your Sickneſs of the *Fool* is encreas'd to a Madneſs for a *Wit*. Now, *Madam*, I would adviſe you, to apply a *Medium* for your Cure, which you may find in your humble Servant: I am neither *Ideot* enough, to be call'd a *Driveller*; nor *Wit* enough, to ſet up for a *Poet:* yet, I'll venture a Wager, if you'll try, I can leave you as ſubſtantial as either. Conſider, *Madam*, on this Advice, and Heaven give you Grace to put it in Practice: I ſhall expect your Anſwer, or you may expect the ſecond Part of the ſame *Tune*. For in ſhort, *Madam*, I *Love you*, and muſt, and will *Poſſeſs:* I am reſolv'd not to be uneaſie thus, when 'tis in your Power to give me *Eaſe*. I am, *Madam*, or will be wholly

yours,

yours, and I hope to find one Day the ſame Concluſion, in a Letter from your *dear* ſelf.

Madam C——ll's *Anſwer to* ——

COu'd I value a Man upon his Fortune, I ſhou'd condeſcend to Converſe with a *Fool*, though by your *Aſſurance* and *Vanity*, one wou'd take you for a *Wit*: my Converſation with the *Sons* of the *Muſes*, is purely for my *Diverſion*; if I thought you had Sence enough to make me Sport, I wou'd lift you in the *Number*. I'm afraid the Product of your whole Life, wont amount to the Value of what you reckon a *Poet*'s half Year's Pains, unleſs it were to expoſe your ſelf, which they can do better for you: You tell me, you have a *ſweet Breath*, but how can that be a *ſweet Breath*, which *Stinks* ſo *Rankly* of *Nonſence?* You propoſe a *little Mony*, and a *little Wit*; but I ſcorn to be beholding to any Man for the former, and the latter I have it already, without the Arrogance of *Riches*, and the ill Manners of *Vanity*. My *Husband* knows me ſo well by my *Company*, and you ſo well by your *Letter*, that he has given me leave to

to Anſwer it; nay, *commanded* me, elſe I had left you a Prey to your *Conceit* and *Vanity*; which in a little time, will make you fit for the *Stage*, and ſo make you good Company for *Women* of *Sence*.

Sir, I adviſe you to make your *Valet* tranſcribe your Letters for you, for your own hand Spells worſe than a Whore.

His Anſwer to Mrs. C——ll.

AN Anſwer, and by the *Husband's Command* too; better ſtill, I hope you have *Wit* enough to make Advantage of the Liberty he gives you: Your Letter, Madam, ſhews you a Woman of Sence; and the *Scarceneſs* of that *Commodity* in your Sex, renders you the more agreeable: And it ought to be taken into conſideration by the *Parliament*, to prevent the Increaſe of Fools, that no one Man ſhou'd engroſs a *Perſon* of *Wit* to *himſelf*: You are very ſevere, *Madam*; but no matter, I had rather be the Subject of your Thought this way, than not at all; for I may hope at laſt to convince you of the *Sincerity* of my *Paſſion*, and *Pity* is eſſential to your *Sex*. But, what am I doing! this

this is labouring to be a Fool indeed, and loſing your Opinion of my Vanity; if you'll let me enter your Liſt, *Madam*, under what Colours you pleaſe, I don't queſtion coming off with Credit. And if you don't confeſs I have made you as good Sport as any of the *Parnaſſian* Family, I'll give you leave to *caſhire* me the next *Moment*. I'm glad to find ſuch a Reformation in your *Sex*; but, I doubt, Madam, you'll hardly perſwade many of 'em to be of your Mind. For I tell you, *Madam*, *Gold* is the *Womens God*; and there's ſcarce a *Dutcheſs* in this *Kingdom*, that can't find an uſe for a *ſuperfluous* Sum. I deny your having *Wit* without *Vanity*; if you mean in your ſelf, good Manners obliges me not to contradict you, tho' I have much ado to help reminding you of the following Line, in the Letter, 'tis out, Faith, before I was aware, your Pardon for that: If you mean the Lover, I muſt tell you, Madam, that no *Poet* is without the *Vanity* of *ten thouſand* a *Year*, and I'll warrant, to aſſert his own *Wit*, wou'd venture to *Libel* a *Parliament-man*, for *hiſſing* his *damn'd dull Plays*, though he had pick'd his *Pocket* of *half* a *Crown*. Look ye, Madam, I have no occaſion to expoſe the *Product* of my *Brain*; the *Product* of my *Eſtate* is ſufficient to afford me *Neceſſaries*; and that's more

more than your *Poetical Friends* can warrant from their ſpare *Diet* and hard *Study*. And to anſwer the *Poſtſcript*, good *Spelling* is beneath a *Gentleman*; ſo much by way of Anſwer. *Now, Madam*, I wiſh I knew of what Metal, this good Man of yours is made; for I would fain be acquainted with him, 'tis the beſt way of Intriguing in the World: If he is a *Courtier*, *Flattery makes him my Friend*; if he's a *Citizen*, *Cuſtom in his way of Trade*; if he ſerves the *King*, *a Bribe may do the Buſineſs*; if a *Man below theſe*, a *hard Word*, and a *big Look* makes you mine; and if I once had Poſſeſſion, you ſhou'd find I had Courage enough to defend my own, though with all the Submiſſion to you imaginable. For believe me, Madam, to be the ſincereſt of all your humble Servants.

An Anſwer.

I'M very glad to hear, Sir, that you are a *Member* of *Parliament*, for by that means you may prefer a Bill in favour of my *Sex*, that may provide againſt the troubleſome *Suit* of thoſe we don't care for. Pray

Sir,

Sir, be kind to the D—— of *N*——; I don't think but an *Act* of *Reſumption*, in eaſe of a Wife may paſs. If an *Act* of *Parliament* make a *Cuckold*, it may be of dangerous Conſequence to all the *Husbands* in the *Nation*; for the Subjects will be for following the Example of the higher Powers. I imagine you to be of the *Court* Party, you underſtand a Bribe ſo well; but I can aſſure you my Husband falls not in your Road; he's no *Courtier*, conſequently no *Knave*; no *Soldier*; ſo not in your Power to uſe ill; no truſting *Cit* to oblige your *Squireſhip*'s *Acquaintance*; nor Fool enough to be frighted with the *Bray of an Aſs*: thus much by way of Anſwer to your Wiſh. And now, Sir, I tell you, I want much of your *Vanity* to reliſh your *Flattery*; I have *Wit* enough to diſtinguiſh the Arrogance of a Coach and Six from the Complaiſance of a Man of *Sence*; I deſpiſe your *Price*, and *nauſeate* your *Perſon*; and if you don't deſiſt, I ſhall expoſe your Name in Print; and your Years will ſhew you *Bankrupt* in *Love*, as your *Letters* does of *Sence* and good *Manners*; and that you are deficient in 'em all, I believe the World will agree with,

Sir,

Your humble Servant.

To

To Mrs. ———.

By another Hand.

Madam,

I Muſt acquaint you in ſhort, that you muſt either *pull* out your *Eyes*, or I muſt *pull* out mine; either you muſt not be *Handſome*, or I muſt be *Blind*. Yet though my *Paſſion* is as *violent* perhaps as any Man's, you muſt not expect I ſhou'd either *Hang* or *Drown*. I ſhou'd betray great Want of *Senſe*, and little Knowledge of your *Merit*, to be willing to leave the World while you are in it. To deal ſincerely with you, *Madam*, I *chooſe* infinitely the Happineſs of *Living* with you, before the Glory of *Dying* for you. Beſides, I have that *good* Opinion of your *Senſe*, to believe you prefer the *living* Lover to the *dead*; the Lips that are *warm*, to thoſe that are *cold*; the Limbs which have *Motion*, to thoſe which have *none*. If I muſt *die*, Madam, *kill* me with your *Kindneſs*, but not with your *Cruelty*: Let me *expire* rather upon your *Boſom*, than at your Feet. If you ſhall be *tenderly* inclined to give me a *Death* of this kind, I am prepared to receive it on any Ground in the

three Kingdoms: Appoint but your *place*, and I ſhall not fail to meet my fair *Murderer*.

To my Lady——.

Madam,

I Am now at my Lady———, where we have had a very *warm* Debate: Among many general Things we happen'd to fall into a Diſcourſe of Queen *Elizabeth*, and a Queſtion ariſing what Complexion ſhe was of; one Lady ſaid, ſhe was *Fair*, another maintain'd ſhe was *Black*, a third contended ſhe was *Brown*. The Diſpute was managed with very great *Heat*, and little *Certainty* on all ſides. *Speed*, *Baker*, *Camden*, were conſulted; but we found the Hiſtorians either *ſilent*, or as much *divided* as the Company; at laſt, after a *long* Debate, it was the *unanimous* Reſolution of both Ladies and Gentlemen, to *refer* it to your Ladiſhip's *Determination*, as a Perſon of greater *Antiquity*, and conſequently of better *Authority* than our *Chronicles*. If you ſhall do us the *favour* to give us ſome *Satisfaction* in this Matter, 'twill be a *general* Obligation

on to the *whole* Company, and a *particular* Honour done to,

Madam,

Your Ladiſhip's obedient Servant.

To the ſame.

A Love-Letter to an old Lady.

Madam,

PAying a Viſit Yeſterday to Mrs.———, I was informed of your *Ladiſhip's* Diſpleaſure: What ſhou'd occaſion your Indignation, I cannot well apprehend: I do aſſure you, no Man living has a greater Veneration for your Ladiſhip, or has been readier upon all occaſions to teſtifie it to the World. To convince you of the Truth of what I ſay, I will relate to you what happened laſt *Saturday*; by which it will appear, that I have been ſo far from *ridiculing* your *Ladiſhip*, which is the *Accuſation* you *faſten* upon me, that no one could have given greater *Demonſtration* of his *Reſpect*: For being in *Company*, where mention was made of your *Ladiſhip*, not ſo honourable indeed as I

could have wiſhed, or your *Quality* and *Character* might have required; I took occaſion to do Juſtice to your Merit: *Gentlemen*, ſaid I, you do my Lady wrong; for my own part I muſt *profeſs*, I think her a very *agreeable Woman*. You cannot be *ſerious* ſure, *replies* a certain *Gentleman*, who had more *Malice* than *Wit*; in my whole *Life*, I never ſaw ſo *hideous* a *Complexion*. *Sir*, ſaid I, 'tis unjuſtly done, to find fault with a *Complexion*, which is none of her own; if her Face diſpleaſes you, blame her *Woman* who made it. But I hope, returned he, you will not deny, but that ſhe is *Red-hair'd*: With ſubmiſſion, Sir, I do, to my certain knowledge ſhe has not one *hair* on her *Head*. But then her *Teeth*, all the *World* muſt allow are *execrable*. I deny it, Sir, for ſhe has but *one* that is bad. But you muſt grant me her *Chin* is too long by three Inches. But do you apprehend the Reaſon? 'Tis becauſe her *Neck* is too ſhort by two. I ſee, Sir, ſaid he, with ſome little heat, you are obſtinately bent to oppoſe the Power of Truth; but I hope you are not ſo far prejudiced, as to maintain her *Breath* to be ſweet? That Infirmity, *Sir*, replied I, is the Effect of the Foulneſs of her *Lungs*, and not of her *Mouth*; and, if her Lungs are rotten, is it her *Ladiſhip*'s Fault, or *Nature's*. And then her Gate,

Gate, says he, is the most disagreeable in the World. You have betrayed at once, *Sir*, said I, both your *Malice*, and your *Ignorance*; if you had the least Acquaintance with her Ladiship, you must have known better; Alas! poor *Lady!* she has not walkt without *Crutches* these ten Years. But then her Conduct, I hope you will not undertake to justifie that; how does it become old *Eve*, think you, to *Patch*, and *Paint*, *Intrigue*, read *Romances*, and *Love-verses*, talk *Smuttily*, look *Amorously*, dress *Youthfully*; insomuch, that if it were not for her *Looks*, you could not distinguish her from her Daughter. Under favour, Sir, you mistake, 'tis her *Grand-daughter* you mean. And then to keep a *young* Fellow of five and twenty to *satisfie* her brutal Lust. 'Tis false, I have heard Mr. ——— affirm a thousand times she was *Insatiable*.

He would have proceeded in his Defamations, but I desired him to omit all farther Discourse on that Subject, for that I could not, with Patience, support, that a Woman of your *Ladiship*'s Merit, and Virtue, and a Woman for whom I had so particular an Honour, should be so impudently Vilified and Blasphemed to my Face.

I hope by this time you are made sensible, *Madam*, that I am quite another Per-

ſon, than you apprehended me to be, and that I am ſo far from having any *diſreſpectful* Thoughts of your *Ladiſhip*, that no one of your *Grand-children*, the *neareſt* Relation you have *remaining*, could have gone farther in your *Vindication*. But I would not have you attribute my *Defence* of your Ladiſhip, altogether to *Reſpect*; give it a *tenderer*, and *truer* Name, and call it *Love*. I ſay *Love*; for let me die, *Madam*, if I have not a violent Paſſion for your *Ladiſhip*. I know you may very well ſuſpect the Truth of what I ſay; for *Love* in me, you will tell me, ought to imply *Beauty* in you. But *Love*, you know very well, creates *Beauty* no leſs frequently, than *Beauty* does *Love*. And if by the help of *Imagination*, I can find out *Charms* in you, which no Body elſe can diſcover; I think I have reaſonable Foundation enough for my *Paſſion*: there is *ſomething*, I know not where to fix it, 'tis not in your *Face* or *Shape*, or *Mien*, or *Air*, or any part of your *Body*; much leſs in your *Mind*: but *ſomething* there is ſo very agreeable, *ſomething* I know not what, nor where, ſo bewitching that 'tis not in my power to defend my *Heart* againſt you. Perhaps the *malicious World* will ſay you are *Old*; but we know *old* Wine intoxicates more than *new*; and an *aged* Oak, is ſtron-

ſtronger than a *young* one. 'Tis with your *Ladiſhip*'s *Beauty*, as with *old* Buildings when they fall, it deſtroys with its Ruins. As I profeſs my ſelf an *Admirer* of *Antiquity*, by conſequence I ſhould have no ſmall *Paſſion* for your *Ladiſhip*: For I muſt tell you, *Madam*, there are finer Fragments of *Antiquity* in your *Face*, than any *Greece* or *Italy* can boaſt of; and more *Beauty* lies *buried* in one *Wrinkle* of yours, than in the *Ruins* of the moſt ſtately *Arches*, or moſt magnificent *Temples*. You cannot therefore queſtion the Sincerity of my Profeſſion, when I tell you I am, *Madam*, with all Reality,

Your Ladiſhip's moſt paſſionate Adorer, and moſt obedient, humble Servant.

To a Lady that had got an Inflamation in her Eyes.

Madam,

YOu will hardly believe, perhaps, how much People talk of your Indiſpoſition. The late *Eclipſe*, when the Sun it ſelf was in Labour, occaſion'd not half the Diſ-

courſe, as the preſent Diſtreſs your *Eyes* are in, throughout the whole *Empire* of your *Beauty*, that is throughout the whole *Kingdom*. Nothing is more generally talk'd of, or more univerſally lamented. Thoſe *beautiful Eyes*, which were wont to ſpread *Joy* in all *Hearts*, now diffuſe *Sorrow* in every *Breaſt*: at the ſame time they raiſe different *Paſſions*; the *Women pity* what they *envy*, and the *Men lament* what they *adore*. 'Tis true, there are ſome diſcontented Perſons, that perhaps have formerly felt your Rigour, who let drop bold Expreſſions; they ſay, your *Eyes* are deſervedly puniſh'd, for the many *Violences* and *Barbarities* they have committed; that 'tis but juſt they ſhould be *afflicted*, who have made ſo many poor Men *ſuffer*; and that it ſeems a manifeſt *Judgment* of *Heaven*, that the *Diſtemper* ſhou'd *attacque* you in the very Place where you *aſſault* Mankind. Theſe are the Murmurs of ſome few Men, *Madam*, whom we except from the Multitudes who bewail the Calamities of your *Eyes*.

Sir *Thomas* ———, who you know ſpeaks fine things, did me the honour of a Viſit Yeſterday, and commands me to tell you, That had he as many *Eyes* as *Argus*, to give yours one Moment's eaſe, he wou'd pluck them all out, and throw them, as he wou'd

wou'd *himſelf*, and his *Fetters*, at your *Feet*. For my own part, *Madam*, who have but two Eyes, one of 'em is at your *Ladiſhip*'s Service, the other I am unwilling to loſe, becauſe I am unwilling to loſe the ſight of you.

Your grave *Unkle* likewiſe gives his Service to you; 'twas my Fortune to meet him at my *Lady* ——'s Lodgings, where your *Ladiſhip*, and your preſent Indiſpoſition, being the Subject of our Diſcourſe, the old Gentleman, who *moraliſes* on every thing under the Sun, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, and laying his Hand upon his ſage Breaſt, Alas! ſays he, ſee the Vanity of all Things here below! See, Ladies, ſee Gentlemen, ſee how frail is Beauty! how uncertain its Poſſeſſion! the fineſt Eyes in the Univerſe are in danger of loſing their beautiful Luſtre! How imperfect are the moſt perfect Things! Alas, alas, *Vanity of Vanity, all is Vanity*, ſays the Preacher.

When the *Oracle* had ceaſed, Sir, ſaid I, (with an affected grave Look) I remember well, you were wont frequently to tax your Niece, with *Pride*; don't you think Providence deſign'd this preſent Affliction as a Leſſon of *Humility* to her? Does it not ſeem the very Intention of *Heaven*, by this Indiſpoſition, that thoſe very *Eyes* which

may

may justly make her *proud*, shou'd teach her to be *humble*: that where she is *strongest*, she shou'd find her self *weak*: that where she is most *divine*, she shou'd confess her self *mortal*.

Very religiously and solidly reflected, says old *Solomon*; I profess I am surprized to find so much Maturity in so much Youth: Go on in the Ways of Wisdom and prosper.

Thus, *Madam*, like a faithful *Historian*, as I am, I have related to you, what is the Discourse of the World upon this Infirmity; but I am sensible, I have made your *Ladiship*'s Patience suffer, by the unfashionable Length of my Letter, which I fear will give your *Eyes*, in the Weakness they are in at present, too much pain in the reading. I shall conclude, with my Advice and my Wish: My Advice, That you wou'd take care of the finest Eyes in the World. My Wish, That the Flame were remov'd from your *Eyes* to your *Heart*. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladiship's most obedient Servant.

To

To Mr. B—— *in* Covent-garden.

An Account of a Journey to Exon, *&c.*

Apr. 8. 1700.

AS we have one *good Quality* in our *Sex* beyond what *yours* can boaſt of, that is, ſeldom to make a Promiſe but with a Deſign to keep it; I have therefore been careful to let you ſee I cannot eaſily forget any thing which ſo great an Obligation as my *Word* hath engag'd me to remember: And as there was nothing needful but a bare Remembrance of my Promiſe to induce me to preſerve it, ſo I hope, on your part, there will be nothing more requir'd to render what I have ſent you acceptable than a Willingneſs to receive it: I confeſs I have given you but a rude Account of my *Journey*, every part juſt ſcribled o'er with as much freedom as 'twas acted, wanting leiſure to put it in any other than a *looſe Morning-dreſs*, not queſtioning but it may pleaſe you as well without the *Formalities* of *Stile* as a *pretty Woman* without *Stays* may ſome of your *Acquaintance*.

In the firſt place I ſhall give you a *rough Draught* of thoſe *diſcording Mortals* our *Company* was compos'd of in the *Stage-*

Stage-coach, (viz.) A *Barriſter at Law,* an *Attorny's Clark,* a *Corniſh Juſtice,* a *Tailor,* and a *Valet* to a *Parliament-man* that *would be,* but ſome diſpute ariſing in the Election prevents me fixing his *Title,* that had I been travelling in a *Dutch Scout* or a *Graves-end Tilt-boat,* I could not have been treated with leſs Manners, or teas'd with more Impertinence

The *Juſtice,* notwithſtanding the Government's Care for the *Reformation of Vice,* was as drunk as a *Dutch Captain* before he engages, and, for the firſt Day, talk'd of nothing but *Fox-hounds, March-beer, Warrants, Whipping-poſts* and *Vagabonds,* Hallowing as laudably in every interval of his *Nonſence,* as if he had been riding three-quarter-ſpeed at the very Heels of his *Beagles,* larding his other *Qualifications* now and then with a Scrap of an *old Hunting Song,* with a *Hey down, ho down,* &c. which gave me good reaſon to ſuſpect he had been much more converſant with *Robin Hood's Balads* than with *Keeble's Statutes,* underſtanding the latter I believe as much as a *German Jugler* does *Necromancy,* or a *Lord-Mayor State-Policy.*

The *Limbs* of the *Law* were much diſturb'd at his *Bawling,* for I conceive they love *no Bodies Noiſe* but their *own.* They de-

desir'd him to sleep; but he cry'd, *Zounds, Sir, I win't sleep; I din't care a F---t for your Anger, I'm a Justice of Peace, and worth thirty Thousand Pound, and am the head Man where I live; and By G--d, if you come to* Lanction, *I'll give you a Glass of the best* March-*Beer you ever drank in your Life: but I will make a Noise if I please.* I was in hopes of seeing *Law* and *Justice* fall together by the Ears, but at last *Justice* slept and the *Law* got the better by surviving it.

The *Tailor*, had you seen him, you wou'd have sworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaus*, for he had Lines of Faith in his Face, and his Clothes bore the Marks of Poverty; he complain'd very much of *Trusting*: I find 'tis a common Calamity, and ruins more Families than the *Royal Oak-Lottery*.

The *Valet* personated his Master to a Tittle, and was as arrogant and noisie as e'er a *Country 'Squire* in *England*.

Now, if I were to be hang'd, I can't tell who had most Manners of all these: The *Lawyer* slept Dogs-sleep most part of the Way, I suppose the better to ruminate on the Causes he had in hand. The *Clark* was as impertinent as a *Midwife at a Gossipping*, and *I* as dull as an *old Woman at a Funeral*. They fail'd not to Eat and Drink heartily upon

upon the Road, nor to make me club to the Reckoning; *Juſtice* and *Law* were both of a ſide in that particular; and, the *Court of Equity* being very chargeable, I choſe to ſubmit upon any Terms, rather than ſeek for Remedy.

After the Fatigue of four Days, which might ſerve for a reaſonable Penance for all the Sins I ever committed in my Life, I arriv'd at *Exon*, where we met the *Judges* entering the Town in as much Triumph as ever *Cæſar* did *Rome* after a Victory; the *High-Sheriff* rode in as much State as a *Colonel* of the *City Train-bands*, and much in the ſame order, only the *Sheriff* march'd in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next Day being *Sunday*, call'd by the Natives of this Country *Maze-Sunday*, (and indeed not without ſome reaſon, for the People look'd as if they were *gallied*) I was wak'd by the tremendous Sound of a *Horſe-trumpet*, I imagin'd ſome *Monſter* was to be ſeen, and, looking out of my Window, I ſaw ſeveral ſorts, the firſt were *Mrs. Sheriff* and her *Husband*, (for Women rule in *this* Climate, and therefore I give her the Preheminence) in a triumphant Chariot (erected on purpoſe for that Occaſion) with *Dick* and *Doll* crouding to ſee their *Worſhips*, as if it had been his

Czar-

Czariſh Majeſty; the Cuſtom it ſeems is to conduct them in this manner to the moſt magnificent Church of the place, where we will leave them to their ſeveral Ejaculations.

I am your oblig'd Servant,
You know who.

The Anſwer.

Madam, *Apr.* 22. 1700.

I Received your Letter, and am glad to find by it, that you have got that by making a ſmall *Journey* to *Exeter*, for which other People are forced to croſs the *Alps*, and beat the *Hoof to Rome*, I mean the *Remiſſion* of your *Sins*, which you think you have made a reaſonable Attonement for, by ſuffering ſo much from the *Impertinence* of the *Corniſh Juſtice* and the two Limbs of the *Law*.

But, *Madam*, don't flatter your ſelf, or think that your *Chalk* will be ſo eaſily wiped out. You have been a great *Sinner* in your time, and *four Days Penance* in a *Stage-Coach* will hardly attone for the Sins you have *committed*: And, becauſe we are too

apt

apt to be over-favourable to our ſelves, give me leave, *Madam*, to awaken your *Conſcience* out of this *dangerous State* of *Security*, by laying before you ſome of the many *Sins* you are *accountable* for:

Imprimis, Here are *People* in *Town* that *charge* you with *Murders* numberleſs; and, unleſs you *heartily repent* of them, and promiſe to *commit* no *more*, I find but little hopes of you. Yes, *Madam*, you are charged with *Murder*, with this *horrid Aggravation* too on your ſide, That whereas other *Aſſaſſines* only *murder* their *Enemies*, or ſuch as they ſuſpect to be ſo, you make no *ſcruple* to *kill* your *Lovers* that throw themſelves at your *Feet*, and wou'd purchaſe a *ſingle Smile* from you at a *ſeven Years Service*.

In the next *place*, You are accuſed of *Theft*. Set your Hand to your *Heart*, *Madam*, and do but conſider how many of thoſe *valuable Commodities* you have *ſtolen* in your time, yet never had the *Conſcience* to reſtore them to the *right Owners*. What makes the Crime worſe in you, you have added *Sacrilege* to *Theft*, and *ſtole* away Peoples *Hearts* at *Church*, in the time of *Divine Service*, and in the *ſight* of *Moſes* and *Aaron*.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that this is no *Theft*, and that if *Men* will put their *Hearts* upon

upon you, how can you help it. But *Madam*, ſome People gave them you, who had no right to diſpoſe of them, as I cou'd inſtance in a thouſand *married Men* that *ſigh'd* for you, and, according to the *ancient Proverb*, the *Receiver* is as bad as the *Thief*, for they *ſtole* 'em from their *Wives* to beſtow 'em upon *you*.

Thirdly and *laſtly*, *Madam*, you have not only your own *Sins* but thoſe of other People to anſwer for. How many *Women* have you made guilty of the *horrid Sin* of *Detraction*, and tell a thouſand *malicious Stories* of you, only becauſe you were *handſomer* than they, and conſulted with that wicked *Privy-counſellor*, your *Looking-glaſs*, to appear ſo? How many *Men* have you made guilty of *Perjury*, and made them forſake their *former Vows*, to *ſacrifice* 'em to you?

Thus, *Madam*, I have made *bold* to lay ſome of your *Sins* before you. Should I undertake to ſend you a full *Catalogue* of them, I ſhould have as fine time on't, as the *Commiſſioners*, that are to inſpect publick Accounts. Therefore never think that your *Exeter Journy* has *compounded* for *them*. I wou'd adviſe you this *holy Year* of *Jubilee*, to turn your *Face* towards *Rome*; but, alas, you'd ſpoil the *Devotion* of all the *Pilgrims* there, that according to our laſt Advices,

are above a *hundred thouſand ſtrong.* In ſhort, *Madam,* I don't know what courſe to adviſe to; only don't ſtay long in the *Country,* for that wou'd be to *Treſpaſs* againſt a *poſitive Text,* and to put your *Candle under* a *Buſhel.* Come to *Town* as ſoon as you can, and begin to make Reſtitution in the Place where you have done the moſt Miſchief.

You deſire, in my Anſwer, I ſhou'd tranſmit you ſome *News:* I aſſure you, *Madam,* there is not enough ſtirring about *Town* to make an *Alderman*'s Jaws wag, that the *City News-hounds* ſit as huſh over their *Coffee,* as ſo many *Engliſh-men* in a *Tavern* when the *Drawer* has brought the *Reckoning:* But however, for once, I will ſtrain a Point to oblige you.

Notwithſtanding the *late War* in *Flanders,* and the preſent *Year* of *Jubilee,* have rid the *Nation* of abundance of *Fools,* yet *Knaves* are every *Term* as thick in *Weſtminſter-hall,* and *Cuckolds* every Day as numerous upon *Change,* as if they had ſtill, without loſs, preſerv'd their *ancient Number.*

Marriages this *Eaſter,* by the Computation of the *Clarks* of *Maribone, Pancras, Minories, Dukes-place,* and *Knights-bridge,* are decreas'd from the laſt *Year*'s Account by

by ſeveral *Hundreds*, to the great diſappointment of the *Clergy*; yet the Number of *Maids*, 'tis generally believ'd, are as few as ever, to the Diſcredit of the *Proteſtant Religion*, the Diſhonour of the *Nation*, and the great Scandal of the *Reforming-Society*.

Poetaſters are grown as numerous in this *Town* as *Quack-Doctors* at *London*, and every one ſo applies himſelf to the *Stage*, that the *White-fryars Printers* are quite beggar'd for want of *Balads*: Yet *Wit*, I obſerve, is as ſcarce as 'twas in the time of *Jeffry Chaucer*, when a *Diſtich* of *Verſes* were worth a *Page* of *Proſe*, and a *Song*, with a *Fa-la-la Chorus*, was much more liſten'd to than a *Sermon*.

Diſcretion in *married Women*, is here grown as ſcarce as *Modeſty* in *Maids*; they ſo forward their *Daughters*, by their own *fooliſh Talk* and *Example*, that the *pretty Miſs* at Seven, inſtead of a *Rattle*, talks of nothing but a *Husband*, and the *young Lady* at Eleven is as *ripe* in her Thoughts and as pert in her Behaviour as if her *Education* had been in a *Brothel* inſtead of a *Dancing-ſchool*.

I know, *Madam*, ſome of this *News* muſt ſeem ſtrange to a *Woman* of your *Vertues*, but the more ſurpriſing generally the more acceptable, eſpecially if it be true; for

which reaſon I ſent it you to ſupply the ſcarcity of ſuch as might have been more welcome, and therefore beg your acceptance of it in room of better, from, *Madam,*

Your humble Servant

To Dr. Garth.

WHether your *Letter* or your *Preſcription* has made me *well*, I proteſt I cannot tell; but thus much I can ſay, that as the one was the moſt nauſeous thing I ever knew, ſo the other was the moſt entertaining. I would gladly aſcribe my Cure to the laſt; and, if ſo, your *Practice* will become ſo *univerſal* you muſt keep a *Secretary* as well as an *Apothecary*.

The Obſervations I have made are theſe, that your *Preſcription* ſtaid not long with me, but your *Letter* has, eſpecially that part of it where you told me I was not altogether out of your Memory: You'll find me much alter'd in every thing when you ſee me, but in my eſteem for your ſelf: I, that was as lank as a *Crane*, when I left you at *London*, am now as plump as an *Ortolan*.

lan. I have left off my *falſe Calves*, and had yeſterday a *great Belly* laid to me. A *facetious Widow*, who is my Confident in this Affair, ſays you ought to *Father* the *Child*; for *He* that lends a Man a Sword is in ſome part acceſſary to the Miſchief is done with it; however, I'll forgive you the inconvenience you've put me to. I believe you were not aware you were giving Life to two People. Pray let me have a Conſolatory Letter from you upon this new *Calamity*; for nothing can be ſo welcome, excepting Rain in this *Sandy Country* where we live. The *Widow* ſaith, ſhe reſolves to be *ſick*, on purpoſe to be acquainted with you: But I tell her ſhe'll reliſh your *Preſcriptions* better in *full* Health: And if at this diſtance you can do her no Service, pray *preſcribe* her

Your humble Servant, T. M.

To his Poetical Friend, adviſing him to Study the Mathematicks.

Out of Quevedo.

AT length, my *Friend*, I begin to awake out of thoſe Dreams and Viſions, which the reading of Verſes and Poems

has so long plung'd me in. My middle Years put all those Delusions to a stand; I have now some moderate Esteem for other Thoughts besides Images and Descriptions. I am not in my former Extasies at every *Metaphor*, and can almost bear the Rapture of a fine *Turn*. *Poetry*, believe me, leads the Reader, as well as the Knight, into an enchanted World: The Objects are all there dress't in false Colours, and nothing appears in its due proportion. But if it deceives us in all things abroad, what Disorders and Confusion does it raise at home? By feeding the Mind with Delicacies, it makes it mad after Pleasure, and lets all the Passions loose upon us. Our Joys it blows up too high, and makes our Griefs sit heavier; and, what is yet worse, it kindles in us that foolish Passion *Love*, the ruine of our Ease and Dotage even in Youth.

Whereas *Mathematics* improves all our Faculties, makes the Judgment stronger and the Memory take in more. The Dull it teaches to Perceive, and the Giddy to Attend. It distinguishes between *True* and *False*, and enures us to Difficulties: Besides, it gives us a thousand Advantages in Life. By this the *Miser* counts his Bags, and the *Country-man* knows his Times and Seasons. This gives our Cannon aim in War, and in Peace

Peace furniſhes every Workman with his Tools. How many noble Engines has it invented? In one the Wind labours for us, and another turns Bogs and Pools into firm Land. This builds us Houſes, defends our Towns and makes the Sea uſeful. Nor are its Effects leſs wonderful than advantagious. The *Mathematician* can do more things than any Poet e'er yet conceiv'd. He in a Map can contract *Aſia* to a Span, and in a Glaſs ſhew a City from a ſingle Houſe, and an Army from a Man. He can ſet the Heavens a thouſand Years forward, and call all the Stars by their Names. There is ſcarce any thing without his reach; He can gauge the Channel of the Sea, and weigh *Saturn*. He ſees fartheſt into the Art and Skill of the *Creator*, and can write the beſt Comment on the ſix Days Work.

Be advis'd therefore to employ your ſelf rather in the improving of your Underſtanding, than debauching of your Paſſions, and to prefer Realities before Appearances. In my mind, to make a Dial is harder than to find a *Motto* to it, and a Proſpect drawn in Lines pleaſanter than one in Words. Inſtead of Deſcriptions of cool Groves and flowry Gardens, you may inform your ſelf of the Situation and Extent of Empires, and while others are wandring in *Elyſian*-fields

and fancy'd Shades below, you may raiſe your Thoughts to the Infinity of *Space* above, and viſit all thoſe Worlds that ſhine upon us here: Think moſt of *Mercury* when he is fartheſt off the Sun, and mind little in *Venus* but her Periodic Motion.

To let you ſee I have got the ſtart of you, I now follow the old Rule of, *Nulla dies ſine Lineâ*, and am ſo far advanc'd in *Geometry* that I defie any Man to make a rounder Circle, or cut a Line in two more nicely than my ſelf. I am well vers'd in Squares, am no ſtranger to the Doctrine of Proportion, and have tranſpos'd *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*, in all the Mathematical *Anagrams* they are capable of. My Chamber I have ſurvey'd five times over, and have at length found out a convenient Place for a South-dial. I am at preſent about a Bargain of Pins, which you ſhall ſoon ſee diſpos'd into Baſtions and Counterſcarps. I felt at firſt, I muſt confeſs a great Confuſion in my Head between Rhimes and Angles, Fiction and Demonſtration. But at length *Virgil* has reſign'd to *Euclid*, and Poetical Feet and Numbers to their Nameſakes in *Geometry* and *Arithmetic*. In ſhort, I write altogether upon Slate, where I make Paralels inſtead of Couplets and Deſcribe nothing but a Circle.

Let

Let me for the future therefore catch no Poet in your Hands, unleſs it be *Aratus* or *Dyoniſius*, and follow my Council, unleſs you can make one of theſe Studies ſubſervient to the other, your *Poetry* wiſe and learn'd, and your *Mathematics* pleaſant and Ingenious. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

To William Joy, *the ſtrong* Kentiſhman, *from the Lady* C——.

Dropt out of her Foot-man's Pocket, and taken up by a Chair-man in the Pall-mall.

SIR,

I Saw you Yeſterday, with ſatisfaction, exerting your *Parts* in *Dorſet-garden*; on that very *Theatre* where I have frequently beheld the *Alexanders*, the *Cæſars*, the *Hercules*, the *Almanzors*, the greateſt Heroes of *Greece* or *Italy*, of ancient or modern Times, taking *Towns*, ſacking *Cities*, overturning *Empires*, ſingly routing whole *Armies*, but yet performing leſs *Wonders* than *You*. Yet, I muſt tell you, it grieves me to ſee ſo *Noble* a *Talent* miſ-employed, and

and that *Strength* thrown away upon undeserving *Horses*, that cannot reward your *Labour*, which might much better divert the requiting *Woman*. Meet me therefore, thou *puissant Man*, in another *Garden*, on a *better Theatre*, where you may employ your *Abilities* with more *Profit* to *Yourself* and *Satisfaction* to the expecting

MELESINDA.

The End of the First Part.

LET-

LETTERS
OF
Friendship,
AND
Several other OCCASIONS:

The Second Part.

Written by

Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherly*, Mr. ——— and Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Dennis*.

WITH

LETTERS written between Mr. *Dennis* and Mr. *Congreve*, Concerning Humour in Ancient and Modern Comedy.

London: Printed for *Sam. Briscoe*, in *Russel-street* in *Covent-garden*, MDCC.

To the Right Honourable

Charles Montague, Esq;

One of the Lords of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and one of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council.

SIR,

AS soon as I had resolv'd to make this Address to you, that the Present might not be altogether unworthy of you, I took care to obtain the Consent of my Friends to publish some Letters, which they had writ as Answers to mine.

When I look upon my self, I find I have reason to beg Pardon for my Presumption: But when I consider those Gentlemen, I am encourag'd to hope that you will not be offended

fended to find your ſelf at the Head of no Vulgar Company; a Company, whoſe Names and Deſert are univerſally known, a Company rais'd far above the Level of Mankind by their own extraordinary Merit, and yet proud to do Homage to yours. They are Gentlemen, 'tis true, who are divided in their Intereſts, and who differ in their Politick Principles, but they agree in their Judgments of Things, which all the World admires, and they always conſent when they ſpeak of you.

In preſenting this little Book to you, I only deſign'd to ſhew my Zeal and my Gratitude; but they aſſure me unanimouſly, that I have likewiſe ſhewn my Judgment. Tho' indeed, Sir, the number of the Great, who caſt a favourable Eye upon Human Learning, is not ſo conſiderable, but that a Man who would Addreſs any thing of this nature to one of them, may ſoon determine his Choice. Proficients in other Arts are encouraged by Profit, which is their main Deſign, but he who beſtows all his time upon Human Studies is incited by Glory alone, and the World takes care that he ſhould have no more than he ſeeks for. The Enthuſiaſt, the Quack, the Pettifogger, are rewarded for torturing, and for deluding Men;

Men; but Humanity has met with very barbarous Uſage, only for Pleaſing, and for Inſtructing them. The very Court, which draws moſt of its Ornament from it, has but too often neglected it; there Learning in general has been diſregarded: For none but great Souls are capable of great Deſigns, and few Courtiers have had Greatneſs of Mind enough to procure the Promotion of Science, which is the Exaltation of Human Nature, and the Enlargement of the Empire of Reaſon. Our Miniſters of State have formerly behaved themſelves with ſo much Indifference, as if it would have leſſen'd them to have taken any care of Letters: They have ſhewn themſelves as perfectly unconcern'd, as if not one had diſcover'd, that at a time when our Neighbours are grown ſo knowing, the Publick Safety depends on the Progreſs of Learning, and that to Patronize Science, is to take care of the State. Beſides, too many of our States-men have been engag'd in unjuſt Deſigns. Moſt of our Politicians have done their Endeavour to encroach on the Crown, or to attempt on the People. Few have had Capacity and Integrity enough to keep the Balance ſo ſteady, as to maintain Prerogative at once, and aſſert Privilege; to ſerve the King Zealouſly, and their Country Faithfully; to poſſeſs at

the

the ſame time the Favour of the one, and the Hearts of the other, to ſuch a degree as to be courted by the People to ſerve as their Repreſentative, at the very time that they are employ'd by the King in Matters of the higheſt Importance. Inſtead of that, moſt of them have had reaſon to be afraid of the King or the Commons; and Men who have been ſollicitous for their own Safety, have ſeldom appear'd concern'd for the good of others. Few then have been and are in a Condition to be Protectors of Learning, and therefore thoſe happy Few, deſerve all the Honours which we are able to pay them. Of thoſe, Sir, you appear in the foremoſt Rank, and are to the Commonwealth of Learning what you are to the State, a great Defence and a ſhining Ornament. You have warmly encouraged all ſorts of Studies, but have been juſtly and nobly partial to thoſe, for which the State has made no Proviſion: Which is enough to gain you the Eſteem of all who have any Regard for Learning; and to win the very Souls of all, who, like me, are charm'd with the ſofter Studies of Humanity. For which your Zeal has been ſo diffuſive, that it has extended it ſelf even to me, tho' a bare Inclination to cultivate Eloquence and Poetry, was the only thing which could recommend me to you: Yet even this

has

has been encourag'd by the Promiſe of your Protection, and by the Humanity of your Receiving me: The Acceſs which I have had to you, has been the greateſt Obligation that you could lay upon a Man who has ſtill valu'd Merit above all the World, and who has ſought his Improvement more than he has his Advancement. When I have at any time approach'd you, I have found in you none of thoſe Forbidding Qualities, of which they accuſe the Great: Inſtead of thoſe, I have found an Attractive and a Humane Greatneſs, the generous Sincerity of the Man of Honour, joyn'd with the Grace and Complaiſance of the Courtier, and a Deportment Noble without Pride, and Modeſt without Deſcending. Nature has made me ſomething averſe from making my Court to Fortune: But I am proud to attend upon real Greatneſs; and to wait upon you, ſince firſt you encouraged me, has been at once my Duty and my Ambition.

The Permiſſion which you gave me to approach you, was ſo great an Incitement to me, that I believe it might have brought me to write well, if I had not a very juſt reaſon to reſolve to attempt it no more. You had given me one great Encouragement before I had the honour to ſee you, and that was,

by leaving off Writing your self. For Vanity is a greater Incitement to Poets than Pensions, and even Want depresses the Spirits less than the thought of being surpassed. Therefore while Mr. *Montague* sung, he sung alone. We admir'd indeed our Conquering Monarch, but we admir'd in Silence. We rever'd the Greatness of your Genius, and neglected our Talents. Indeed the Strength and Sweetness of your Voice was fit to charm us alone, and we, who followed, were only fit for the Chorus. But you have left a Province, which you have made your own, to the Administration of those who are under you, and are gone on in your victorious Progress to the Acquisition of new Glory. From which I am sensible that I detract by detaining you: For your Actions are your best Encomiums, and the loud Consent of the Nation your best Panegyrick. It was a glorious one that was spoken to you by the People of *Westminster*, in the Request that they made to you to serve as their Member in the present Parliament, at a time when they were Caballing all over the Kingdom, and Gentlemen were depriving Peasants of their little Reason, in order to obtain their Voices; Mr. *Montague*'s Merit, while he was silent, sollicited for him so importunately, that it prevail'd upon a number of consider-

rable

rable Inhabitants of the Politer Parts of the Town, to come and make it their humble Requeſt to you, to Honour them by Repreſenting them, which puts me in mind of a Saying of *De la Bruiere*, *That the People are then at their height of Happineſs, when their King makes Choice for his Confidents, and for his Miniſters, of the very ſame Perſons that the People would have choſen, if the Choice had been in their Power.* This, at preſent, is our own Caſe; for doubtleſs the ſame People, who, without any Brigue or the leaſt Corruption, came voluntarily to entreat you to ſuffer them to place you in the Great Council of the Kingdom, would, if the Choice had been in their power, have plac'd you in the Privy-Council; and they who frankly offer'd to truſt you with the Diſpoſal of the Mony which is in their Houſes, would have truſted you, had it been in their power, with the Intendency of that in the Treaſury. So that the Peoples Proffer to Chuſe you, ſeems to me to be a loud Approbation of the Choice, which the King had made before of you, and of your Miniſtration upon that Choice. But I injure the Publick while I detain you; Yet give me leave to end with my zealous Wiſhes for you, that the Happineſs may be multiplied on you, which you ſo nobly ſeek to communicate, that you may encreaſe

in Riches and Honours faster than you advance in Years, till you arrive at that Height of Prosperity which may be answerable to your high Desert, and till Fortune may be said to pour down her Gifts upon you, in Emulation of Art and Nature: Yet Envy after all shall be forced to declare, that Mr. *Montague* sprung from an Illustrious Stock, and loaded with Plenty and Honours, is yet Nobler by Desert, than he is by Descent, and Greater by Virtue than he is by Fortune;

I am, Sir,

Your most humble

and most obedient Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

To

TO THE READER.

I Once resolved to have a long Preface before this little Book; but the Impression has been so long retarded by the Fault of those who had the Care of it, that I have now neither Time nor Humour to execute what I intended. I shall therefore only give a Compendious Account of what I proposed to have treated of more at large: I designed, in the first place, to have said something of the Nature and of the End of a Letter, and thought to have prov'd that the Invention of it was to supply Conversation, and not to imitate it, for that nothing but the Dialogue was capable of doing that; from whence I had drawn this Conclusion, That the Style of a Letter was neither to come quite up to that of Conversation, nor yet to keep at too great a distance from it. After that, I determined to shew, That all Conversation is not familiar; that it may be Ceremonius, that it may be Grave, nay, that it may be Sublime, or that Tragedy must be allow'd to be out of Nature: That if the Sublime were easy and unconstrain'd, it might be as consistent with the Epistolary Style, as it was with the Didactique; that Voiture had admirably joyn'd it with one of them, and Longinus with both. After this, I resolv'd to have said something of those who had most succeeded in Letters amongst the Ancients and Moderns, and to have treated of their Excellencies and their Defects: To have spoken more particularly of Cicero and Pliny amongst the Ancients, and amongst the Moderns of Balzac and Voiture; to have shewn that Cicero is too simple, and too dry, and that Pliny is too affected, and too refined;

ned; that one of them has too much of Art in him, and that both of them have too little of Nature. That the Elevation of Balzac was frequently forced, and his Sublime affected; that his Thoughts were often above his Subject, and his Expression almost always above his Thoughts; and that whatsoever his Subjects were, his Style was seldom alter'd: That Voiture was easie and unconstrain'd, and natural when he was most exalted; that he seldom endeavoured to be witty at the Expence of right Reason: but that, as his Thoughts were for the most part true and just, his Expression was often defective, and that his Style was too little diversified. That for my own part, as I came infinitely short of the extraordinary Qualities of these great Men, I thought my self obliged to endeavour the rather to avoid their Faults; and that consequently I had taken all the care that I could, not to think out of Nature and good Sence, and neither to force nor neglect my Expressions; and that I had always taken care to suit my Style to my Subject, whether it was Familiar or Sublime, or Didactique; and that I had more or less varied it in every Letter. All this and more I designed to have said at large, which I have only hinted now in a Hurry. I have nothing to add, but to desire the Reader to excuse my bad Performance, upon the account of my good Endeavour, and for striving to do well in a manner of Writing, which is at all times useful, and at this time necessary; a manner in which the English would surpass both the Ancients and Moderns, if they would but cultivate it, for the very same Reason that they have surpassed them in Comedy. But methinks, I have a Title to the Reader's Favour, for I have more than made Amends for the Defects of my own Letters, by entertaining him with those of my Friends.

A

Collection of Letters.

Written by ſeveral Eminent Hands.

To Walter Moyle, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir,

YOU know a grave Fellow aſſures us, that upon the Ceſſation of Oracles, lamentable Cries were heard in the Air, proclaiming along the Coaſts the Death of the Great *Pan:* And have not you upon this Dearth of good Sence, and this Ceſſation of Wit! tell me truly; have not you heard

Theſe Sounds upon the Corniſh Shore,
The Sage, Will. Ur—— *is no more?*

Gone is the Univerſal Lord of WIT! He to whom all the Wits paid Homage; For whom his Subjects ſet a Tax upon Words, and laid exorbitant Cuſtoms on Thoughts: He's dead; alas, he's dead!

Dead, I mean, Sir, in a legal Capacity; that is, Outlaw'd and gone into the Fryars;

to go into which, is once more to Outlaw himſelf: He has done it, Sir, and ill Fortune has brought him to be a *Felo de ſe* that way. For ſince the Law thought it but juſt to put *Will* out of its Protection, *Will* thought it but prudent to put himſelf out of its Power. And ſince the Law could uſe him with ſo much Contempt, as to declare to all the World that it does not care for *Will. Ur*——; *Will*, who is extreamly ſtout in Adverſity, has declar'd, by his Actions, That he does not care for the Law. *Virgil* tells us in his Sixth Book, that the Souls in Hell were buſied about the ſame things in which they were employed upon Earth; even ſo does Sage *Will* uſe the ſame Nutmeg-grater, and the ſame Tea-pot in the Fryars, that he handled before in *Bowſtreet*. Thus has he left the Wits, without any Sorrow, tho' he loves them, and without taking any Leave of them. For *Will* thinks they cannot be long from him; and he ſays, he expects that in a very little time his Old Company ſhould be conſtant at his New Houſe. And doſt not thou think that they too have reaſon to expect the very ſame thing? For as the Death of any Man ought to put all his Friends in mind, that he went before but to lead them the way; ſo *Will*'s Departure from this miſerable Life, this lewd

Covent-

Covent-garden Life, and his Ferrying from *Somerſet-ſtairs* to the infernal Shore of *Alſatia*, ſhould be a *Memento* to the reſt of the Wits, that he is but gone whither they all muſt follow.

To leave off Poetical Similies, this Body Politick is in a curſed Condition; and cannot keep long together without a Head. The Members are at preſent in a grave Debate how to get one. To Morrow the Whole Houſe will reſolve it ſelf into a grand Committee, to conſult about Ways and Means of making Proviſſion for the Common Neceſſities. Some talk of an Exciſe upon *May*-dew, and Rasberry-brandy: That there will be a Poll, is ſtrongly aſſerted, in which every Man is to pay according to his reſpective Condition. To Morrow it will be known to how much each Man's *Quota* amounts. As for Example: How much a Poet is to pay, how much a Wit, how much a Politician, and how much a Critick. A Critick, did I ſay? I beg your Pardon: They have voted *Nemine Contradicente*, that they will Ceſs no Critick till Mr. *Moyle* returns.

I have given them my Sentiments upon the forementioned Poll, which were, That it was ſomething hard to make a Man pay for being call'd, Wit, Poet, or Critick;

That they ſaw by Experience lately in the State, that poor Dogs grumbled to pay for their Titles. How then could they think that People would be contented to be tax'd for their Nick-names? That in ſetling this Tax they were to take a quite contrary Method, to that which was taken upon ſetling a Tax in the State. That in the State, ſometimes a Man paid for what he really had; As for Example, when a Country 'Sqnire paid for his Land or his Money; and ſometimes for what he really had not, as when a Cit that is twice dub'd, Knight by the King, and Cuckold by his Wife, pays for his Honour, and for his Children. The Firſt of which is but as it were his, for it is really the King's; and the Second of which are but as it were his, for they are really the Courtier's who help'd him to his Title. In the State too a Man is made to pay for ſomething which he does, or for ſomething which he does not. As a *Jacobite* pays ſo much for Swearing when he's Drunk, and ſo much more for not Swearing when he's Sober. But that in our Caſe, if we would be exactly Juſt, we ſhould make People pay neither for what they have, nor for what they have not; nor for what they do, nor for what they do not; But ſhould oblige them to pay only

only for pretending to have what they really have not, or for offering to do, what they are utterly incapable of doing. That thus the Tax would certainly fall upon the moſt ſolvent Part of the Body. For how ridiculous would it be to Tax a Man for having Poetry and Wit, when they are almoſt always ſigns, that he has not a Farthing to pay? On the other ſide, how abſurd would it be to tax him for a bare Want of thoſe Qualities? ſince when a Man is Dull without Pretending, 'tis ten to one but he is Poor, for Riches make Men vain, and Vanity makes them affected. But he who is not much at his eaſe, is hardly at leiſure for Affectation; and I have often ſeen, that when Vanity has thrown a Fop out of Nature, Neceſſity has brought him back again: But a rich Rogue will be ſure to be always Pretending. Fortune takes pleaſure in making thoſe Vain, whom Nature before made Impotent, and both of them often conſpire to finiſh a Coxcomb. Thus I would have none pay, but they who put Gravity upon us for Wiſdom, Viſions for Politicks, and Quibbles for Wit; and I would have no Man at any Expence for being call'd a Poet, a Wit, or a Critick, unleſs it be by himſelf. It would be equally hard to lay a Tax upon any one, for his Ill

Fortune, or for his Ill Nature, ſince they are things of which no Man is Maſter. But what? A Sot cannot help his Vanity. Agreed: But then it makes him ſo much happier than he deſerves to be, that he may well be contented to pay for it.

I am your moſt humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

To Mr. Wycherley, *at* Cleve, *near* Shrewsbury.

Sir,

WHile I venture to write theſe Lines to you, I take it to be my Intereſt not to conſider you, as I hitherto always have done, and as for the future I always ſhall, *viz.* As Mr. *Wycherley*, as the greateſt Comick-wit that ever *England* bred, as a Man ſent purpoſely into the World, to Charm the Ears of the wittieſt Men, and to raviſh the Hearts of the moſt beautiful Women: No, Sir, that in writing to you I may aſſume ſome Spirit, I ſhall at preſent only conſider you as the humble Hermit at *Cleve*; Humble even in the full Poſſeſſion of all thoſe extraordinary Qualities,

ties, the knowledge of which has made me Proud. I muſt confeſs, that I have no great Opinion of that which Men generally call Humility. Humility in moſt Men is want of Heat; 'tis Phlegm, 'tis Impotence, 'tis a wretched Neceſſity, of which they who lie under it, vainly endeavour to make a Virtue. But in a Man of Mr. *Wycherley*'s Make, 'tis Choice, 'tis Force of Mind, 'tis a good, 'tis a generous Condeſcenſion. And what Force of Mind is there not requiſite to bend back a Soul by perpetual Reflection, which would be always riſing, and eternally aſpiring by virtue of its in-born Fire? Yet yours, notwithſtanding all its Power, cannot wholly depreſs its ſelf, nor deſcend in every part of it. At the time that your Will vouchſafes to ſtoop, your Underſtanding ſoars; your Writings are as bold as your Converſation is modeſt, (though thoſe are bold, as this is modeſt with Judgment) and he who would do you Juſtice, muſt needs confeſs, that you are a very ambitious Writer, though a very humble Man. Yet your very Ambition has oblig'd Mankind: It has exalted Humane Nature, in raiſing your own by its moſt noble Efforts; and that without boaſting Preheminence. And ſurely it muſt be for this very reaſon that we feel a ſecret

Pride, when we but read the Diſcoveries which you have made. Thus I cannot ſay what you are without Vanity, for never was Man exempt from it; but I can ſay, that you have made uſe even of Vanity to humble you by way of Reflection, and that you have avoided that dangerous Effect of it, Vain-glory, the Rock upon which ſeveral great Wits before you have been ſeen to ſplit. For you have always wiſely conſidered, that Vain-glory in the Vulgar may be ſupportable, nay may be diverting; but that in great Men it muſt be intollerable. That whereas in the Firſt 'tis want of Diſcernment, 'tis Folly, 'tis the Extravagance and Blindneſs of Self-love; in the Laſt, 'tis Crime, 'tis Malice, 'tis a ſecret and proud Deſign to Mortifie and Inſult over the reſt of Men, over whom they have ſo much advantage; That it is for this very reaſon, that we ſo deeply reſent and ſo ſeverely revenge the mortal Affronts we receive from it. Great Wits were by Heaven predeſtin'd to Rule, to rule the Minds of others, the nobleſt Empire; but when they grow outwardly Vain they grow Tyrants, and then their diſcontented Subjects rebel, and then they deſpoſe thoſe Kings as Uſurpers, whom before they obey'd as their lawful Monarchs.

narchs. But a moderate, a good, and a gracious Prince, like you, commands their Hearts as well as their Underſtandings, and under one whom they love ſo well, they grow as proud, as they are pleas'd to obey. Our violent Inclinations make us belong to you, and therefore 'tis the Intereſt even of our Pride, that you ſhould long continue in the Place which your extraordinary Deſert has attain'd. Did we nothing but eſteem you as much as we do, we ſhould certainly envy you; if we did not hate you; for bare Eſteem is always forc'd upon us, whereas Inclination is much more voluntary: Beſides, as a judicious French Man obſerves, Eſteem is foreign, and comes from abroad, and is therefore received with Grumbling; but Inclination is our own, and born in our Breaſts, and is therefore Careſs'd and Cheriſh'd. I might add, That upon this account, it is hard to wiſh well to thoſe whom we very much eſteem, if they have not likewiſe the Skill to make themſelves be belov'd; becauſe barely to eſteem depreſſes the Spirits, as much as to love very much exalts them; it brings the Soul to a languid Temper, and gives it at once two horrid Views of another's Excellencies, and of its own Infirmities; but Affection gives it Agitation and

and Warmth; and in the View of a Friend's Deſert, it takes too much Pleaſure, and too much Pride to conſider its own Defects. 'Tis true, that you are eſteemed at this high Rate, you owe to your Wit and your Penetration; but that you are eſteem'd without Envy, that you are with Joy and Gladneſs eſteem'd, you owe to this, that while the force of your Fancy and Judgment makes all the World admire you, you remain yourſelf unmov'd by it; that while your Excellence fills all Mouths but yours, you alone appear to be unacquainted with it. Thus while by the Merit of your extraordinary Qualities, you are known to ſurpaſs all others, it plainly appears that you have beyond all this a Greatneſs of Soul, from whence you look down on your own Merit. An infallible Sign that the Talants which we admire in you are no Illuſions, but real things, things that were born with you, and have been improv'd by you, and which you have not acquir'd: For Men are found to be Vainer, upon the account of thoſe Qualities which they fondly believe they have, than of thoſe which they really have; and Hereditary Greatneſs gives Men [illegible]e to be humble, whereas Preferment occaſions Pride. None but ſuch real Greatneſs as yours can capacitate

a Man to be truly humble; for the Soul, which by Nature is not ſeated high, can hardly be ſaid to deſcend. If I have inſiſted too long on this ſhining Subject, a Subject which is ſo conſpicuous in you; if you look upon this tedious Letter, as one of thoſe various Perſecutions which every eminent Virtue provokes; I deſire you to conſider, that I have ſo many Obligations to this very Humility, that I look'd upon my ſelf as oblig'd by Gratitude to ſay as much as I have done. For to what I owe the Happineſs which I have frequently received in your Converſation; to that I owe the preſent Satisfaction which your Permiſſion to write to you gives me; and to that I am indebted for the Hopes of your Anſwers; when I have received them I ſhall then believe what you were pleas'd to tell me when I ſaw you laſt, that you are much more Humble in the clear Air on your Mountain at *Cleve*, than when you are in Fog and ſulphurous Smoke in *Bow-ſtreet*. But at the ſame time, the Satisfaction of thinking that Diſtance does not make you forget me, will render him very Proud, who is at preſent,

Sir, your very humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

Mr.

Mr. Wycherley's *Anſwer to Mr.* Dennis.

Dear Sir,

YOu have found a way to make me ſatisfyed with my Abſence from *London*; nay, what is more, with the Diſtance which is now betwixt you and me. That indeed uſes to leſſen Friendſhip, but gives me the greater Mark of yours by your kind Letter which I had miſs'd if I had been nearer to you: So that I, who receive no Rents here, yet muſt own if I did, I cou'd not receive greater Satisfaction than I had from yours, worth even a Letter of Exchange, or Letters Pattents; For I value your Friendſhip more than Money, and am prouder of your Approbation than I ſhould be of Titles: For the having the good Opinion of one who knows Mankind ſo well, argues ſome Merit in me, upon which every Man ought to conſider himſelf more, than upon the Goods of Fortune. I had rather be thought your Friend in proof of my Judgment and good Senſe, than a Friend to the Muſes; and had rather have you than them thought mine. If I am as you ſay, at once Proud and Humble, 'tis ſince I have known I have had the Honour to pleaſe you; tho' your Praiſe rather hum-

humbles than makes me (tho' a damn'd Poet) more Vain. for it is ſo great, that it rather ſeems the Railery of a witty Man, than the Sincerity of a Friend; and rather proves the Copiouſneſs of your own Invention, than juſtifies the Fertility of mine. But I fear I am forfeiting the Character of the Plain-dealer with you; and ſeem like vain Women or vainer Men, to refuſe Praiſe, but to get more; and ſo by returning your Compliments, ſhew my ſelf grateful out of Intereſt, as Knaves are punctual in ſome Payments, but to augment their Credit. And for your Praiſe of my Humility, (the only Mark of my Knowledge, ſince it is a Mark of my knowing my ſelf,) you have prais'd that to its Deſtruction, and have given me ſo much, you have left me none. like thoſe Admirers who praiſe a young Maid's Modeſty till they deprive her of it. But let me tell you, 'tis not to my Humility that you owe my Friendſhip, but to my Ambition, ſince I can have no greater than to be eſteem'd by you, and the World, your Friend, and to be known to all Mankind for,

Dear Sir, your humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

My Dear Friend,

I Have no way to ſhew my Love to you in my Abſence, but by my Jealouſie: I would not have my Rivals in your Friendſhip the *C——s*, the *D——s*, the *W——s*, and the reſt of your Tavern-friends enjoy your Converſation while I cannot: Tho', I confeſs, 'tis to their Intereſt to make you dumb with Wine, that they may be heard in your Company; tho' it were more the Demonſtration of their Wit to hear you, than to be heard by you. For my own part, I am ambitious of your Company alone in ſome Solitude, where you and I might be all one. For I am ſure if I can pretend to any Sence, I can have no Inſtruction or Satisfaction of Life, better than your Example and your Society.

My Service pray, to all my Friends; that is, to all yours whom I know: and be charitable (as often as you can) to the Abſent; which you good Wits ſeldom are; I mean be charitable with your Letters to

Your humble Servant.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

PRay let me have more of your Letters, tho' they would rally me with Compliments undeſerv'd as your laſt has done; for like a Country Eſquire, I am in love with a Town Wit's Converſation, tho' it be but at a Diſtance that I am forced to have it, and tho' it abuſes me while I enjoy it.

To Mr. Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

NOT long after I writ my laſt to you, I was hurried up to Town by a kind of a Cholick, which was ended in a Deſtruction upon one of my Feet. You know, Sir, a Defluction is a general name which ſome pleaſant French Men have given an Infant Gout, too young to be yet baptiz'd. But tho' the Diſtemper rag'd in each Hand, I would in ſpight of it, anſwer your admirable Letter, a Letter which I had certainly known to be yours, tho' it had been ſent me without a Name, nay and tranſcrib'd by a Chancery-Clerk in his own hideous manner of Copying. But I muſt con-

confeſs I was ſurpriz'd to hear you ſay in it, that you took the Sincerity of a Man who ſo much eſteems you for Railery, yet tho' you declare it, you can never believe it. I am willing to believe you exceeding humble; but you can never be humble to that degree, unleſs your Mind, which reſembles your Eye, in its Clearneſs, its Livelineſs, and in its piercing Views, ſhould be alſo like it in this, that plainly diſcerning all things elſe, it wants a ſight of it ſelf; but in this it does not reſemble it: For it beholds it ſelf by Reflections, and like a lovely Maid at her Glaſs, is charm'd with the ſight of its own Beauty. This is a ſight in which you take Pride as well as Pleaſure; but yours I muſt confeſs is a guiltleſs Pride, it being nothing but firſt Motion, which it is impoſſible for Man to avoid. You have both the Force to ſubdue it immediately, and the Art and Goodneſs to conceal it from us. That it plainly appears from what I have ſaid, that you do not believe I had any deſign to rally you. I am confident that through all my Letter there appears an Air of Sincerity. But that is a Virtue which has been ſo long and ſo peculiarly yours, that you may perhaps be jealous of it in your Friends, and diſclaim ſome Virtues which they commend in you only to Monopolize

nopolize that. You had given me, at leaſt an occaſion to think ſo, if the Railery in yours had not been ſo very apparent, that even I had Eyes to diſcern that you have been to blame in it, tho' I am doubly blinded with Love of you and my ſelf. Yet if you writ it with a deſign to Mortifie me, aſſure your ſelf that I ſhall fortifie my Vanity with that very Artillery with which you have begun to attack it. If Mr. *Wycherley* rallies me, it is certain that I have my Defects; but it is full as certain, that he would never condeſcend to abuſe me at ſuch a diſtance if he wholly deſpis'd me. Thus, Sir, you ſee I am as reaſonable with my Friend, as a *Ruſſian* Spouſe is with her Husband, and take his very Railery for a Mark of Eſteem, as ſhe does a Beating for a Proof of Affection. The very worſt of your Qualities gain our Affections: Even your Jealouſie is very obliging, which it could never be unleſs it were very groundleſs. But ſince your very Suſpicion is obliging, what influence muſt your Kindneſs have on our Souls? The Wiſh that I were with you in ſome Retirement, is engaging to that degree, that I almoſt repent that I ſo eagerly deſir'd your Converſation before. For if it were poſſible I would augment that Deſire as a grateful Return to yours. To be

with you in Solitude would make me perfectly happy. Tho' it were in the *Orcades*, I would not wiſh my ſelf remov'd to any happier Climate; no, not even to that which contain'd my abſent Miſtreſs; all that I could do for her on that occaſion, would be to wiſh her with me. In that Retirement what ſhould I not enjoy? Where I ſhould be admirably inſtructed without Trouble, and infinitely delighted without Vice, where I ſhould be glorious at once with Envy and Quiet. For what could be more glorious, than to be the Companion of your Retreat! My very Ambition inſtructs me to love ſuch Solitude. Tho', properly ſpeaking, there can be no Solitude where you reſide: Immortal Company ſtill attends you, and the Virtues, the Graces, and the Charming Nine, who love the Groves, and are fond of you, follow you to remoteſt Retirements. The Comick Muſe is more particularly yours; and it is your peculiar Praiſe to allure the moſt Raviſhing of all the Siſters after you into Retirement: To make that Goddeſs forſake the Crowd with you, who loves it moſt of the Nine: You have been conſtantly her Darling, her beſt Belov'd. Thus in Retirement with her and you, I ſhould have the Converſation of Mankind; I ſhould enjoy it with all its Advantages, with-

without its leaſt Inconveniencies. In the Philoſophy of your Actions and Words, I ſhould ſee the Wiſe, the Good, and the truly Great; in your Obſervations, and in your Railery, the Men of Sence, and the Men of Wit; and in your Satyr, ſeverely pleaſant, the Fools and Raſcals expos'd by it. In the Poſtſcript to my laſt, I made an Apology for uſurping a Style ſo foreign from this way of Writing. I have once more run into the ſame Fault in this, but the very Thought of Mr. *Wycherley* ſpreads a generous Warmth thro' me, and raiſes my Soul to Rapture. And when a Man writes, his Soul and his Style of neceſſity riſe together. In my next I have ſomething with which I muſt trouble you, that will require another manner of Writing.

I am, &c.

To Mr. Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

I Have been very ill ever ſince I took my Leave of you, ſo that I parted in one Night from all that I value moſt, that is, from my Health and you. However, Nature was kind in not failing to ſupply me

with Vigour, till Fortune had depriv'd me of your Converſation, and I was got amongſt People with whom I ſmall occaſion for Vigour. Yet even here in ſpight of Sickneſs and Abſence I have made a ſhift to Converſe with you: For I thought that your Works were the only things that could make me full Amends for the Loſs of your Company: By them you have been able to give me Joy even in the midſt of my Pain. For, the *Country Wife*, and the *Plain Dealer* are Stores of Delight, which you have laid up by a noble Charity, to ſupply the Poor in Spirit thro' all Poſterity. So that I believe that to be one of the Reaſons of Fortune's Pique to you, that you have put it out of her Power for the time to come, to proſecute her Quarrel to Men of Sence effectually: for by having recourſe to you in your Works, they are ſure to become more happy than Fools, even at the time when they are leſs ſucceſsful. But I can hold up my Head no longer at preſent, as ſoon as I am better you may expect a longer Letter from me.

I am yours, &c.

Mr.

Mr. Wycherley *to Mr.* Dennis.

Dear Sir,

I Have received yours of the 20th of *November*, and am glad to find by it, that however your Friends are Loſers by your Abſence from the Town, you are a Gainer by it; of your Health, which every one you have left behind you, (but *Ch——*) may be thought a Friend to: and the more each Man is your Friend, the more he is ſatisfy'd with pour Abſence, which tho' it makes us ill for want of you, makes you well for want of us: your taking no Leave of me (which you would excuſe) I take to be one of the greateſt Kindneſſes you ever ſhew'd me; for I could no more ſee a Departing Friend from the Town, than a Departing Friend from this Life; and ſure 'tis as much Kindneſs and good Breeding to ſteal from our Friends Society unknown to 'em, (when we muſt leave 'em to their Trouble) as it is to ſteal out of a Room, after a ceremonious Viſit, to prevent Trouble to him, whom we would Oblige and Reſpect; ſo that your laſt Fault (as you call it) is like the reſt of your Faults, rather an Obligation than an Offence; tho' the greateſt Injury indeed you can do your Friends, is to leave 'em againſt

their Will, which you muſt needs do. You tell me you converſe with me in my Writings, I muſt confeſs then you ſuffer a great deal for me in my Abſence, which (tho' I would have you love me) I would not have you do; but for your truer Diverſion, pray change my *Country Wife* for a better of your own in the Country, and exerciſe your own *Plain Dealing* there, then you will make your Country 'Squire better Company, and your Parſon more ſincere in your Company than his Pulpit, or in his Cups: But when you talk of Store of Delights you find in my *Plain Dealer*, you ceaſe to be one; and when you commend my *Country Wife*, you never were more a Courtier; and I doubt not but you will like your next Neighbour's Country Wife better than you do mine, that you may paſs your time, better than you can do with my *Country Wife*; and like her Innocence more than her Wit, ſince Innocence is the better Bawd to Love; but enjoy my Wife and welcome in my Abſence, I ſhall take it as civilly as a City Cuckold: I was ſorry to find by you that your Head ak'd whilſt you writ me your Letter; ſince I fear 'twas from Reading my Works (as you call them) not from your own Writing, which never gave you Pain, tho' it would to others to Imitate it. I've given your

your Service to your Friends at the Roſe, who, ſince your Abſence, own they ought not to go for the Witty Club; nor is *Will*'s the Wits Coffee-houſe any more, ſince you left it, whoſe Society, for want of yours, is grown as Melancholy, that is, as dull as when you left them a Nights, to their own Mother-wit, their Puns, Couplets, or Quibbles; therefore expect not a Witty Letter from any of them, no more than from me, ſince they, nor I have converſed with you theſe three Weeks. I have no News worth ſending you, but my next ſhall bring you what we have. In the mean time let me tell you (what I hope is no News to you) that your Abſence is more tedious to me, than a Quibbler's Company to you; ſo that I being ſick Yeſterday, as I thought without any Cauſe, reflected you were forty or fifty Miles off, and then found the Reaſon of my Indiſpoſition, for I cannot be well ſo far from you, who am,

My Dear Mr. Dennis,
Your obliged humble Servant,
W. Wycherley.

Postscript.

PRay pardon me that I have not ſooner anſwer'd your Letter, for I have been

very buſie this laſt Week about Law-affairs, that is, very Dull and Idle, tho' very Active. Your Friends of the Coffee-houſe and the Roſe, whether Drunk or Sober, Good Fellows, or Good Wits, ſhow at leaſt their Sence, by valuing you and yours, and ſend you all their Service; and never are more Wits and leſs Poets, that is, leſs Lyars, than when they profeſs themſelves your Servants.

For News, *W*—— lives ſoberly, *Ch*—— goes to bed early; *D' Urfy* ſings now like a Poet, that is, without being ask'd: And all the Poets, or Wits-at-wills, ſince your departure ſpeak well of the Abſent. *Bal*—— ſays his ill Looks proceed rather for want of your Company, than for having had that of his Miſtreſs; even the Quibblers and Politicians, have no double Meaning when they ſpeak well of you.

To Mr. Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

THE ſight of your Letter reviv'd me: It appear'd like the Rays of the new Sun, to one who has winter'd under the Pole, and brought with it Light, Warmth, and

and Spirit. The Raillery in it was very obliging; for the Luſt of Praiſe is as powerful with Men, as the Itch of Enjoyment is with Women; and it is as hard for us to think that our Friends ridicule us when they commend our Wit, as it is for them to believe that their Gallants abuſe them when they extol their Beauty. Yet generally in both Caſes, whatever is ſaid, is ſaid for the Satisfaction of him that ſpeaks it. But then, as he delights in Deceiving, the Perſon to whom he ſpeaks is deceiv'd with Pleaſure, and both Parties are ſatisfied. But Mr. *Wycherley* is to be excepted from this general Rule, who commends his Friend for his Friend's ſake. You never are witty to pleaſe your ſelf, to whom Wit has ſo long been habitual, that you are often hardly mov'd your ſelf when you ſay thoſe admirable things with which we are tranſported. Not that I am ſo far betray'd by Vanity, as to take your Compliments at the Foot of the Letter, or to ſuppoſe that you believ'd all that you ſaid; but I am willing, for your ſake, to believe that you meant ſomething of it; and that not being without Kindneſs for me, (which is only owing to the Sweetneſs of your Nature, that is, to your Merit, and not to mine;) your Reaſon, as the Duke *de la Roche-*

Rochefoucaut ſays, has been bubbled by your Affection. And here, Sir, I have much the Advantage of you; for when I declare that I have the greateſt Opinion in the World of you, none will miſtruſt my Sincerity, and all will applaud my Diſcernment; but you cannot expreſs your Zeal at ſo high a rate for any Friend, but it muſt conſiderably leſſen the World's Opinion of your Judgment. But if it is Mr. *Wycherley*'s peculiar Praiſe, never to have ſhewn Want of Judgment in any thing, unleſs in that only thing in which Errour is honourable: How few are they who are capable of Erring at your Rate!

Vellem in amicia ſic erraremus, & iſti
Errori virtus nomen poſuiſſet honeſtum.

And how happy is the Man who has a Friend ſo accompliſh'd, that Errour in him is Virtue? I am that happy Man, and am ſo far exalted by my Happineſs, that I am never leſs humble, than when I ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt humble

and faithful Servant.

Mr.

Mr. Wycherley's *to Mr.* ——— *on the Loſs of his Miſtreſs.*

Dear Sir,

I Have had yours of the 31ſt of *March*, to which I ſhould ſooner have returned an Anſwer, had I not been forced to take a little turn out of Town; but your Letter to me, brought me not more Satisfaction than your laſt to Mr. *Moyle* gave me Diſquiet for you: Since by that I find how uneaſie you are. Yet know, my Friend, from one ſufficiently experienced in Love-diſaſters, that Love is often a kind of loſing Loadam, in which the Loſer is moſt often the Gainer. If you have been deprived of a Miſtreſs, conſider you have loſt a Wife, and tho' you are diſappointed of a ſhort Satisfaction, you have likewiſe eſcaped a tedious Vexation, which Matrimony infallibly comes to be, one way or another; ſo that your Misfortune is an Accident which your true Friends ſhould rather felicitate than commiſerate. You told me in your laſt, that you were no more Maſter of your ſelf: Then how ſhould I help Rejoycing at the Reſtoration of your Liberty? A Man might as reaſonably be ſorry for his Friend's Recovery

covery from Madneſs, as for his Recovery from Love, (tho' for the time a pleaſant Frenzy;) ſo that, your Miſtreſs's Father, has rather been your Doctor than your Enemy: And you ſhould not be angry with him, if he cures you of your Love-diſtemper, tho' by a Means a little too violent; for next to his Daughter's Cure of Love, his may prove the beſt. Well, pray be not angry, that I can be pleas'd with any thing that can ſo much diſpleaſe you: I own my Friendſhip for you, has a little Selfiſhneſs in it, for now you cannot be ſo happy as you wou'd in the Country, I hope you will make us as happy as we can be in Town, which we ſhall be as ſoon as we have your company: For know, my Friend, change of Air after a Love-diſtemper, may be as good as 'tis after a Fever; and therefore make haſte to Town, where a great many Doctors have engaged to compleat your Cure. Your Friends will do any thing to root out the Remains of your Paſſion. The Witty Club will grow Grave to inſtruct you; and the Grave Club will grow Gay to delight you; *Wh*—— will turn a Philoſopher; and I will grow a Good-Fellow, and venture my own Health, for the Recovery of your good Humour; for I had

had rather be ſick in your Company, than for want of it; who am,

Dear Sir, Your moſt unalterable Friend, and humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

PRay pardon me for not writing to you before, or rather for writing to you ſo dully now, which I hope will be my beſt Excuſe for my not writing ſooner. All your Friends of the Coffee-houſe are well; and what is no News to you, are, in ſpight of your Abſence, your conſtant humble Servants.

The Anſwer to Mr. Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

I Have a colourable Excuſe for my Silence, for when you went out of Town, you gave me the hopes of receiving a Letter from you, as ſoon as you arriv'd at *Cleve*. Beſides, ſince that, I have been a Month in *Northamptonſhire*. But the Inclination which I have to converſe with Mr. *Wycherley*, is too violent to receive any Check from Punctillo's. But, alas, I was reſtrain'd by too

too juſt an Impediment: For ever ſince I ſaw you, I have been ſo rackt by a cruel Paſſion, that I have had no Power to do any thing but to to Complain. And your Portion of Melancholy is not ſo ſmall, that you have need to be troubled with another Man's Spleen. I would be ſure to communicate my Happineſs to my Friend, nay, I could be but half happy if I did not communicate it. As in Love I never could be pleas'd to a Height with my own Pleaſure, if I did not find that it added to that of my Miſtreſs. But I ſhould impart my ill Humour to my Friend, if I found that it were not in his Power to eaſe me, and that it were much in his Inclination, with as much Regret, as I ſhould acquaint him with his own ill Fortune, if I were clearly convinc'd that it were not in my Power to aſſiſt him. You would not adviſe me to ſtifle this Paſſion. You are too well acquainted with Love, and me, to do that: You know that that would be to perſwade me to a thing which you are already ſenſible that I am very willing and very unable to do. I bluſh while I ſhow this Weakneſs, but ſure there is ſome Force of Mind requir'd to ſhew ſome ſorts of Weakneſs. You remember the Maxim of the wiſe Duke: *La meme fermete qui ſert a Reſiſter al'amour, Ser tauſſi queque fois*

a

a le rendre violent & durable. If that be true, I beſeech you to believe that this obſtinate Lover is a conſtant Friend too, and unalterably,

Dear Sir,
Your moſt humble Servant.

Mr. Wycherley's *Letter to Mr.* ——

Dear Sir,

I Lately received from you ſo kind, and ſo witty a Reproach for my not writing to you, that I can hardly repent me of my Fault, ſince it has been the Occaſion of my receiving ſo much Satisfaction: But you have had a reaſonable Excuſe for your Silence, ſince you ſay I promis'd to write to you firſt, which is very true; and I had kept my Promiſe, but for my Conjecture that you could not ſtay ſo long out of *Northamptonſhire*; nor was I, it ſeems miſtaken in that. But be aſſur'd, dear Sir, I think there can be no better End, or Deſign of my Writing, than in its procuring me the Satisfaction of receiving ſomething of yours; eſpecially, ſince I have no other way left me now of Converſing with you. But it ſeems, you forbear to relieve me out of Cha-

Charity, ſince you ſay your Trouble was ſo great, that you were unwilling to communicate it to me to mine. I ſee your Wit can do any thing, make an Omiſſion of a Kindneſs a greater Obligation; and if you complain but to your Miſtreſs, as wittily as you do to your Friend, I wonder not at her Cruelty, nor that ſhe ſhould take Pleaſure to hear you Complain ſo long. But, my Friend, have a care of Complaining to her, with ſo much true Sence, leſt it ſhould diſparage your true Love; and indeed, that I fear is the only Cauſe you are ſuffer'd to Complain ſo long, without the Succeſs which is due to your Merit, Love, and Wit, from one who, you ſay, has her ſelf ſo much; which, with your Pardon, I ſhall hardly believe, tho' you are her Voucher, if ſhe does not do what you wou'd have her; that is, do you and herſelf Reaſon as faſt as ſhe can; ſince ſhe muſt needs believe you a warm and ſincere Lover, as much as I believe you a zealous and a true Friend. And I am ſo well acquainted with Love and you, that I believe no body is able to alter your Love, or adviſe your Reaſon; the one being as Unalterable as the other Infallible; and you (for ought I know) are the only Man who at once can Love and be Wiſe. And to the Wiſe, you know, a Word is enough;

eſpe-

eſpecially ſince you gave me a Caution againſt oppoſing your Paſſion; becauſe it would be in vain. If Love be in you as in other Men, a violent Paſſion, it is therefore a ſhort Frenzy, and ſhould be cur'd like other Diſtempers of that kind, by your Friends humouring it, rather than oppoſing it. Yet pardon me, if I preſcribe the common Remedy of curing one Love with another. But whether you will let me be your Doctor or no, I muſt at leaſt wiſh you well, who am,

Dear Sir, your moſt obliged affectionate Friend, and humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

PRay thank my Friend Mr. *W*—— for putting his Surtout of a Letter over yours of a finer Stuff, as the Lining of a Garment is often finer than the Outſide. Pray give all the honeſt Gentlemen of the Coffee-houſe, of my Acquaintance and yours, my humble Service; whom, with you I hope to ſee again, within this three Weeks, at *London*.

Mr. Dennis *to Mr.* Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

A Man who has the Vanity of pretending to Write, muſt certainly love you extremely well, if he does not hate you after he has received from you ſuch a Letter as yours: And he muſt undoubtedly ſhew a great deal of Friendſhip, when he aſſures you he does not envy you the very Lines by which you commend him. A Man had need be very well acquainted with the Goodneſs of your Nature, to be ſatisfied that you do not praiſe with a wicked Deſign to mortifie. There are few Writers ſo humble, whom Mr. *Wycherley*'s Commendation would not render vain; but then there are few Writers ſo proud, whom the Wit that Mr. *Wycherley* ſhews in commending them, would not humble. So that a Man, who did not know you, wou'd be apt to believe that whenever you write to Phraiſe, you do but like a Wreſtler who lifts People up on purpoſe to throw them down, and the higher he raiſes them, makes their Fall the greater. Your Commendation is to a modeſt Man, what the ſecond Bottle is to a ſober Man; it raiſes his Vigour while he is ſwallowing it; but

the

the Wit is as ſure to make the one Melancholy upon mature Reflection, as the Wine is certain to leave the other Spiritleſs after the third Concoction: But our Infirmity cannot be your Fault; to whom we are oblig'd for your generous Intentions, which give you ſuch a peculiar Diſtinction from ordinary Men of Wit. Indeed, by a juſt and a noble Confidence, which you may repoſe in your ſelf, you may always very ſafely commend; becauſe you may be always ſure to ſurpaſs. 'Tis prudent and noble at once in a Conqueror to extol the Conquered: To praiſe the Excellence which he o'ercomes, is but to commend himſelf: Beſides, it wins the very Heart and Soul of him that is overcome, if he has but Virtue enough to be ſo ſubdued; and makes him willing to leave his laſt Retrenchment. It would long ſince have had that Effect upon me, if the reſt of your good Qualities had not prevented it; which have ſo cloſely and ſo entirely tied me to you, that whenever I receive a Letter from you, my Vanity is ſure to gain on the one ſide, what it is certain to loſe on the other: For if I am mortified as to my own Wit, I do not fail to value my ſelf upon yours.

I am, &c.

To Mr. Wycherley, *That a Block-head is better qualified for Buſineſs than a Man of Wit.*

Dear Sir,

THE laſt time I was at *Will*'s, I had the Mortification to hear, that our Friend Mr. ——— had met with a Diſappointment in ———; at which, ſome, who were preſent, were glad, affirming, That Succeſs would have thrown him out of his Element; for that a Man of Wit is not qualified for Buſineſs ſo well as a Block-head: I have ſince had ſome Thoughts concerning that matter which I here ſend you, and of which I deſire your Opinion.

Upon Reflection I have found out the following Reaſons, why Block-heads are thought to be fitteſt for Buſineſs, and why they really ſucceed in it.

Firſt, As their Brains are a great deal colder, than thoſe are of Men of Wit, they muſt have but very ſtrait Imaginations, and very barren Inventions; from whence it follows that they have but few Thoughts, and that a few Objects fill their Capacities.

Secondly, It is reaſonable enough to believe, that ſince they are uncapable of many Thoughts,

Thoughts, thoſe few which they have, are determin'd by their Neceſſities, their Appetites, and their Deſires, to what they call their Fortunes and their Eſtabliſhments.

Thirdly, It is not very hard to conceive, that ſince a Block-head has but a few Thoughts, and perhaps but one all his Life-time, which is his Intereſt, he ſhould have it more perfect, and better digeſted, then Men of Wit have the ſame Thought, who perhaps have a thouſand every Hour.

Fourthly, It is eaſie to comprehend, that ſince ſuch a one has but a few Thoughts, or perhaps but one, which by often revolving in his Mind, he has digeſted, and brought to perfection, he ſhould readily paſs from Thought to Action. For he muſt grow weary of Thinking ſo often of one and the ſame thing; and ſince the Nature of the Soul requires Agitation, as ſoon as his little Speculation ceaſes, he muſt of neceſſity act to divert himſelf.

Fifthly, It will be certainly found, that as a little Thought often makes a Man active in Buſineſs, ſo a little Judgment often makes him diligent; for he may well be eager in the Purſuit of thoſe things, on which, ſeduced by Paſſion and Vulgar Opinion, he ſets an exorbitant Value; and concerning whoſe Natures and Incertainty he is not

very capable of making ſolid Reflections. For tho' Prudence may oblige a Man to ſecure a Competency, yet never was any one by right Reaſon induced to ſeek Superfluities.

Sixthly, Penury of Thoughts ſuppoſes Littleneſs of Soul, which is often requiſite for the ſucceeding in Buſineſs: For a Blockhead is ſordid enough to deſcend to Trick and Artifice, which in Buſineſs are often neceſſary to procure Succeſs; unleſs they are more than ſupplied, by a Prudence deriv'd from a conſummate Experience, or from a great Capacity.

Thus have I endeavour'd to give the Reaſon, why a Fool ſucceeds better in Buſineſs than a Man of Wit; who has a multitude of Thoughts, and which fly at the nobleſt Objects; and who finds that there is ſomething ſo pleaſing, and ſo noble, in Thinking rightly, and more eſpecially in the ſublime Speculations of exalted Reaſon, that he finds it intollerably irkſome to deſcend to Action, and abhors the very Thought of being diligent in things, for which he has an extream Contempt.

Thus you ſee, that in ſome meaſure, a Fool may be ſaid to be better fitted out for Buſineſs, than a Man of Wit. But it is high time to diſtinguiſh: For, firſt, when

I ſay that a Block-head is fitted for Buſineſs, I mean only for little Buſineſs: For to affirm, that he is qualified for Affairs that require Extent of Capacity, would be a Contradiction in Terms. Secondly, When I affirm, that a Man of Wit is leſs capacitated for Buſineſs, I mean that he is leſs ſo, as long as he keeps in his natural Temper, and remains in a State of Tranquility: But if once he comes to be thrown out of that by the Force of a violent Paſſion, and fir'd with Zeal for his Country's Service, or enflam'd by Ambition, and Buſineſs can be made ſubſervient to the gratifying of thoſe Paſſions, then I dare boldly affirm, that one Man of Wit will go further than a thouſand of thoſe who want it. Of which it would be eaſie to give more than one Inſtance amongſt our preſent Miniſters. But I will be contented with putting you in mind, that none of the Romans had more Wit than *Cæſar*, and none of the French than *Richelieu*.

Before I conclude, I muſt give you a Caution; which is, That by the Word Block-head, I do not mean one that is ſtupid, but that I apply that word according to the Language of you Men of Wit, to one who thinks but a little: And that on the other ſide, by a Man of Wit, I do not mean eve-

ry Coxcomb whoſe Imagination has got the Aſcendant of his little Reaſon; but a Man like you, Sir, or our moſt ingenious Friend, in whom Fancy and Judgment are like a well-match'd Pair; the firſt like an extraordinary Wife, that appears always Beautiful, and always Charming, yet is at all times Decent, and at all times Chaſt; the ſecond like a prudent and well-bred Huſband, whoſe very Sway ſhews his Complaiſance, and whoſe very Indulgence ſhews his Authority,

I am, dear Sir, your moſt humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

To Mr. Dryden.

Sir,

THo' no Man writes to his Friend with greater Eaſe, or with more Chearfulneſs, than my ſelf; and tho' I have lately had the Preſumption to place you at the Head of that ſmall Party, nevertheleſs I have experienc'd, with Grief, that in writing to you I have not found my old Facility.

Since I came to this place I have taken up my Pen ſeveral times in order to write to

to you, but have conſtantly at the very beginning found my ſelf damp'd and diſabled; upon which I have been apt to believe that extraordinary Eſteem may ſometimes make the Mind as Impotent as a violent Love does the Body, and that the vehement Deſire we have to exert it, extremely decays our Ability. I have heard of more than one luſty Gallant, who, tho' he could at any time, with Readineſs and Vigour, poſſeſs the Woman whom he lov'd but moderately, yet when he has been about to give his Darling Miſtreſs, whom he has vehemently and long deſir'd, the firſt laſt Proof of his Paſſion, has found on a ſudden that his Body has jaded and grown reſty under his Soul, and gone backward the faſter, the more he has ſpurr'd it forward. Eſteem has wrought a like Effect upon my Mind; my extraordinary Inclination to ſhew that I honour you at an extraordinary rate, and to ſhew it in words that might not be altogether unworthy Mr. *Dryden*'s Peruſal, incapacitates me to perform the very Action to which it incites me, and Nature ſinks in me under the fierce Effort. But I hope you will have the Goodneſs to pardon a Weakneſs that proceeds from a Cauſe like this, and to conſider that I had pleas'd you more if I had honoured you leſs. Who knows

but

but that yet I may pleaſe you, if you encourage me to mend my Fault? To which, if you know but the Place I am in, Charity would engage you, tho' Juſtice could not oblige you: For I am here in a Deſart, depriv'd of Company, and depriv'd of News; in a Place where I can hear nothing at all of the Publick; and what proves it ten times more a Deſart, nothing at all of you: For all who are at preſent concern'd for their Country's Honour, hearken more after your Preparatives, than thoſe for the next Campaign. Theſe laſt may poſſibly turn to our Confuſion, ſo uncertain are the Events of War; but we know that whatever you undertake muſt prove Glorious to *England*; and tho' the French may meet with Succeſs in the Field, by you we are ſure to Conquer them. In War there are a thouſand unlook'd-for Accidents which happens every Day, and Fortune appears no where more like her ſelf; but in a Combat of Wit, the more Humane Contention, and the more Glorious Quarrel, Merit will be always ſure to prevail: And therefore, tho' I can but hope that the Confederate Forces will give Chaſe to *De Lorge* and *Luxemburgh*, I am very confident that *Boileau* and *Racine* will be forced to ſubmit to you. Judge therefore, if I, who very much love my Coun-

Country, and who ſo much eſteem you, muſt not with a great deal of Impatience expect to hear from you.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

To Mr. Dryden.

Dear Sir,

YOu may ſee already by this preſumptuous Greeting, that Encouragement gives us as much Aſſurance to Friendſhip, as it imparts to Love: You may ſee too, that a Friend may ſometimes proceed to acknowledge Affection, by the very ſame Degrees by which a Lover declares his Paſſion. This laſt, at firſt, confeſſes Eſteem, yet owns no Paſſion but Admiration: But as ſoon as he is animated by one kind Expreſſion, his Look, his Style, and his very Soul are altered; but as Sovereign Beauties know very well, that he who confeſſes he Eſteems and Admires them, implies that he Loves them, or is enclin'd to Love them; a Perſon of Mr. *Dryden*'s exalted Genius, can diſcern very well, that when we Eſteem him highly, 'tis Reſpect reſtrains us if we ſay no more. For where great Eſteem is without Affection, 'tis often attended

tended with Envy, if not with Hate; which Paſſions detract, even when they commend, and Silence is their higheſt Panegyric. 'Tis indeed impoſſible, that I ſhould refuſe to Love a Man, who has ſo often given me all the Pleaſure that the moſt inſatiable Mind can deſire; when at any time I have been dejected by Diſappointments, or tormented by cruel Paſſions, the Recourſe to your Verſes has calm'd my Soul, or rais'd it to Tranſports which made it contemn Tranquility. But tho' you have ſo often given me all the Pleaſure I was able to bear, I have reaſon to complain of you on this account, that you have confin'd my Delight to a narrower Compaſs: *Suckling*, *Cowley*, and *Denham*, who formerly raviſh'd me in ev'ry part of them, now appear Taſtleſs to me in moſt; and *Waller* himſelf, with all his Gallantry, and all that admirable Art of his Turns, appears three quarters Proſe to me. Thus 'tis plain that your Muſe has done me an Injury; but ſhe has made me Amends for it: For ſhe is like thoſe extraordinary Women, who, beſides the Regularity of their charming Features, beſides their engaging Wit, have ſecret, unaccountable, enchanting Graces, which tho' they have been long and often enjoy'd, make them always New and always Deſirable.

ſirable. I return you my hearty Thanks for your moſt obliging Letter. I had been very unreaſonable if I had repin'd that the Favour arriv'd no ſooner: 'Tis allowable to grumble at the Delaying a Payment, but to murmur at the Deferring a Benefit, is to be impudently Ungrateful beforehand. The Commendations which you give me, exceedingly ſooth my Vanity: For you with a Breath can beſtow or confirm Reputation; a whole numberleſs People proclaims the Praiſe which you give, and the Judgments of three mighty Kingdoms appear to depend upon yours. The People gave me ſome little Applauſe before; but to whom, when they are in Humour, will they not give it? and to whom, when they are Froward will they not refuſe it? Reputation with them depends upon Chance, unleſs they are guided by thoſe above them: They are but the Keepers as it were of the Lottery which Fortune ſets up for Renown; upon which Fame is bound to attend with her Trumpet, and Sound when Men draw the Prizes. Thus I had rather have your Approbation than the Applauſe of Fame: Her Commendation argues Good Luck, but Mr. *Dryden*'s implies Deſert. Whatever low Opinion I have hitherto had of my ſelf, I have ſo great a Value for your Judg-

ment,

ment, that, for the ſake of that, I ſhall be willing henceforward to believe that I am not wholly Deſertleſs; but that you may find me ſtill more Supportable, I ſhall endeavour to compenſate whatever I want in thoſe glittering Qualities, by which the World is dazled, with Truth, with Faith, and with Zeal to ſerve you; Qualities which, for their Rarity, might be Objects of Wonder, but that Men dare not appear to admire them, becauſe their Admiration would manifeſtly declare their Want of 'em. Thus, Sir, let me aſſure you, that tho' you are acquainted with ſeveral Gentlemen, whoſe Eloquence and Wit may capacitate them to offer their Service with more Addreſs to you, yet no one can declare himſelf, with greater Chearfulneſs, or with greater Fidelity, or with more profound Reſpect than my ſelf,

Sir, your moſt, &c.

Mr. Dryden *to Mr.* Dennis.

My dear Mr. Dennis,

WHen I read a Letter ſo full of my Commendations, as your laſt, I cannot but conſider you as the Maſter of a vaſt

vaſt Treaſure, who, having more than enough for your ſelf, are forc'd to Ebb out upon your Friends. You have indeed the beſt Right to give them, ſince you have them in Propriety; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the Light of the Moon can be allowed to be her own, who ſhines but by the Reflection of her Brother. Your own Poetry is a more powerful Example, to prove that the Modern Writers may enter into Compariſon with the Ancients, than any which *Perrault* could produce in *France*; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better Critick, can perſuade me that there is any room left for a ſolid Commendation at this time of Day, at leaſt for me. If I undertake the Tranſlation of *Virgil*, the little which I can perform will ſhew at leaſt, that no Man is fit to write after him, in a barbarous modern Tongue: Neither will his Machines be of any ſervice to a Chriſtian Poet. We ſee how ineffectually they have been try'd by *Taſſo*, and by *Arioſto*. 'Tis uſing them too dully if we only make Devils of his Gods: As if, for Example, I would raiſe a Storm, and make uſe of *Eolus*, with this only Difference of calling him Prince of the Air. What Invention of mine would there be in this? or who would not ſee *Virgil* thorough me, only

only the ſame Trick play'd over again by a bungling Juggler? *Boileau* has well obſerved, that it is an eaſie matter, in a Chriſtian Poem, for God to bring the Devil to Reaſon. I think I have given a better Hint for new Machines in my Preface to *Juvenal*, where I have particularly recommended two Subjects, one of King *Arthur*'s Conqueſt of the *Saxons*, and the other of the *Black Prince* in his Conqueſt of *Spain*. But the Guardian Angels of Monarchies and Kingdoms, are not to be touch'd by every Hand. A Man muſt be deeply converſant in the Platonick Philoſophy to deal with them: And therefore I may reaſonably expect that no Poet of our Age will preſume to handle thoſe Machines, for fear of diſcovering his own Ignorance; or if he ſhould, he might perhaps be Ingrateful enough not to own me for his Benefactor. After I have confeſs'd thus much of our Modern Heroick Poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. *Rym*——, that our Engliſh Comedy is far beyond any thing of the Ancients. And notwithſtanding our Irregularities, ſo is our Tragedy. *Shakeſpear* had a Genius for it; and we know, in ſpite of Mr. *R*——— that Genius alone is a greater Virtue (if I may ſo call it) than all other Qualifications put together. You ſee what Suc-

Succeſs this learned Critick has found in the World, after his Blaſpheming *Shakeſpear*. Almoſt all the Faults which he has diſcover'd are truly there; Yet who will read Mr. *Rym*——, or not read *Shakeſpear?* For my own part, I reverence Mr. *Rym*---'s Learning, but I deteſt his Ill Nature and his Arrogance. I indeed, and ſuch as I, have reaſon to be afraid of him, but *Shakeſpear* has not. There is another Part of Poetry in which the Engliſh ſtand almoſt upon an equal Foot with the Antients; and 'tis that which we call Pindarique; introduced, but not perfected by our Famous Mr. *Cowley*: and of this, Sir, you are certainly one of the greateſt Maſters: You have the Sublimity of Sence as well as Sound, and know how far the Boldneſs of a Poet may lawfully extend. I could wiſh you would cultivate this kind of Ode; and reduce it either to the ſame Meaſure which *Pinder* us'd, or give new Meaſures of your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vaſt Tract of Land newly diſcover'd. The Soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanur'd, overſtock'd with Inhabitants; but almoſt all Salvages, without Laws, Arts, Arms, or Policy. I remember poor *Nat. Lee*, who was then upon the Verge of Madneſs, yet made a ſober, and a witty Anſwer to a

bad Poet, who told him, *It was an eaſie thing to write like a Madman. No,* ſaid he, *'tis very difficult to write like a Madman; but 'tis a very eaſie matter to write like a Fool. Otway* and He are ſafe by Death from all Attacks, but we poor Poets Militant (to uſe Mr. *Cowley*'s Expreſſion) are at the Mercy of wretched Scribblers: and when they cannot faſten upon our Verſes, they fall upon our Morals, our Principles of State and Religion. For my Principles of Religion, I will not juſtifie them to you: I know yours are far different. For the ſame reaſon I ſhall ſay nothing of my Principles of State: I believe you in yours follow the Dictates of your Reaſon, as I in mine do thoſe of my Conſcience. If I thought my ſelf in an Error I would retract it; I am ſure that I ſuffer for them; and *Milton* makes even the Devil ſay, That no Creature is in love with Pain. For my Morals, betwixt Man and Man, I am not to be my own Judge; I appeal to the World if I have Deceiv'd or Defrauded any Man: And for my private Converſation, they who ſee me every Day can be the beſt Witneſſes, whether or no it be Blameleſs and Inoffenſive. Hitherto I have no reaſon to complain that Men of either Party ſhun my Company. I have never been an im-

impudent Beggar at the Doors of Noble Men: My Viſits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable; and but juſt enough to teſtifie my Gratitude for their Bounty; which I have frequently received, but always unask'd, as themſelves will witneſs. I have written more than I needed to you on this Subject: for I dare ſay, you juſtifie me to your ſelf. As for that which I firſt intended for the principal Subject of this Letter, which is my Friend's Paſſion, and his Deſign of Marriage, on better conſideration I have chang'd my Mind: For having had the Honour to ſee my dear Friend *Wycherley*'s Letter to him on that Occaſion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But as well as I love Mr. *Wycherley*, I confeſs I love my ſelf ſo well, that I will not ſhew how much I am inferiour to him in Wit and Judgment, by undertaking any thing after him. There is *Moſes* and the Prophets in his Counſel: *Jupiter* and *Juno*, as the Poets tell us, made *Tireſias* their Umpire, in a certain merry Deſpute, which fell out in Heav'n betwixt them: *Tireſias* you know had been of both Sexes, and therefore was a proper Judge; our Friend, Mr. *Wycherley*, is full as competent an Arbitrator: He has been a Batchelor, and Marry'd Man, and is now a Widower. *Virgil* ſays of *Ceneus*,

Nunc vir nunc Fæmina Ceneus,
Rurſus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet, I ſuppoſe, he will not give any large Commendations to his middle State; nor as the Sailer ſaid, will be fond, after a Ship-wrack, to put to Sea again. If my Friend will adventure after this, I can but wiſh him a good Wind, as being his; and,

My dear Mr. Dennis, *your moſt Affectionate and moſt Faithful Servant,*

JOHN DRYDEN.

Written for my Lady C——, *to her Couſin* W—— *of the* Temple. *By Mr.* Dennis.

After ſhe had received from him a Copy of Verſes on her Beauty.

Couſin,

I Received yours with the Verſes inclos'd, and here return you my hearty Thanks for the Face, the Shape, the Meen, which you have ſo generouſly beſtow'd upon me. From looking upon your Verſes I went to my Glaſs: But, Jeſu! the Difference! Tho' I bought it to Flatter me, yet compar'd to

to you, I found it a Plain Dealer: It ſhow'd me immediately that I have been a great deal more beholding to you, than I have been to Nature; for ſhe only form'd me not Frightful; but you have made me Divine. But as you have been a great deal kinder than Nature has been to me, I think my ſelf obliged, in Requital, to be a good deal more Liberal than Heav'n has been to you, and to allow you as large a Stock of Wit as you have giv'n me of Beauty: Since ſo Honeſt a Gentleman as your ſelf, has ſtretcht his Conſcience to commend my Perſon, I am bound in Gratitude to do Violence to my Reaſon, to extol your Verſes. When I left the Town, I deſir'd you to furniſh me with the News of the Place, and the firſt thing I have receiv'd from you, is a Copy of Verſes on my Beauty; by which you dexterouſly infer, that the moſt extraordinary Piece of News you can ſend me, is to tell me, that I am Handſom. By which ingenious Inference, you had infallibly brought the Scandal of a Wit upon you, if your Verſes had not ſtood up in you Juſtification. But tell me truly, Couſin, could you think that I ſhould prove ſo eaſie a Creature as to believe all that you have ſaid of me? How could you find in your Heart to make ſuch a Fool of me, and ſuch a Cheat

of your ſelf; to intoxicate me with Flattery, and draw me in to Truck my little Stock of Wit and Judgment, for a meer Imagination of Beauty; when the real thing too, falls ſo infinitely ſhort of what you would make me exchange for the very Fancy of it? For, Couſin, there is this conſiderable Difference between the Merit of Wit and Beauty: That Men are never violently influenc'd by Beauty, unleſs it has weaken'd their Reaſon; and never feel half the Force of Wit, unleſs their Judgments are ſound. The principal time in which thoſe of your Sex admire Beauty in ours, is between Seventeen and Thirty; that is, after they are paſt their Innocence, and before they are come to their Judgment. And now, Couſin, have not you been commending a pretty Quality in me, to admire which, as I have juſt ſhewn you, ſuppoſes not only a corrupted Will, but a raw Underſtanding: Beſides, how frail, how tranſitory is it! Nature deprives us of it at thirty, if Diſeaſes ſpare it till then: By which conſtant Proceeding, ſhe ſeems to imply, that ſhe gives it us as a Gugaw to pleaſe us in the Childhood of our Reaſons; and takes it from us, as a thing below us, when we come to Years of Diſcretion. Thus, Couſin, have you been commending a Qua-

Quality in me, which has nothing of true Merit in it, and of which I have no greater a Share, than to keep me from being ſcandalous. So that all I could have got by your Kindneſs, if I had parted with my Judgment, in order to reap the Benefit of it, had been nothing but wretched Conceit, and rediculous Affectation. If I thought you had enough of the gallant Man in you, to take what I ſay in good part, I would adviſe you to engage no further in Poetry: Be rul'd by a Woman for once, and mind your *Cook* upon *Littleton*. Rather Pettifog than Flatter: for if you are reſolved to be a Cheat, you will ſhow at leaſt ſome Conſcience, in reſolving rather to chouſe People of their Money, than to bubble them of their Underſtandings. Beſides, Couſin, you have not a Genius which will make a Great Poet, and be pleaſed to conſider, that a Small Poet is a ſcandalous Wight; that indifferent Verſes are very bad ones; and that an inſipid Panegytic upon another is a ſevere Libal upon your ſelf. Beſides, there will ſtart up a Satyr one Day, and then Woe be to cold Rimers. Old *England* is not yet ſo barren, but there will ariſe ſome generous Spirit, who, beſides a Stock of Wit and good Sence, which are no very common Qualities, will not

only be furniſhed with a ſound Judgment, which is an extraordinary Talent; but with a true Taſt for Eloquence and Wit, which is ſcarce any-where to be found; and which comprehends not only a juſt Diſcernment, but a fine Penetration, and a dilicate Criticiſm. Such a Satyriſt as this, Couſin, muſt ariſe, and therefore you had beſt take care, by a judicious Silence, that whenever he appears, he may be ſure to Divert you, and not Afflict you.

I am, &c.

To Mr ———, *at Will's Coffee-houſe, in* Covent-garden.

I Received your Panegyrick upon Pun's, which I ſo approve of, that I am reſolved to get it printed, and bouud up with *Eraſmus* his Praiſe of Folly. Yet to confeſs a Truth, I was ſomething diſſatisfied to ſee Quibbling commended with ſo much Wit: For nothing can be writ with more Wit, than your Letter to the Reſerve of the Quibbles; which I ſuppoſe you inſerted amongſt ſo many things which are ſo finely ſaid, leſt theſe ſhould have render'd you too vain, or too much have mortify'd me: But

But pray, after this Panegyrick upon Quibbles, give me leave to ask you the ſame Queſtion that the Lacedemonians ask'd the Sophiſter, who harangu'd in the Praiſe of *Hercules:* By the way, did you ever expect to hear a Quibble compar'd to *Hercules?* There's a Simile for you. *I think*, as *Novel* ſays, *that's New.* You, who are cry'd up for ſo great a Wit, tell me, without Envy, could you ever have thought upon that? But to return to my Queſtion: Here you have ſpent a great deal of time in the Defence of Quibbles. Who ſaid a Word againſt them? The Devil a Syllable did I mention of them in mine. It is true, I cited honeſt Mr. *Sw*——, but it is a hard Caſe, if the Quoting an Author muſt be conſtrued the Condemning his Works: I have a great Reſpect and Kindneſs for Mr. *Sw*——, as I have for all who have any Excellence. And truly, I think that for the Management of Quibbles and Dice, there is no Man alive comes near him. And let me tell you, Sir, for all your new Emulation, he is a better Quibbler than you. But it is high time to give over Raillery: For if you were my Father a thouſand times, let me die if I would not rigorouſly examine that part of your Letter which pretends to defend Quibbling. You ſay that I am too Nice, and

that

that my Averſion has ſomething in it, that is very like Affectation: But here you muſt give me leave to turn you own Simile upon you: Can a Man be juſtly accus'd of Niceneſs or Affectation, becauſe he appears offended at a Stink? When I tell you that Quibbling is extreamly fooliſh; You know it is fooliſh enough, you reply; but it is a fooliſh thing that diverts. And do you think this Knowledge of it will excuſe the Folly? Give me leave to reſume the aforemention'd Simile: Suppoſe a Fellow who beaks Wind, ſhould ſay to the Company, while they are cajoling their offended Noſes with Snuff, Look you Gentlemen, I know I am a brutal Dog for this, this is very naſty, but Begad it is very Diverting: Would the Excuſe, think you, be current? A Quibble diverts: Right; and ſo does a Hobby-horſe, which in my Mind, for thoſe who can be diverted without Reaſon, is the better Bawble of the two. A Quibble diverts: Jeſu! That this ſhould be ſpoken at *Will*'s? Can there be a more damnable Satyr upon Wit, than that ſo many Gentlemen who have ſo very much of it, ſhould be forc'd to play the Fool to divert one another? But, for God's ſake, what do you mean when you ſay a Quibble diverts you? It makes you laugh, I warrant: Why the great-

greateſt Coxcomb about the Town ſhall out-do you in Laughing at any time. Nature, who has dealt impartially with her Children, and who has given them but two Diſtinctions from Beaſts, Reaſon and Laughter, has, where ſhe has beſtow'd the more of the One, conferr'd the leſs of the Other: And therefore a Coxcomb will laugh at nothing. Ay, that indeed, ſay you, is a Sign of a Fool. Well, my dear Friend, I have ſo much Kindneſs for thee, that out of thy own Mouth, thou ſhalt not be Judged: For if a Quibble is not Wit, it is nothing. But it is at as great a Diſtance from Wit, as an Idol is from the Deity; and I will no more believe nauſeous Equivocals to be Wit, becauſe ſome Sots have admir'd them, than I will believe Garlick to be God, becauſe the Ægyptians ador'd it: Nay, it is a more damnable Sign of Stupidity in an Engliſh Man, to make Wit of a Quibble, than it was in the Ægyptians, to make a God of their Garlick. But to return from whence I digreſſed; I have never appear'd ſo much a Stoick, but that I have been as much for Diverſion as any of you: But then am I for the Diverſion of reaſonable Men, and of Gentlemen. If there be any Diverſion in Quibbling, it is a Diverſion of which a Fool and a Porter

is

is as capable as is the beſt of you. And therefore *Ben. Johnſon*, who writ every thing with Judgment, and who knew the Scum of the People, whenever he brings in a Porter or Tankard-bearer, is ſure to introduce him Quibbling. But if Punning be a Diverſion, it is a very ſtrange one: There is as much Difference between the ſilly Satisfaction which we have from a Quibble, and the raviſhing Pleaſure which we receive from a beautiful Thought, as there is betwixt a faint Salute and Fruition. But what would you have us do? you cry. Men of the greateſt Parts are no more to be found with Wit always about them, than rich Rogues with always the Ready. Why, look you, Sir, as the firſt Step to Wiſdom is to be freed from Folly; ſo the firſt Approach to Wit is a Contempt of Quibbling. If it happens at any time that you have not your Wit about you, we will either have patience till ſuch time as you have, or take good Sence in the lieu of it: If you are not in a Condition to delight us, we will be contented to be Inſtructed; we will make your Inſtruction nouriſh our Vanity, ſo turn even that to Delight. Nay, there is ſomething noble in right Reaſon, and conſequently ſomething delightful. Truth is ſo divinely beautiful, that it muſt pleaſe eternally;

ternally; but Falſhood is baſe, and muſt ſhock all generous Minds, and every Equivocal is but ambiguous Falſhood, that is the pittiful'ſt, the baſeſt of Falſhood.

To Walter Moyle, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir,

THo' you are already indebted a Letter to me, yet I think fit to give you Credit for another; tho' perhaps you may little deſire to run into Debt this way: But it is for two Reaſons that I give you the trouble of this: For, in the firſt place, I am taking a turn for a little time into the Country, and I deſign that the Prevention of this ſhould make ſome Amends for the Delay of my next. In the Second place, I have made ſome Proviſion of Scandal, which I am willing to make uſe of, before it grow ſtale upon my Hands. Juſt after I writ my laſt, I threw my ſelf into a detach'd Party, which march'd from *Will*'s to *Namure*; with the ſame Deſign that the Volunteers went to *Breſt*, to keep out of the Fray, and be Spectators of the Action. However, before they were come to Blows, I went amongſt the Tents, and had ſome

was

Diſcourſe with Major-General *R*——, whom I found to be Father to Mr. *Bays* his *Parthenope*. For the Major-General is a very honeſt Fellow, who ſells Ale by the Town-Wall: We had the Satisfaction to ſee that the Town was taken, and the whole Siege was carried on as Sieges generally are, with a great deal more Noiſe than Miſchief. On *Monday* laſt, which was the Second of *September*, I travell'd into the City, where I had the Satisfaction to ſee two very ridiculous Sights. The firſt was a Bawd carted for an Action which had ſome Relation to that memorable Day: For ſhe was convicted of being an Accomplice in ſetting Fire to an Ancient and Venerable Pile of the City; that is, ſhe was found Guilty of being inſtrumental in the Clapping an Alderman. I ſtood in a Book-ſeller's Shop to ſee her paſs, which Book-ſeller was packing up ſome Scoundrel Authors to ſend them away to the Plantations. Theſe Authors are Criminals, which being ſentenc'd to be Burut here, have at laſt found Grace, and got off with Tranſportation. You remember the terrible News that we heard at *P*——, which, as it ſprung from a ridiculous Occaſion, that is, my Lady Mayoreſs's Goſſipping, has had a comical Conſequence. For the Common-

coun-

Council have made an Order, by which my Lady Mayoreſs is diſpens'd during the Wars, from ſeeing thoſe Children born in the City, which are got in the Suburbs; that is, from being preſent at one of their Wive's Labours. But 'tis time to return to the Fair. Laſt Night I took a turn in the Cloiſters, where I was entertain'd with a great many Dialogues between Vizour and Vallancy Wig, upon which I leave you to be Judge, whether my Eyes or my Ears were the better entertain'd of the two. For I heard a great deal of Unintelligible Language, addreſs'd to a great many Inviſible Faces. As if, becauſe the Women had reſolv'd not to be ſeen, the Men had determin'd not to be Underſtood; and had in revenge eclips'd the Light of their Underſtanding by Fuſtian, as the others had obſcur'd the Luſtre of their Eyes by Velvet. Formerly the Ladies made uſe of White and Red to atract, but within theſe thirty Years black has ſucceeded, and the Devil is found more Tempting in his proper Colour. I have neither time nor place for any more: you ſhall have the reſt by the firſt Opportunity.

Yours, &c.

To

To Mr. Congreve.

Dear Sir,

I Have now read over the Fox, in which, tho' I admire the Strength of *Ben. Johnſon*'s Judgment, yet I did not find it ſo accurate as I expected: For firſt the very thing upon which the whole Plot turns, and that is, the Diſcovery which *Moſca* makes to *Bonario*; ſeems to me, to be very unreaſonable. For I can ſee no Reaſon why he ſhould make that Diſcovery which introduces *Bonorio* into his Maſter's Houſe. For the Reaſon which the Poet makes *Moſca* give in the ninth Scene of the third Act, appears to be a very abſurd one. Secondly, *Corbaccio*, the Father of *Bonario*, is expos'd for his Deafneſs, a perſonal Defect; which is contrary to the end of Comedy-Inſtruction: For perſonal Defects cannot be amended; and the expoſing ſuch, can never divert any but half-witted Men. It cannot fail to bring a thinking Man to reflect upon the Miſery of Human Nature; and into what he may fall himſelf without any Fault of his own. Thirdly, The Play has two Characters, which have nothing to do with the Deſign of it, which are to be look'd upon as Excreſcencies. Laſtly,

The

the Character of *Volpone* is inconſiſtent with it ſelf: *Volpone* is like *Catiline*, *Alieni appetens, ſui profuſus*; but that is only a Double in his Nature, and not an Inconſiſtence. The Inconſiſtence of the Character appears in this, that *Volpone* in the fifth Act behaves himſelf like a giddy Coxcomb, in the Conduct of that very Affair which he manag'd ſo Craftily in the firſt four. In which the Poet offends, firſt, againſt that fam'd Rule which *Horace* gives for the Characters,

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

And, Secondly, Againſt Nature, upon which all the Rules are grounded: For ſo ſtrange an Alteration, in ſo little a time, is not in Nature, unleſs it happens by the Accident of ſome violent Paſſion; which is not the Caſe here. *Volpone* on the ſudden behaves himſelf without common Diſcretion, in the Conduct of that very Affair which he had manag'd with ſo much Dexterity, for the ſpace of three Years together. For why does he diſguiſe himſelf? Or, why does he repoſe the laſt Confidence in *Moſca?* Why does he cauſe it to be given out that he's dead? Why, only to plague

his Bubbles. To plague them, for what? Why only for having been his Bubbles. So that here is the greateſt Alteration in the World, in the ſpace of twenty four Hours, without any apparent Cauſe. The Deſign of *Volpone* is to Cheat, he has carried on a Cheat for three Years together, with Cunning and with Succeſs: and yet he, on a ſudden, in cold Blood, does a thing which he cannot but know muſt endanger the ruining all.

I am, dear Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

To Mr. Congreve.

Dear Sir,

I Will not augment the Trouble which I give you by making an Apology for not giving it you ſooner. Tho' I am heartily ſorry that I kept ſuch a Trifle as the Inclos'd, and a Trifle writ extempore, long enough to make you expect a labour'd Letter. But becauſe in the Inclos'd, I have ſpoken particularly of *Ben. Johnſon*'s Fox, I deſire to ſay three or four words of ſome of his Plays more generally: The Plots of the

the Fox, the Silent Woman, the Alchimiſt, are all of them very Artful. But the Intrigues of the Fox, and the Alchimiſt, ſeem to me to be more dexterouſly Perplex'd, than to be happily Diſentangled. But the Gordian Knot in the Silent Woman is untyed with ſo much Felicity, that that alone may ſuffice to ſhew *Ben. Johnſon* no ordinary Heroe. But then, perhaps, the Silent Woman may want the very Foundation of a good Comedy, which the other two cannot be ſaid to want: For it ſeems to me, to be without a Moral. Upon which Abſurdity, *Ben. Johnſon* was driven by the Singularity of *Moroſe*'s Character, which is too extravagant for Inſtruction, and fit, in my Opinion, only for Farce. For this ſeems to me, to conſtitute the moſt eſſential Difference, betwixt Farce and Comedy, that the Follies which are expos'd in Farce are ſingular; and thoſe are particular, which are expos'd in Comedy. Theſe laſt are thoſe, with which ſome part of an Audiance may be ſuppos'd infected, and to which all may be ſuppos'd obnoxious. But the firſt are ſo very odd, that by reaſon of their monſtrous Extravagance, they cannot be thought to concern an Audience; and cannot be ſuppoſed to inſtruct them. For the reſt of the Characters in theſe

Plays, they are for the moſt part true, and moſt of the Humorous Characters Maſterpieces. For *Ben. Johnſon*'s Fools, ſeem to ſhew his Wit a great deal more than his Men of Sence: I admire his Fops, and but barely eſteem his Gentlemen. *Ben.* ſeems to draw Deformity more to the Life than Beauty: He is often ſo eager to purſue Folly, that he forgets to take Wit along with him. For the Dialogue, it ſeems to want very often that Spirit, that Grace, and that noble Railery, which are to be found in more modern Plays, and which are Virtues that ought to be inſeparable from a finiſh'd Comedy. But there ſeems to be one thing more wanting than all the reſt, and that is Paſſion, I mean that fine and that delicate Paſſion, by which the Soul ſhews its Politeneſs, ev'n in the midſt of its Trouble. Now to touch a Paſſion is the ſureſt way to Delight; for nothing agitates like it: Agitation is the Health and Joy of the Soul, of which it is ſo entirely fond, that even then, when we imagine we ſeek Repoſe, we only ſeek Agitation. You know what a famous modern Critick has ſaid of Comedy:

Il faut que ſes Acteurs badinent noblement,
Que ſon Noeud bien forme ſe denoue aiſement;
Que

Que l'action Marchant ou la Raiſon la Guide,
Ne ſe perde Jamma dans une Scens vuide,
Que ſon Stile humble & doux ſe releue a propos,
Que ſes diſcours par tout fertiles enbons mots,
Soient pleius de Paſſions finement maniees,
Et les Scenes toujours l'une al'autre liee.

I leave you to make the Application to *Johnſon*—— Whatever I have ſaid my ſelf of his Comedies, I ſubmit to your better Judgment. For you, who, after Mr. *Wycherley*, are incomparably the beſt Writer of it living, ought to be allowed to be the beſt Judge too.

I am yours, &c.

Mr. Congreve, *to Mr.* Dennis.

Concerning Humour in COMEDY.

Dear Sir,

YOu write to me, that you have entertained your ſelf two or three days, with reading ſeveral Comedies, of ſeveral Authors; and your Obſervation is, That there is more of Humour in our Engliſh Writers, than in any of the other Comick Poets, Ancient or Modern. You deſire to

know my Opinion, and at the ſame time my Thought, of that which is generally call'd Humour in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our Engliſh Writers, in that particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of Humour, I muſt at the ſame time confeſs, that what I take for true Humour, has not been ſo often written even by them, as is generally believed: And ſome who have valued themſelves, and have been eſteem'd by others, for that kind of Writing, have ſeldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Diſcourſe, and ſuch as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But ſuch little Remarks, as may be contain'd within the Compaſs of a Letter, and ſuch unpremeditated Thoughts, as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Cenſure of the World, or ſetting up for a Dictator, you ſhall have from me, ſince you have enjoyn'd it.

To define Humour, perhaps, where as difficult, as to define Wit; for like that, it is of infinite Variety. To enumerate the ſeveral Humours of Men, were a Work as endleſs, as to ſum up their ſeveral Opinions. And in my mind, the *Quot homines tot Sententiæ*, might have been more properly interpreted

terpreted of Humour; ſince there are many Men, of the ſame Opinion in many things, who are yet quite different in Humours. But tho' we cannot certainly tell what Wit is, or what Humour is, yet we may go near to ſhew ſomething, which is not Wit or not Humour; and yet often miſtaken for both. And ſince I have mentioned Wit and Humour together, let me make the firſt Diſtinction between them, and obſerve to you, that *Wit is often miſtaken for Humour.*

I have obſerved, that when a few things have been wittily and pleaſantly ſpoken by any Character in a Comedy, it has been very uſual for thoſe, who make their Remarks on a Play, while it is acting, to ſay, *Such a thing is very humorouſly ſpoken; There is a great deal of Humour in that Part.* Thus the Character of the Perſon ſpeaking, may be, ſurpriſingly and pleaſantly, is miſtaken for a Character of Humour; which indeed is a Character of Wit: But there is a great Difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many things humorouſly, as they call it, which is pleaſantly ſpoken; and one, where there are ſeveral Characters of Humour, diſtinguiſh'd by the particular and different Humours, appropriated to the ſeveral Perſons repreſented, and which naturally ariſe from the different Conſtitu-

tions, Complexions, and Diſpoſitions of Men. The ſaying of Humorous Things, does not diſtinguiſh Characters; for every Perſon in a Comedy may be allow'd to ſpeak them. From a witty Man they are expected; and even a Fool may be permitted to ſtumble on 'em by chance. Tho' I make a Difference betwixt Wit and Humour; yet I do not think that Humorous Characters exclude Wit: No, but the manner of Wit ſhould be adapted to the Humour. As for Inſtance, A Character of a Splenetick and Peeviſh Humour, ſhould have a Satyrical Wit; a Jolly and Sanguine Humour, ſhould have a Facetious Wit: The former ſhould ſpeak poſitively; the latter, careleſly: For the former obſerves, and ſhews things as they are; the latter rather overlooks Nature, and ſpeaks things as he would have them; and his Wit and Humour have both of them a leſs Alloy of Judgment than the others.

As *Wit*, ſo, its oppoſite, *Folly*, *is ſometimes miſtaken for Humour.*

When a Poet brings a Character on the Stage, committing a thouſand Abſurdities, and talking Impertinencies, Roaring aloud, and Laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occaſion; this is a Character of Humour.

Is

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy, ſtuff'd with ſuch Groteſque Figures, and Farce-Fools? Things, that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monſters, and Births of Miſchance; and conſequently as ſuch, ſhould be ſtifled, and huddled out of the way, like *Sooterkins*, that Mankind may not be ſhock'd with an appearing Poſſibility of the Degeneration of a God-like Species. For my part, I am as willing to Laugh, as any body, and as eaſily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous: but at the ſame time, I can never care for ſeeing things, that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confeſs freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey, without very mortifying Reflections; tho' I never heard any thing to the contrary, why that Creature is not Originally of a diſtinct Species. As I don't think Humour excluſive of Wit, neither do I think it inconſiſtent with Folly; but I think the Follies ſhould be only ſuch, as Mens Humours may incline 'em to; and not Follies intirely abſtracted from both Humour and Nature.

Sometimes *perſonal Defects are miſrepreſented for Humours.*

I mean, ſometimes Characters are barbarouſly

barouſly expoſed on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, caſual Defects in the Senſes, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet muſt both be very Ill-natur'd himſelf, and think his Audience ſo, when he propoſes by ſhewing a Man deform'd, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raiſe their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compaſſion. But much need not to be ſaid upon this Head to any body, eſpecially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnſon*'s Fox, have juſtly excepted againſt this Immoral Part of Ridicule in *Corbaccio*'s Character; and there I muſt agree with you to blame him, whom otherwiſe I cannot enough admire, for his great Maſtery of true Humour in Comedy.

External Habit of Body is often miſtaken for Humour.

By External Habit, I do not mean the ridiculous Dreſs or Cloathing of a Character, tho' that goes a good way in ſome received Characters; (but undoubtedly a Man's Humour may incline him to dreſs differently from other People) but I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or moſt of the ſame Country, Trade, Profeſſion or Education. I cannot think that a Humour, which is only

only a Habit, or Diſpoſition contracted by Uſe or Cuſtom; for by a Diſuſe, or Compliance with other Cuſtoms, it may be worn off, or diverſifi'd.

Affectation is generally miſtaken for Humour. Theſe are indeed ſo much alike, that, at a diſtance, they may be miſtaken one for the other: For what is Humour in one, may be Affectation in another; and nothing is more common, than for ſome to affect particular ways of ſaying, and doing things, peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imitate. Humour is the Life, Affectation the Picture. He that draws a Character of Affectation, ſhews Humour at the Second-hand; he at beſt but publiſhes a Tranſlation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as theſe two laſt Diſtinctions are the niceſt, ſo it may be moſt proper to explain them, by particular Inſtances from ſome Author of Reputation. Humour I take either to be born with us, and ſo of a natural Growth; or elſe to be grafted into us by ſome accidental Change in the Conſtitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may ſo call it, naturaliz'd.

Humour is from Nature, Habit from Cuſtom; and Affectation from Induſtry.

Hu-

Humour ſhews us as we are.

Habit ſhews us, as we appear, under a forcible Impreſſion.

Affectation ſhews what we would be, under a voluntary Diſguiſe.

Tho' here I would obſerve by the way, that a continued Affectation, may in time become a Habit.

The Character of *Moroſe* in the Silent Woman, I take to be a Character of Humour. And I chooſe to Inſtance this Character to you, from many others of the ſame Author, becauſe I know it has been condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce: And you have your ſelf hinted ſome Diſlike of it, for the ſame reaſon, in a Letter to me, concerning ſome of *Johnſon*'s Plays.

Let us ſuppoſe *Moroſe* to be a Man naturally Splenetick and Melancholy; is there any thing more offenſive to one of ſuch a Diſpoſition, than Noiſe and Clamour? Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We ſee common Examples of this Humour in Little every Day. 'Tis ten to one, but three parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are diſcompos'd and ſtartled at the Cutting of a Cork, or Scratching a Plate with a Knife: It is a Proportion of the ſame Humour, that makes ſuch or any other

other Noiſe offenſive to the Perſon that hears it; for there are others who will not be diſturb'd at all by it. Well; but *Moroſe*, you will ſay, is ſo extravagant, he cannot bear any Diſcourſe or Converſation, above a Whiſper. Why, it is his Exceſs of this Humour, that makes him become rediculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds but half the Audience, would have ſided with the Character, and have condemn'd the Author, for expoſing a Humour which was neither remarkable nor rediculous. Beſides, the Diſtance of the Stage requires the Figure repreſented, to be ſomething larger than the Life; and ſure a Picture may have Features larger in Proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactneſs of Quantity, were to be obſerved in Wit, as ſome would have it in Humour; what would become of thoſe Characters that are deſign'd for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet ſhould ſteal a Dialogue of any length, from the extempore Diſcourſe of the two wittieſt Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene but coldly receiv'd by the Town. But to the purpoſe:

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the ſame Play, is a Character of *Affectation*:

He

He every-where diſcovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conſcious to himſelf, but the Audience alſo plainly perceives that he is Ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thraſo* in the Eunuch of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Glorioſus* of *Plautus*: They affect to be thought Valiant, when both themſelves and the Audience know they are not. Now ſuch a Boaſting of Valour in Men who were really Valiant, would undoubtedly be a Humour; for a fiery Diſpoſition might naturally throw a Man into the ſame Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *Cob* in *Every Man in his Humour*, and moſt of the under Characters in *Bartholomew-fair*, diſcover'd only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the ſeveral Educations and Profeſſions of the Perſons repreſented. They are not Humours but Habits contracted by Cuſtom. Under this Head may be ranged all Country Clowns, Sailers, Tradeſmen, Jockeys, Gameſters and ſuch like, who make uſe of Cants or peculiar Dialects in their ſeveral Arts and Vocations. One may almoſt give a Receipt for the Compoſition of ſuch a Character: For the Poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper Phraſes and Terms

Terms of Art, and to make the Perſon apply them by rediculous Metaphors in his Converſation, with Characters of different Natures. Some late Characters of this kind have been very ſucceſful; but in my mind they may be painted without much Art or Labour; ſince they require little more, than a good Memory and ſuperficial Obſervation. But true Humour cannot be ſhown without a Diſſection of Nature, and a narrow Search to diſcover the firſt Seeds from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I ſhould be obliged to dwell longer upon each of theſe Diſtinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers: But a bare Hint is ſufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject: and I hope by this time you are of my Opinion, that Humour is neither Wit, nor Folly, nor perſonal Defect, nor Affectation, nor Habit; and yet, that each, and all of theſe, have been both written and received for Humour.

I ſhould be unwilling to venture even on a bare Deſcription of Humour, much more to make a Definition of it; but now my hand is in, I'll tell you what ſerves me inſtead of either: I take it to be, *A ſingular and unavoidable manner of doing, or ſaying any*

any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are deſtinguiſh'd from thoſe of other Men.

Our Humour has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Subſtance; it is a Colour, Taſte, and Smell, diffuſed thro' all; tho' our Actions are never ſo many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the ſame Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho' it may be diſguiſed by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: We may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Inſtument will be diſtinguiſh'd, tho' the Notes expreſſed by it, are never ſo various, and the Diverſions never ſo many. Diſſimulation, may by degrees, become more eaſie to our Practice; but it can never abſolutely tranſubſtantiate us into what we would ſeem: it will always be in ſome proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his Humour; and there is nothing more provoking, than the being made ſenſible of that Difficulty. Sometimes, one ſhall meet with thoſe, who perhaps, innocently enough, but at the ſame time impertiently, will ask the Queſtion, *Why are you not mer-*

ry

ry? Why are you not gay, pleaſant, and cheerful? Then inſtead of anſwering, could I ask ſuch one, *Why are you not handſome? Why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?* Nature abhors to be forc'd.

The two famous Philoſophers of *Epheſus* and *Abdera*, have their different Sects at this Day: Some weep, and others laugh at one and the ſame thing.

I don't doubt, but you have obſerved ſeveral Men laugh when they are angry; others who are ſilent; ſome that are loud: Yet I cannot ſuppoſe that it is the Paſſion of Anger which is in it ſelf different, or more or leſs in one than t'other; but that it is the Humour of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to expreſs it in that manner. Demonſtrations of Pleaſure are as various; one Man has a Humour of retiring from all Company, when any thing has happen'd to pleaſe him beyond Expectation; he hugs himſelf alone, and thinks it an addition to the Pleaſure to keep it ſecret. Another is upon Thorns till he has made Proclamation of it; and muſt make other People ſenſible of his Happineſs, before he can be ſo himſelf. So it is in Grief, and other Paſſions. Demonſtrations of Love, and the Effects of that Paſſion upon ſeveral Humours, are infinitely different: But here

the Ladies, who abound in Servants, are the beſt Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks ſomething ſhould be obſerved of the Humour of the Fair Sex; ſince they are ſometimes ſo kind as to furniſh out a Character for Comedy. But I muſt confeſs I have never made any Obſervation of what I apprehend to be true Humour in Women. Parhaps Paſſions are too powerful in that Sex, to let Humour have its Courſe; or may be by reaſon of their natural Coldneſs, Humour cannot exert itſelf to that extravagant Degree, which it often does in the Male-ſex: For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true reaſon is, becauſe our Follies are ſtronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the Diverſity of Humour, which muſt be allowed to be diffuſed throughout Mankind, might afford endleſs Matter, for the ſupport of Comedies. But when we come cloſely to conſider that Point, and nicely to diſtinguiſh the Difference of Humours, I believe we ſhall find the contrary. For tho' we allow every Man ſomething of his own, and a peculiar Humour; yet every Man has it not in quan-

quantity, to become remarkable by it: or, if many do become remarkable by their Humours; yet all thoſe Humours may not be diverting. Nor is it only requiſite to diſtinguiſh what Humour will be diverting, but alſo how much of it, what part of it to ſhew in Light, and what to caſt in Shades; how to ſet it off by preparatory Scenes, and by oppoſing other Humours to it in the ſame Scene. Thro' a wrong Judgment, ſometimes, Mens Humours may be oppoſed when there is really no ſpecific Difference between them; only a greater proportion of the ſame, in one than t'other; occaſion'd by having more Flegm, or Choller, or whatever the Conſtitution is, from whence their Humours derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be ſaid on this Subject; tho' perhaps I have already ſaid too much; but I have ſaid it to a Friend, who I am ſure will not expoſe it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is intirely new, and was never touch'd upon before; and if I would have any one to ſee this private Eſſay, it ſhould be ſome one, who might be provoked by my Errors in it, to publiſh a more judicious Treatiſe on the Subject. Indeed I wiſh it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the

Scarcity of true Humour, and the Difficulty of finding and ſhewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to ſearch into Nature for it, and lay it open to the Publick View.

I don't ſay but that very entertaining and uſeful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectations, and thoſe other Qualities, which I have endeavoured to diſtinguiſh from Humour: but I would not have ſuch impoſed on the World for Humour, nor eſteem'd of equal Value with it. It were, perhaps, the Work of a long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and diſtinct Humour. Therefore, every Poet muſt be beholding to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think ſuch a One deſerves to be broke, who makes all falſe Muſters; who does not ſhew one true Humour in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the end of the Play with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Obſervation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Obſervation of your own, and which I mention'd at the beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of Humour in our Engliſh Comick Writers than in any others.

others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon Humour to be almoſt of Engliſh Growth; at leaſt, it does not ſeem to have found ſuch Encreaſe on any other Soil: And what appears to me to be the reaſon of it, is the great Freedom, Priviledge, and Liberty which the common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a Humour, is under no Reſtraint, or fear of giving it Vent; they have a Proverb among them, which, may be, will ſhew the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Diſcourſe: *He that will have a May-pole, ſhall have a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe ſomething conſiderable too may be aſcribed to their feeding ſo much on Fleſh, and the Groſſneſs of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Phyſicians agree that. Thus you have my Thoughts of Humour, to my Power of Expreſſing them in ſo little Time and Compaſs. You will be kind to ſhew me wherein I have err'd; and as you are very capable of giving me Inſtruction, ſo I think I have a very juſt Title to demand it from you; being, without Reſerve,

Your real Friend, and humble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

To Mr. Congreve, *at* Tunbridge.

Dear Sir,

MR. *Moyle* and I have impatiently expected to hear from you. But if the Well which you drink of had ſprung up from *Lethe*, you could not have been more forgetful of us. Indeed, as the *Tunbridge*-water is good for the Spleen, it may be ſaid in ſome manner to cauſe Oblivion. But I will yet a while hope that Mr. *Moyle* and I are not of the Number of Things that plague you: However, I am ſo ſenſible of your being mindful of me in Town, that I ſhould be ungrateful, if I ſhould complain that you do not remember me where you are. Mr. *Moyle* tells me that you have made a favourable Mention of me, to a certain Lady of your Acquaintance, whom he calls—— But then to mortifie the Old Man in me, or indeed rather the Young, he aſſur'd me, that you had given a much better Character of him. However, for that which you gave of me, I cannot but own my ſelf obliged to you, and I look upon your Kindneſs as ſo much the greater, becauſe I am ſenſible that I do not deſerve it. And I could almoſt wiſh that your good Qualities, were not quite ſo numerous, that

I might be able to make you ſome Return in Specie: For Commending you now, I do you but Juſtice, which a Man of Honour will do to his Enemy; whereas you, by partial Praiſe, have treated me like a Friend. I make no doubt, but that you do me the Juſtice to believe that I am perfectly yours; and that your Merit has engag'd me, and your Favours oblig'd me to be all my Life-time,

Dear Sir, your moſt humble Servant,

J. Dennis.

Mr. Congreve *to Mr.* Dennis.

Dear Sir,

IT is not more to keep my Word, than to gratifie my Inclination, that I write to you; and tho' I have thus long deferr'd it, I was never forgetful of you, nor of my Promiſe. Indeed I waited in Expectation of ſomething that might enable me to return the Entertainment I received from your Letters: but you repreſent the Town ſo agreeable to me, that you quite put me out of Conceit with the Country; and my Deſigns of making Obſervations from it.

Before I came to *Tunbridge*, I propoſed to my ſelf the Satisfaction of Communicating the Pleaſures of the Place to you: But if I keep my Reſolution, I muſt tranſcribe, and return you your own Letters; ſince I muſt own I have met with nothing elſe ſo truly Delightful. When you ſuppoſe the Country agreeable to me, you ſuppoſe ſuch Reaſons why it ſhould be ſo, that while I read your Letter, I am of your Mind; but when I look off, I find I am only charm'd with the Landskip which you have drawn. So that if I would ſee a fine Proſpect of the Country, I muſt deſire you to ſend it me from the Town; as if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the beſt way were, to beg a Basket from my Friends in *Covent-garden*. After all this, I muſt tell you there is a great deal of Company at *Tunbridge*; and ſome very agreeable: but the greater part, is of that ſort, who at home converſe only with their own Relations; and conſequently when they come abroad, have few Acquaintance, but ſuch as they bring with them. But were the Company better, or worſe, I would have you expect no Characters from me; for I profeſs my ſelf an Enemy to Detraction; And who is there, that can juſtly merit Commendation? I have a mind to write to you, without the Pretence

tence of any manner of News, as I might drink to you without naming a Health; for I intend only my Service to you. I wiſh for you very often, that I might recommend you to ſome new Acquaintance that I have made here, and think very well worth the keeping; I mean Idleneſs and a good Stomach. You would not think how People eat here; every Body has the Appetite of an Oaſtrich, and as they drink Steel in the Morning, ſo I believe at Noon they could digeſt Iron. But ſure you will laugh at me for calling Idleneſs a new Acquaintance; when, to your Knowledge, the greateſt part of my Buſineſs, is little better. Ay, but here's the Comfort of the Change; I am Idle now, without taking Pains to be ſo, or to make other People ſo; for Poetry is neither in my Head, nor in my Heart. I know not whether theſe Waters may have any Communication with *Lethe*, but ſure I am, they have none with the Streams of *Helicon*. I have often wonder'd how thoſe wicked Writers of Lampoons, could crowd together ſuch quantities of execrable Verſes, tag'd with bad Rhimes, as I have formerly ſeen ſent from this place. But I am half of Opinion now, that this Well is an *Anti-Hypocrene*: What if we ſhould get a quantity of the Water privately convey'd into the

the Ciſtern at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, for an Experiment? But I am extravagant—— Tho' I remember *Ben. Johnſon* in his Comedy of *Cynthia*'s Revels, makes a Well, which he there calls the Fountain of Self-love, to be the Source of many entertaining and ridiculous Humours. I am of Opinion that ſomething very Comical and New, might be brought upon the Stage, from a Fiction of the like Nature. But now I talk of the Stage, pray if any thing new ſhould appear there, let me have an Account of it; for tho' Plays are a kind of Winter-fruit, yet I know there are now and then ſome Wind-falls at this time of Year, which muſt be preſently ſerved up, leſt they ſhould not keep till the proper Seaſon of Entertainment. 'Tis now the time, when the Sun breeds Inſects; and you muſt expect to have the Hum and Buz about your Ears, of Summer-flies and ſmall Poets. Cuckows have this time allow'd 'em to Sing, tho' they are damn'd to Silence all the reſt of the Year. Beſides, the approaching Feaſt of St. *Bartholomew* both creates an Expectation and beſpeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monſtrous Births: Methinks the Days of *Bartholomew-fair* are like ſo many Sabbaths, or Days of Privilege, wherein Criminals and Malefactors in

in Poetry, are permitted to creep abroad. They put me in mind (tho' at a different time of Year) of the Roman *Saturnalia*, when all the Scum, and Rabble, and Slaves of *Rome*, by a kind of Annual and limited Manumiſſion, were ſuffer'd to make abominable Mirth, and Profane the Days of *Jubilee*, with vile Buffoonry, by Authority. But I forget that I am writing a Poſt-letter, and run into length like a Poet in a Dedication, when he forgets his Patron to talk of himſelf. But I will take care to make no Apology for it, leſt my Excuſe (as Excuſes generally do) ſhould add to the Fault. Beſides, I would have no appearance of Formality, when I am to tell you, that

I am, your real Friend, and

Humble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

Let-

Letters of LOVE.

Written by ——

Dear Madam,

NOT believe that I love you: You cannot pretend to be ſo incredulous. If you do not believe my Tongue, conſult my Eyes, conſult your own. You will find by yours, that they have Charms; by mine, that I have a Heart which feels them. Recal to mind what happen'd laſt Night: That at leaſt was a Lover's Kiſs. Its Eagerneſs, its Fierceneſs, its Warmth, expreſs'd the God its Parent. But oh! its Sweetneſs, and its melting Softneſs expreſs'd him more. With Trembling in my Limbs, and Fevers in my Soul I raviſh'd it: Convulſions, Pantings, Murmurings ſhew'd the mighty Diſorder within me: The mighty Diſorder encreaſed by it. For thoſe dear Lips ſhot thro' my Heart, and thro' my bleeding Vitals, delicious Poiſon, and an avoidleſs, but yet a charming Ruine.

Ruine. What cannot a Day produce? The Night before, I thought my ſelf a Happy Man. In want of nothing, and in faireſt Expectation of Fortune; Approv'd of by Men of Wit, and applauded by others; Pleaſed, nay charm'd with my Friends, my then deareſt Friends; Senſible of ev'ry delicate Pleaſure, and in their turns poſſeſſing all. But Love, Almighty Love! ſeems in a Moment to have remov'd me to a prodigious Diſtance from every Object but you alone: In the midſt of Crowds I remain in Solitude. Nothing but you can lay hold of my Mind, and that can lay hold of nothing but you. I appear tranſported to ſome Foreign Deſart with you, (Oh that I were really thus tranſported!) where, abundantly ſupplied with ev'ry thing in thee, I might live out an Age of uninterrupted Extacy. The Scene of the World's great Stage, ſeems ſuddenly and ſadly chang'd. Unlovely Objects are all around me, excepting thee: The Charms of all the World appear to be tranſlated to thee. Thus in this ſad, but oh, too pleaſing State! my Soul can fix upon nothing but thee: Thee it Contemplates, Admires, Adores, nay, Depends on; Truſts in you alone. If you and Hope forſake it, Deſpair and endleſs Miſery attend it.

Dear

Dear Madam,

THis I ſend by the Permiſſion of a ſevere Father, I will not ſay a cruel one, ſince he is yours. What is it that he has taken ſo mortally ill of me? That I die, for his Daughter is my only Offence. And yet he has refuſed to let me take ev'n my Farewel of you. Thrice happy be the Omen! May I never take my Farewel of thee, till my Soul takes leave of my Body. At leaſt, he cannot reſtrain me from Loving: No, I will love thee in ſpight of all Oppoſition. Tho' your Friends and mine prove equally averſe, yet I will love thee with a Conſtancy that ſhall appear to all the World, to have ſomething ſo noble in it, that all the World ſhall confeſs, that it deſerv'd not to be Unfortunate. I will forſake even my Friends for thee: My honeſt, my witty, my brave Friends; who had always been till I had ſeen thee, the deareſt part of Mankind to me. Thou ſhalt ſupply the place of them all with me. Thou ſhalt be my boſom, my beſt-lov'd Friend; and at the ſame time, my only Miſtreſs, and my deareſt Wife. Have the Goodneſs to pardon this Familiarity. 'Tis the tendereſt Leave of the faithfuleſt Lover; and here to ſhew an Over-reſpectfulneſs would

would be to wrong my Paſſion. That I love thee more than Life, nay, even than Glory, which I courted once with a burning Deſire, bear Witneſs all my unquiet Days, and every reſtleſs Night, and that terrible Agitation of Mind and Body, which proceeded from my fear of loſing thee. To loſe thee is to loſe all Happineſs; Tormenting Reflection to a ſenſible Soul! How often has my Reaſon been going upon it? But the loſs of Reaſon would be but too happy upon the loſs of thee: Since all the Advantage that I could draw from its Preſence, would be to know my ſelf Miſerable. But the time calls upon me: I am oblig'd to take an odious Journey, and leave thee behind with my Enemies. But thine ſhall never do thee harm with me. Adieu, thou deareſt, thou lovelieſt of Creatures! No Change of Time or Place, or the Remonſtrances of the beſt of Friends, ſhall ever be able to alter my Paſſion for thee. Be but one quarter ſo kind, ſo juſt to me, and the Sun will not ſhine on a happier Man than my ſelf.

Dear

Dear Madam,

MAy I preſume to beg Pardon for the Fault I committed? So fooliſh a Fault, that it was below not only a Man of Sence, but a Man; and of which nothing could ever have made me Guilty, but the Fury of a Paſſion with which none but your lovely ſelf could inſpire me. May I preſume to beg pardon for a Fault which I can never forgive my ſelf? To purchaſe that Pardon, what would I not endure? You ſhall ſee me proſtrate before you, and uſe me like a Slave, while I kiſs the dear Feet that trample upon me. But if my Crime be too great for Forgiveneſs, as indeed it is very great, deny me not one dear parting Look; Let me ſee you once before I muſt never ſee you more. Chriſt! I want Patience to ſupport that accurſed Thought. I have nothing in the World that is dear to me, but you. You have made every thing elſe indifferent: And can I reſolve never to ſee you more? In ſpight of my ſelf I muſt always ſee you. Your Form is fix'd by Fate in my Mind, and is never to be remov'd. I ſee thoſe lovely piercing Eyes continually, I ſee each Moment thoſe raviſhing Lips, which I have gaz'd on ſtill with Deſire, and ſtill have touch'd with Tranſport; and at which

which I have ſo often flown with all the Fury of the moſt violent Love. Jeſus! From whence, and whither am I fallen? From the Hopes of bliſsful Extaſies to black Deſpair! From the Expectation of immortal Tranſports, which none but your dear Self can give me, and which none but he who loves like me, could ever ſo much as think of, to a Complication of cruel Paſſions, and the moſt dreadful Condition of Human Life. My Fault, indeed, has been very great, and cries aloud for the ſevereſt Vengeance. See it inflicted on me: See me deſpair and die for that Fault. But let me not die Unpardon'd, Madam; I die for you, but die in the moſt cruel and dreadful manner. The Wretch that lies broken on the Wheel alive, feels not a quarter of what I endure. Yet boundleſs Love has been all my Crime; unjuſt, ungrateful, barbarous Return of it! Suffer me to take my eternal Leave of you; when I have done that, how eaſie will it be to bid all the reſt of the World Adieu.

Dear Madam,

THIS is the third Letter that I have ſent you ſince I came hither: Thoſe which went before it were all the Over-

flowings of a Heart more full of Paſſion than ever was Man's before. It is impoſſible for me to be diſtant from you, but I muſt ſend to you by every occaſion. And yet you can reſolve to take no Notice of all my Tenderneſs: Yes, my deareſt, inhumane Creature, you can. You have been ſick, nay dangerouſly ſick, and have never ſent to me. Have I left all the World for you, and could you reſolve to leave the World without me; Nay, without ſo much as giving me the leaſt Notice of it? Chriſt! Could you reſolve to leave me to Deſpair and to endleſs Miſery, without expreſſing the leaſt Concern for me! And can I perſiſt in loving one ſo ingrateful! Is there ſuch another ingrateful Creature alive! No, there lives not ſo ingrateful a Creature, but there lives not one ſo Charming.

Dear Madam,

CAN you be angry ſtill with your poor Penitent? You cannot have the ill Nature, ſure? Yes, but you can, you ſay ſince he could have the Preſumption to be angry with you. But, my Deareſt, there is this Difference betwixt your Anger and mine; Mine was cau'd by the Cruelty of your

your ſuppos'd Infidelity; and yours by the Kindneſs of your Lover's Reſentment: for if I had not been fond of thee to the laſt degree, I had not been ſo incens'd againſt you. Yet even when I was moſt ſo, I could ſooner have pluck'd out an Eye, than have reſolved to have parted with thee: Nay, I could ſooner have torn out both Eyes, if the loſs of both would not have for ever depriv'd me of the dear, the raviſhing ſight of thee. But if you ſtill think that my Anger had Guilt in it, and that I ought to ſuffer for it, the means to puniſh me with utmoſt Severity, and to make me my own Tormenter, is to tell me, you love me: Then I ſhall curſe my ſelf and my Rage, and feel all the Plague of Remorſe for having offended thee: I ſhall look upon my ſelf as the baſeſt, the moſt ungrateful of Men for abuſing thy Goodneſs, and thy charming Tenderneſs. I ſhall believe that I can never humble my ſelf enough, and never ſuffer enough to deſerve Forgiveneſs. Thus, Madam, you have your Revenge in your Power. It is a falſe Modeſty which reſtrains you from taking it: In order to it, you have nothing to do, but to prove your ſelf tender, and to ſhew your ſelf grateful. If you muſt be aſham'd, bluſh at your Cruelty; bluſh at your Inhumanity:

But Gratitude is Reaſon, and Love is Nature; never be aſham'd of thoſe. Do but conſider, there was a time, when I was happy in your Eſteem; yes, there has been a time, in which I was thought not altogether void of Reaſon by you: How then can you bluſh at the owning a Paſſiion, which you command with an abſolute Sway, at the very time that it Tyrannizes over me?

Dear Madam,

MY Friend's Stratagem gave me an opportunity of ſeeing you, by finding Fault with you. It muſt proceed from Deſign or Madneſs if I find fault with thee: Thy lovely Face is the very ſame that ſet all my Blood in a flame; and I am ſure my Heart can never be alter'd. How it trembled in my Breaſt when I ſaw you laſt, and by its trouble confeſs'd its Conqueror! How it has burnt ever ſince with redoubled Fury! When I ſhall be free from this Flame, Heav'n only knows, for the Hour of my Death Heaven only knows: 'Tis a Flame that has incorporated with that of my Life, and both will go out together. In vain I invoke my Reaſon to reſiſt my Senſes: My Reaſon finds you more lovely than my Eyes did

did before; ſhews me all the Graces of thy beauteous Mind, and grows pleas'd and prides itſelf in its own Captivity. You accuſe me, they ſay, of ſome extraordinary Crime: A Crime againſt whom? Againſt you whom I love! Againſt you, for whom I could die! Strange Accuſation! Yet at the ſame time you refuſe to ſee me, you refuſe to receive my Letters: And muſt I be condemn'd Unheard? Robbers are allow'd to ſpeak before they are ſentenc'd; Murderers have the Privilege to plead for their Lives: And ſhall the tendereſt Love be denied the Privilege which is granted to the blackeſt Malice? I have been guilty of nothing but too much Love, if too much Love be a Fault. Why have you given Credit to my Enemies, before you have heard me? I may indeed be convinc'd of an Error, but I can never be convicted of a Crime againſt you. The Man muſt be mad, nay, deſperately mad, who can deſign to injure himſelf; and thou art, by much, the better, the dearer Part of me. Give me leave to ſee you once more before I depart: Let me ſee once more that Face which has undone me, yet charms me even in Ruine:

O Face induſtriouſly contriv'd by Heaven,
To fix my Eyes and captivate my Soul!

Nay, I will ſee you, if it be but to upbraid you with your barbarous Wiſh: If at the time that you made it, you had ſtruck a Dagger in my Heart, you had given it a gentler Wound.

The only Wiſh that I have to make, is to be happy in thee; if that ſucceeds not, I have another, and that is, to lie at reſt in my Grave.

The End of the Love-Letters.

To Walter Moyle, *Eſq*; *at* Bake, *in* Cornwall.

Dear Sir,

YOUR long Silence made me conjecture, that you are ſo intent upon being Burgeſs of *Bodmyn*, that you had forgot the Citizens of *Covent-garden*: At laſt I received an agreeable Letter from you. You had beſt have a care of talking in *Cornwal*, at the rate that you write to your Friends. If you do, the Corniſh Men may not think you rightly Qualified to Repreſent them. When you left the Town, you talk'd of a Critical Correſpondence between us: But Idleneſs on your ſide, and ill Humour on mine,

mine, have baulked a very hopeful Deſign. But an Accident has lately happened, which obliges me to provoke you: For there has juſt been a Play acted, called, *The Mock-marriage*, the Author of which, whoſe Name I have forgot, aſſerts, dogmatically, in his Preface, That he who writes by Rule ſhall only have his Labour for his Pains. I know not what this Author can mean by this: For, whom does he pretend to perſwade by this fine Aſſertion? Not Mr. *Moyle*, and me at leaſt. We know indeed very well, that a Man may write regularly, and yet fail of Pleaſing; and that a Poet may pleaſe in a Play that is not regular. But this is eternally true, That he who writes regularly *ceteris Paribus*, muſt always pleaſe more, than he who tranſgreſſes the Rules. Nothing can pleaſe in a Play but Nature; no, not in a Play which is written againſt the Rules: and the more there is of Nature in any Play, the more that Play muſt Delight. Now the Rules are nothing but an Obſervation of Nature: For Nature is Rule and Order itſelf. There is not one of the Rules, but what might be us'd to evince this. But I ſhall be contented with ſhewing ſome Inſtances of it, even in the Mechanical Rules of the Unities: And firſt for that of place; It is certain that it is in Nature im-

poſſible, for a Man who is in the Square in *Covent-garden*, to ſee the things, that at the ſame time, are tranſacted at *Weſtminſter*. And then for that of Time, a reaſonable Man may delude himſelf ſo far, as to fancy that he ſits for the ſpace of twelve Hours, without removing, eating or ſleeping; but he muſt be a Devil that can fancy he does it for a Week. What I have ſaid may evince a Neceſſity of obſerving the Unities of Time and of Place, if a Poet would throughly write up to Nature. And then the Unity of Action follows on courſe: For, that two Actions that are entire, and independent, ſhould happen in the ſame ſhort ſpace of time, in the ſame little compaſs of place, begin together, go on together, and end together, without obſtructing or confounding one another; this indeed may be done upon the Stage, but in Nature it is highly improbable. Well then, ſince the Rules are nothing but Nature it ſelf, and nothing but Nature can pleaſe, and ſince the more that any Play has of Nature, the more that Play muſt Delight, it follows that a Play which is regularly written, *ceteris Paribus*, muſt pleaſe more than a Play which is written againſt the Rules, which is a Demonſtration. Rule may be ſaid to be a Play; what Symmetry

of

of Parts is known to be to a Face? The Features may be regular, and yet a great or a delicate Air may be wanting: And there may be a commanding or engaging Air, in a Face whoſe Features are not regular. But this all the World muſt allow of, that there can never be ſeen any Soveraign Beauty, where Air and Regularity of Features are not united. Thus is Reaſon againſt this Author; but the miſchief is, that Experience is againſt him too: For all your Dramatick Poets muſt confeſs, that the Plays which they have writ with moſt Regularity, have been they which have pleaſed moſt. I muſt trouble you with another Dramatical Criticiſm, but not till the next Opportunity.

I am yours, &c.

Mr. —— *to Mr.* Congreve.

Dear Sir,

I Came home from the Land's End Yeſterday, where I found three Letters from Mr. *Dennis*, and one from you, with a humerous Deſcription of *John Abaſſus*, *A Country Poet.* ſince the dubbing of *Don Quixote*, and the Coronation of *Petrarch* in the Capitol,

tol, there has not been ſo great a Solemnity as the Conſecration of *John Abaſſus*. In all the Pagan Ritual, I never met with the Form of Poetical Orders; but I believe the Ceremony of Conſecrating a Man to *Apollo*, is the ſame with Devoting a Man to the *Dii Manes*, for both are Martyrs to Fame. I believe not a Man of the Grave Club durſt aſſiſt at this ridiculous Scene, for fear of laughing out-right. *W.* was in his Kingdom, and for my part I would have rather ſat there than in the Houſe of Commons. Would to God I could laugh with you for one Hour or two at all the ridiculous things that have happen'd at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe ſince I left it, 'tis the merrieſt Place in the World: Like *Africa*, every Day it produces a Monſter; and they are got there juſt as *Pliny* ſays they are in *Africa*, Beaſts of different kinds come to drink, mingle with one another and beget Monſters. Preſent my humble Duty to my new Lord, and tell him, that I am preparing an Addreſs to Congratulate his Acceſſion to the Throne of the Rabble. Tell the Lady, who was the Author of the *Hue and Cry* after me, ſhe might have ſent out a hundred *Hues and Cries* before ſhe would have found a Poet. I took an effectual Courſe not to be apprehended for a Poet, for I went down clad like a Soldier, with

with a new Suit of Cloaths on, and, I think there could not have been a better Diſguiſe for a Poet, unleſs I had ſtol'n Dr. *B*——'s Coat. Mr. *Dennis* ſent me down *P*—— *M*——'s *Parodie*. I can ſay very little of the Poem; but as for the Dialogue, I think 'twas the firſt time that *M*—— ſuffered any body to talk with him, though indeed here he interrupts Mr. *Boileau* in the midſt of the firſt word. My humble Service to Mr. *Wycherley*. I deſire you would write me ſome News of the Stage, and what Progreſs you have made in your Tragedy.

I am your affectionate Friend

and Servant.

Mr. Congreve *to Mr.* ——

Dear Sir,

I Can't but think that a Letter from me in *London*, to you in *C*——, is like ſome ancient Correſpondence between an Inhabitant of *Rome* and a Cimmerian: May be my way of Writing may not be ſo modeſtly compared with Roman Epiſtles; but the Reſemblance of the Place will juſtifie the other part of the Parallel: The ſubter-

raneous

raneous Habitations of the Miners, and the Proximity of the *Bajæ* help a little; and while you are at *B*—— let *B*—— be *Cumæ*, and do you ſupply the Place of *Sybilla*. You may look on this as Railery, but I can aſſure you, nothing leſs than Oracles are expected from you, in the next Parliament, if you ſucceed in your Election, as we are pretty well aſſured you will. You wiſh your ſelf with us at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe; all here wiſh for you, from the Preſident of the Grave Club, to the moſt puny Member of the Rabble; they who can think, think of you, and the reſt talk of you. There is no ſuch Monſter in this *Africa*, that is not ſenſible of your Abſence; even the worſt natured People, and thoſe of leaſt Wit lament it; I mean, half Criticks and Quiblers. To tell you all that want you, I ſhould name all the Creatures of *Covent-garden*, which like thoſe of *Eden-garden* would want ſome *Adam* to be a Godfather and give them Names. I can't tell whether I may juſtly compare our *Covent-garden*, to that of *Eden*, or no; for tho' I believe we may have Variety of ſtrange Animals equal to Paradiſe, yet I fear we have not amongſt us the Tree of Knowledge. It had been much to the Diſadvantage of *Pliny*, had the Coffee-houſe been in his

his Days; for ſure he would have deſcribed ſome who frequent it; which would have given him the Reputation of a more fabulous Writer then he has now. But being in our Age it does him a Service, for we who know it, can give Faith to all his Monſters. You who took care to go down into the Country unlike a Poet, I hope will take care not to come up again like a Politician; for then, you will add a new Monſter to the Coffee-houſe, that was never ſeen there before. So you may come back again, in your Soldier's Coat, for in that you will no more be ſuſpected for a Politician, than a Poet. Pray come upon any Terms, for you are wiſhed for by every body, but moſt wanted by your

Affectionate Friend and Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

To Mr. Congreve, *at* Tunbridge.

Dear Sir,

MY Buſineſs and my Thanks for your Kindneſs, you will find in the Inclos'd, which I had ſent by the laſt Poſt, had not an accident hinder'd it. All the Re-

Return that I can make you at preſent is, to acquaint you with ſuch News as we have. Our Friend Mr. ——— went laſt *Friday* to the Bath: He promis'd to write to me from that place, but it would be unreaſonable indeed to expect it. For *W*—— takes up his Afternoons, and his Mornings I ſuppoſe, are ſpent in Contemplation at the Croſs Bath. Moſt of your Friends of the Coffee-houſe are diſper'd: Some are retreated into the Country in hopes of ſome Favours, which they expect from the Muſes; two or three of them are retir'd in Town to ruminate on ſome Favours, which they have receiv'd from their Miſtreſſes.

So that the Coffee-houſe is like to grow into Reputation again. For if any one gives it the ſcandalous Denomination of the Wits Coffee-houſe, he muſt call it ſo by Antiphraſis, becauſe there comes no Wit there. Here are two or three indeed, who ſet up for Wits at home, and endeavour to paſs for Wiſe at the Coffee-houſe: for they hold their Tongues there. Indeed the Coffee-houſe is generally the Exchange for Wit, where the Merchants meet without bringing the Commodity with them, which they leave at home in their Warehouſes, *alias*, their Cloſets, while they go abroad to take a prudent care for the vending

ing it. But you are of the Number of thoſe happy Few, who ſo abound in Heriditary Poſſeſſions, and in rich Returns from *Greece* and from *Italy*, that you always carry ſome of it about you to be liberal to your Friends of that which you ſell to Strangers. Mr.—— bables eternally according to his old rate, and as extravagantly as if he talk'd to himſelf; which he certainly does, if no body minds him any more than I do: He has been juſt now enquiring, what ſort of Diſtemper the Spleen is; an infallible ſign that he is the only Man in *Covent-garden*, who does not know he is an Aſs. To make him ſenſible what the Spleen is, I could find in my Heart to ſhew him himſelf, and give it him. If any thing reſtrains me from being reveng'd of his Impertinence this way, 'tis the Conſideration that it will make him wiſer: This Coxcomb naturally puts me in mind of the Stage, where they have lately acted ſome new Plays; but had there been more of them, I would not ſcruple to affirm, that the Stage is at preſent a Deſart and a barren Place, as ſome part of *Africa* is ſaid to be, though it abounds in Monſters. And yet thoſe prodigious Things have met with Succeſs: for a Fool is naturally fond of a Monſter, becauſe he is incapable of knowing a Man.

While

While you drink Steel for your Spleen at *Tunbridge*, I partake of the Benefit of the Courſe; for the Gayety of your Letters relieves me conſiderably: Then what muſt your Converſation do? Come up and make the Experiment; and impart that Vigour to me which *Tunbridge* has reſtor'd to you.

I am your moſt humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

Mr. ——— *to Mr.* Dennis.

NAmur taken, and a Letter from Mr. *Dennis*, were two of the moſt agreeable Surprizes I ever met with. And nothing but the Reflection, how dear the Conqueſt will coſt us, I mean, the innumerable ill Poems it will produce, could allay the Pleaſure. *A*—— has watch'd for a Victory a long time, and will not miſs this Opportunity to mortifie the Day of Thankſgiving, and ſcribble away the Publick Joy. The Devil take *Will*'s Coffee-houſe: I could be the eaſieſt Man in the World under my Calamity, if it were not for ſome of the Company there; who are now the greateſt Enemies I have in the World, worſe

worſe than the Company from which I am juſt now ſtol'n to write this Letter. Among the reſt is a Country Gentleman who dictates Politicks abundantly, for with us, as well as at old *Rome*, we take Dictators from the Plow, but ours are ſuch as ought never to remove their Hands from it.

I am yours, &c.

Mr. ---- *to Mr.* Dennis.

WHile you are happy in the Politicks of the Grave Club, and the Puns of the Rabble, you have no regard to the forlorn State of your poor Friend. Before I left *London*, I fained an hundred agreeable melancholy Pleaſures, with which I might fool away a Retirement; but now I deteſt being alone, and queſtion whether Mankind or Solitude be the fitter Subject for a Satyr. Of this, I am ſure, that God Almighty, rather than be alone, created the ——; and Man, rather than be alone, choſe a Wife. Whatever advantage I have loſt by my Country Life, I believe, I have gain'd the Gift of Propheſie in the Wilderneſs, for I foretold the Poem with which *A*-- has viſited us. *Two Covent-garden Clubs.*

I am yours, &c.

Mr. —— *to Mr.* Dennis.

TO your Buſineſs hereafter, but firſt, lets have a Dance, as Mr. *Bays* ſays. When I came home from the Weſt, where I had paſſed a Fortnight, I found your three Letters full of Wit and Humour. I was charm'd with the Scandal you writ in the firſt, and encloſed in the laſt, *viz. A.*'s Poem. I found the Preamble before the Poem to be like a Suterkin before a Dutch Child. I read it over in great haſte, in hopes to be pleaſed at laſt with the End of it, but this is the firſt time I ever diſlik'd his Concluſion. For he threatens ſtrange things. I hope, 'tis only *in terrorem*, if not, I hope God in his Goodneſs will ſend us a Peace, and prevent his Songs of Triumph. Certainly, ſince the Devil was Dumb there never was ſuch a Poet. *F I N I S.*

ERRATA *in* Pliny's *Letters.*

PAge 13. inſtead of *eminent*, r. *imminent*. p. 132. l. 7. inſtead of *make for Pomponianum*, &c. r. *go to his Friend Pomponianus, who was at* Stabiæ, *on the other ſide of the Bay*. p. 132. l. 10. inſtead of *he*, r. *Pomponianus had*. *Ibid*, inſtead of *tho' the Wind*, l. 12. r. *had not the*. *Ibid*, l. 13. inſtead of *But as it then blew directly for 'em, my Unkle* &c. r. *But the ſame Wind brought my Unkle into the Harbour, who*, p. 133. l. 6. inſtead of *made the beſt of their way to Pomponianum*, r. *joyn'd Pomponianus and his Company*. Theſe are the groſſeſt Faults, the reſt, which are in no ſmall Number, by reaſon of the Books being Printed in the Gentleman's Abſence, who was principally concern'd, the Reader is deſir'd to Correct with his Pen.

Familiar and Courtly

LETTERS,

Written by Monſieur *Voiture*

To Perſons of the greateſt Honour, Wit, and Quality of both Sexes in the Court of FRANCE.

Made Engliſh by

Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Tho. Cheek*, Eſq; Mr. *Dennis*, *Henry Cromwel*, Eſq; *Joſ. Raphſon*, Eſq; Dr. ——, &c.

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London: Printed for *Sam. Briſcoe*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-garden*, and ſold by *J. Nutt*, near *Stationers-hall*, 1700.

LETTERS

OUT OF

Monſ. le Chevalier *d' Her.* ***

Made Engliſh by the ſame Hand.

To Mademoiſelle de J——

Upon ſending to her a Boar in a Paſty, who had like to have wounded him at the Chaſe.

Madam,

I Have ran the greateſt Risk in the World, but at laſt my Enemy is defeated, and now I ſend him to you bound to his good Behaviour in Pye-cruſt. I have ordered him to be well Spiced and ſeaſon'd with Salt, to preſerve the Memory of my Triumph. If I were acquainted with the Secret of the antient Ægyptians, I wou'd have embalm'd him, and made a Mummy of his Body: By that means he would

would have laſted numberleſs Ages, but it unluckily falls out with us Moderns, that we have no other Secret but this of Paſte. Imagine that this Animal you ſee before you, had no great mind that I ſhould kill him: As ſoon as he ſaw me, away he ſcamper'd as if the Devil had been behind him, but on a ſudden turn'd back upon me with a felonious Intent to Murder me. Upon which I deliberated with my ſelf what I had beſt to do. I cou'd not tell but you might have ſet him againſt me, for whenever I ſee any thing that is diſmal or terrible, I immediately conclude that it comes from you. But after I had well examin'd the Boar's Countenance, I cou'd not find that he had ſo jolly an Air, as even your Rigours and Cruelties uſe to be attended with. There was another Difficulty ſtill behind, and that was to know, whether I had not beſt die to put an end to thoſe cruel Torments you make me ſuffer; but there was too much Self-intereſt I thought to take that courſe, and I humbly conceiv'd it was for your Ladiſhip's Honour, that a Lover ſo faithful as I, ſhou'd live, altho' he did not find his Account in it. Thus the Zeal that I had for your Glory coſt the poor Boar his Life, who little imagin'd he had to deal with an Adverſary that was animated by ſo powerful a Mo-

Motive. In ſhort, I ſhot my Gentleman dead upon the Spot; and his Brother Boars I preſume will have more Guts in their Brains for the future, then to pick a Quarrel with ſuch as preſerve their Lives on purpoſe for you. I ſhou'd be the happieſt Man in the Univerſe, Madam, if you wou'd feed heartily upon him out of Revenge, for having been ſo impudent to put me in peril of my Life; and if that Conſideration make him go down the better with you, I am,

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

To Monſieur C——

Upon the Carteſian *Philoſophy.*

AND is it true Sir, that you have loſt your Underſtanding? I hear you are turn'd Philoſopher of late, and what is more, that you belong to that Sect of Philoſophy, which is the oddeſt in the World. It ſeems you don't think there are ſuch things as Colours: You maintain that Beaſts are Machines, and move by Clock-work: In fine, you turn things topſie turvy after ſo ſtrange a rate, that a Man can't tell what to truſt to.

to. I ſpoke of it the other day to Madam *B*—— who is very much your Friend, and is heartily afflicted, at the loſs of your Reaſon: I dare ſwear ſhe wou'd ſtrangle *Des Cartes* in one of her Garters if ſhe had him in the Room; for in ſhort, his Philoſophy is not to be endured in a Chriſtian Country; it robs the Ladies of their Beauty, and makes 'em all as ugly as Witches. If there is no ſuch thing as Colours, there's conſequently no ſuch thing as a fine Complexion; and what will become then of the Lillies and Roſes in the Cheeks of our great Beauties? You'll come off but ſcurvily, let me tell you, if you think to appeaſe 'em, by ſaying that Colours are in the Eyes of thoſe that look upon 'em, and not in the Objects themſelves. The Ladies won't depend upon the Eyes of other Men for their Complexions, but are reſolv'd to hold it of themſelves and not at the Courteſie of every Spectator. If there are no Colours in the Night, our Friend Mr. *N*—— is finely brought to bed, who fell in Love with Madam *L*—— merely upon the ſcore of her fine Face, and married her. It wou'd be a great Mortification to him, after having believed that he has the fineſt red and white in the Univerſe between his Armes, to find there is no ſuch thing as red and white in

Na-

Nature. But if the Complexion is a cheat upon our Sences, what will you ſay to thoſe Ladies that practiſe the Myſtery of Painting, and lay on the Carnation and the White as thick as Plaiſter? 'Tis certain nothing can be more real, and ſo theſe Ladies will enjoy a Priviledge above the reſt of their Sex, I mean that of having a true Complexion; however, all the World are of another Opinion, and will poſitively tell you that theirs is not true.

I deſire you to anſwer this Argument at your leiſure; but this is not all, for Madam *De B*—— and my ſelf have found out another Objection againſt your Philoſophy, which you'll find it no eaſie matter to anſwer. You pretend that Beaſts are no leſs Machines than Watches; now I dare ingage, that if you put a certain Machine call'd a Dog, and another Machine call'd a Bitch together in the ſame Room, there will reſult a third little Machine from their correſponding together; whereas you may put two Watches together as long as you live, nay, till Dooms-day if you pleaſe, and they will never produce a third Watch between 'em. Now Madam *B*—— and I find by our Philoſophy, that all thoſe things, that being two, have yet the vertue to make three, are of a Claſs much ſuperiour to that of Ma-

Machines. We give you time to conſider of an Anſwer to theſe Objections, for we know very well that you muſt conſult your Books, before you'll be able to do it. Madam *B*—— ſends you word by me, that ſhe will not receive a Viſit from you, before you have made ſome Reparation to her Complexion: As for me, I aſſure you, I am a Piece of Clock-work newly wound up, to go in your Service, and am

Your moſt Obedient Servant.

To Madam D—— V——.

Upon ſending her a Black and a Monkey.

Madam,

Afric has exhauſted herſelf for you, ſhe ſends you too of the oddeſt Creatures ſhe produces, and nothing wou'd be wanting to make my Preſent compleat, if I cou'd ſend you a Crocodile to keep 'em Company. Both of 'em are in Perfection, the Black is the ſaddeſt Dog of all Blacks, and the Monkey is the moſt malicious Devil of all Monkies. I can aſſure you, that one of theſe Beaſts, has a mighty Reſpect

for the other, and is a profeſt Admirer of his Ingenuity and great Parts. You'll ſoon diſcover that this Admirer is the Black. Beſides it is an Article of Faith among thoſe of his Nation, that the Monkies have as much Reaſon as themſelves, but that they conceal it as much as they can, by not talking, for fear Men ſhou'd clap Pack-ſaddles upon their Backs, and make them Work for their Living. This Black, Madam, has a particular Eſteem for the Monkey, as having lived under the ſame Roof many Years with him, and has not a jot of Underſtanding more than he has learnt in his long acquaintance with him. But I have one Advice to give you, Madam, and that is to look him frequently in the Face: Our Blacks in *France* turn tawny, and become of an Olive Complexion, which is enough to ſcare *Lucifer* out of his Senſes. The Phyſical Reaſon of this is, becauſe the Sun is not ſtrong enough in our Clymate to keep up that charming Black which it gives 'em in *Afric*; but, Madam, your Eyes, that are ſo lively and piercing, will ſupply the Defect of the Sun; and will not let him loſe an Ace of his primitive Complexion. I am extremely glad that you will always have a Slave in your preſence to repreſent me; he is not more yours than I am; if

he

he gives you any Occaſion to have him well Cudgel'd ſometimes, to put him in mind of his Duty, he ſomething reſembles me, for the Devil of Rebellion often tempts me to revolt againſt you. As for the Monkey pray don't be ſurpriſed, Madam, if you hear Sighs come from him, that are ſtrong enough to turn about a Wind-mill, if you ſee him paſs whole Nights without ſleeping a Wink, if you find him as Melancholy as a Horſe in a Pound, when he is not in your Company; in fine, if he eats little and can't divert himſelf in any thing, for I muſt tell you, Madam, that like a truſty Servant he has learnt all this of his old Maſter, who is,

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

To the ſame.

On the Death of her Monkey.

I Am told your Monkey is gone the way of all Fleſh, at which I am exceedingly griev'd, for I am like to be a great Loſer by his Deceaſe, ſince I have no body now to put you in mind of me but the Black. The

unhappy Creature I ſuppoſe broke his Heart becauſe he was not able to imitate me before you, as well as he deſir'd: indeed there was nothing which he cou'd not handſomly counterfeit with infinitely more eaſe than my Paſſion; but may his Deſtiny light upon all the Rivals you make me who ſhall have the Inſolence to be the Apes of my Affection; perhaps too the poor thing drew your Diſpleaſure upon himſelf, for endeavouring to imitate my Paſſion, and ſo unluckily dy'd of Deſpair. If it is ſo, I have nothing left me to do, but to imitate him in my turn, and to die after him. I am inform'd you have ſhed ſome Tears for him; it is ſomething of the lateſt to repent for the ill Uſage you have given him, but regulate your Conduct I beſeech you by him, and don't oblige me to die, if you muſt needs regret me after Death. It is very probable that if you ſo heartily lament the Party that imitated me, you'll grieve ten times more for your humble Servant. I am an Original of Tenderneſs, and if you loſe me, you are not like to find my Fellow in haſte, but muſt ev'n content your ſelf with very ſcurvy Copies. But, Madam, let me conjure you, not to uſe the Black the worſe becauſe he is my Repreſentative; it wou'd be very hard upon him indeed, if for that Reaſon he muſt meet

meet with the Deſtiny of the Monkey. Can you ſuffer nothing to be near you, that has the Misfortune to bear ſome Reſemblance of my Fidelity and Devotion for you, but you muſt kill it by your Cruelty? The Tears I ſhed for the Death of the Monkey are better founded than yours, ſince his Adventure teaches me what I am to expect. Farewel, Madam, but remember if you pleaſe, that you cannot reſtore the late Defunct to Life again, but that you have ſtill the Power to preſerve

Your humble Servant, &c.

To Mademoiſelle de C——

Upon ſending her an Extract of the Church-Regiſter.

Madam,

I Can without Vanity boaſt, that I make you to Day a very conſiderable Preſent: In ſhort, I give you two whole Years; you thought you were twenty two Years old, and I bring it you atteſted in a Paper under Hand and Seal, that you are

but twenty; now I reckon that I give you theſe Years which I take away from you, and indeed in thoſe matters we never reckon otherwiſe. The two Years you thought had paſt over your Head, are ſtill to come, and I do my ſelf the Honour to make you a Preſent of 'em. I am ready to die for fear, Madam, that you will not value them as they deſerve; But good Heavens! the Man that were able to make ſuch a Preſent, to certain Ladies that ſhall be nameleſs, what Favours might he not expect from their Hand? Where is the White and the Red, and where are the fine Dreſſes and Compliments that can be put into the Ballance with two compleat Years? It is but reaſonable, Madam, I think, that you ſhou'd employ 'em wholly upon me, ſince you are indebted to me for 'em. When they are gone and paſt; you may do what you pleaſe, I ſhall then pretend to have no manner of Right over you, but with Submiſſion, Madam, from the preſent Moment till you are compleatly twenty two, you wholly belong to me. After that, I leave you juſt as I found you, at Liberty to break off, or continue the Commerce, according as you ſee convenient; but if I find you not at all inclined to do me Juſtice, know, Madam, that I will ſuffer no one to Love

you,

you, upon the Foot of twenty Years. Where-ever I go I will tell the Company, that in truth you had not been ſo old by two Years if you had not been ſo minded, but that you refuſed to accept 'em from me, and that ſince you don't Love me, 'tis but requiſite you reckon your ſelf to be twenty two Years old. You little imagine perhaps, to what ſtrange Hazards you expoſe your ſelf, by making me Maſter of the Secret of your Age: for 'tis a Secret, Madam, which thoſe of your Sex keep inviolably to themſelves, and perhaps the only one a Woman can keep. Several Ladies have truſted me with the Affairs of their Families; nay, even with their Love; but I cou'd never yet meet with one ſo open-hearted to truſt me with her Age. There are a thouſand Women that will run up to the Mouth of a Cannon, that will hang or drown with as much cheerfulneſs as if they went to a Goſſiping, that will make you nothing to jump down four Stories: but, I never found a Woman, that had Courage and Reſolution enough to tell her Age. The truth on't is, the older they are, the more ſenſible they become of what Importance it is, that they had not lived ſo many Years. As for you, Madam, who have not plaid your Cards ſo cautiouſly as you ſhould have done, you

don't know how you will tremble one Day leſt I ſhould tell any Tales of you. Your Deſtiny will depend upon me, and there is nothing which I cannot force you to comply with, if inſtead of a Ponyard I ſend you the Extract of the Church-regiſter. I dare ingage that you laugh at my Menaces at preſent, and that you think the time is ſo far off, that you don't believe I ſhall ever live to ſee it. I am afraid indeed you'll prove a Propheteſs, for unleſs you are leſs rigorous, you'll ſoon diſpatch

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

The End of Monſieur Fontanelle's *Letters, under the borrowed Name of the Chevalier* d' Her.

Original Letters.

Lately Written by Mr. Brown.

To his honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard *at the* Bath.

Dear Doctor, *July 6. 99.*

WHile here in Town we are almoſt Roaſted by the hot Weather, and the Sun plays ſo warmly on us, that ſome People who were of no *Religion* before, talk of turning *Adamites* in their own Defence; I cannot but laugh to think what a *bleſſed* Pickle you are in at the *Bath*, where ſuch Crowds of you Stew in ſo little a Pipkin; where you broil upon the Earth, parboil in the Water, and you breathe the Compoſition of Gunpowder; or, were there nothing extraordinary in your Soyl, your Climate, or the Seaſon of the Year, where you have pretty Ladies enough to ſet you all on Fire, though you were two

or

or three Degrees more to the *North* than *Lapland*, and I were Writing to you now in the midſt of *January*.

This is the *firſt* Summer ſince the *Revolution*, that the Sun has been pleaſed to *diſpence* any *Favours* to us, for hitherto we have had as *little* Reaſon to complain of his Benignity to us, as the *Politiques* of our *States-men*. Our Fruits have ripen'd without the Influence of the one, as our Affairs have made a ſhift to rub on without any great Conjuring on the part of the other. The Sun that ripens the Grape, will likewiſe ripen Feavors, and other ſuch generous Diſtempers, to the great Joy of the Poets and Phyſicians; and *Phœbus*, their common Father, will incourage his own Tribe, by raiſing up a new Stock of Wines and Diſeaſes. Indeed, where you are, it is almoſt impoſſible for the Gentlemen of the Faculty to want Buſineſs, for if our laſt Advices from the *Bath*, don't deceive us, you have almoſt as many Doctors upon the Spot as you have Patients, that watch the coming in of every Coach, as nicely as a young Boy at the Univerſity do the Return of the Carrier, and ply at all Corners of the Streets, as regularly as the Watermen do at the Temple Stairs: But it has long ago been obſerved of you, as of the Lawyers, that they

they will find or make Work where-ever they come; and accordingly I knew a little Town in *Eſſex*, where the Inhabitants, time out of mind, had lived in as uninterrupted Tranquility, as the happy *Indians* did in *America*, before the *Spaniards* came to beat up their Quarters; but upon an Attorney's coming to reſide amongſt 'em, the Face of Affairs was immediately alter'd, Tenants conſpir'd againſt their Landlords, Hoſtlers revolted from their Maſters, and the Apprentices took up Arms againſt their lawful Tyrants: Not a Tithe-egg could be had without an Action, nor a Pig under a Suit in Chancery, a Spirit of Diviſion had crept into every Family, Maids betray'd their Miſtreſſes, Girls rebell'd againſt their Grandmothers, and Sweethearts deſerted their confiding Damſels; in ſhort, every Man ſtood as much upon his own Guard, as if he had been in an Enemy's Country; theſe were the bleſſed Effects of the Lawyer's living amongſt 'em.

Now Doctor, it were a very hard Caſe, if having ſo much Credit at the *Bath*, you cou'd not do as much for your ſelf, as the above mention'd Attorney did to promote his own Buſineſs; if you cou'd not Philoſophically Reaſon People into Diſtempers they were never troubled with, like the Fanatick Parſons that Fly-blow their Hearers with Scruples they

they knew nothing of before. If you cou'd not cure 'em of Ails they never felt, and leave behind you Maladies, you never found upon 'em. But I am inform'd that the Tub-Preachers are very much dissatisfied that you invade their Territories, and encroach upon their Prerogative of Hell. Your hot and cold Baths (they say) put their Brimstone and Ice out of Countenance; and 'tis reported, that by the skilful Management of your Torments, by scalding your Patients at the Bath in *July*, and freezing them at *Islington* in *December*, you've broke half the Retailors of the Terrours of *Pluto*'s Kingdom.

But to come now to the News of the Town, we have had an Apparition lately here, stranger than any in *Glanvill* or *Aubry*; for it has appeared in the Streets at noon Day, and thousands of People are ready to depose that they have seen it. By this strange Apparition, I mean the *White Parson*, so call'd for his wearing a White Hat-band, Scarf, and Surfingle, by which he distinguishes himself from the rest of his Brethren. I cou'd wish you had been here in *Holbourn* t'other Morning, to have seen his Cavalcade; He rode up the Hill as great as a Prince, and like other Princes signalized his Entry with printed Declarations, with a great

great Rabble of loud-mouth'd Hawkers, Male and Female, bellowing it on every ſide of him; and 'tis ſuppoſed by the Learned in Aſtrology, that he will keep this Declaration as Religiouſly as ſome other Princes beyond Sea have kept theirs: In ſhort, he pretends to preach the Goſpel *Gratis*, and indeed as he manages it, it is pity he ſhou'd have a Farthing for it: He calls the reſt of his Cloth Hirelings, tho' unleſs the Fellow is bely'd, he wou'd accept of a Pot of Ale from a Chimney-ſweeper, and has preach'd a hundred times upon a Joint-ſtool for a pickl'd Herring and a Poringer of burnt Brandy. The *Rozinante*, on which this *Don Quixote* rode, had a Laurel-garland about his Head, and I dare ſwear, deſerv'd the Bays as well as his Maſter; for the Wretch, as I am inform'd, is troubled with a Whore to his Wife, and his Muſe is an arrant Jilt, the latter is the more common Proſtitute of the two.

But, dear Doctor, News are as ſcarce in Town, as Fees at the *Bath* and it falls out unluckily for you and me, that we muſt change Places, to find what we want; for I hear you have a Mint at the *Bath* for Scandal, as we have here for Money; ſo that 'tis but ſhifting the Scene, and we may draw Bills upon one another, to anſwer our ſeveral Occaſions, till when, I am. Me-

Melaniſſa to Alexis.

GIve me leave, my deareſt *Alexis!* give me leave, who love you better than my Life; and if I make bold to reproach you with your Failings, you will eaſily forgive this freedom, unleſs I am mightily miſtaken in the Humour of my *Alexis*, when you find it wholly regard your own Intereſt and Welfare.

It is not without a ſenſible Concern that I ſee you abandon your ſelf ſo to the Bottle of late: A young Fellow, but eſpecially one like *Alexis*, ought to devote himſelf to another Divinity; old Age indeed may be allow'd to ſupply its defect of Warmth with Wine, but Youth as it needs it not, ſo Nature adviſes it to purſue a more agreeable Game. But can any thing in the World be ſo abſurd as to ſurfeit our ſelves with Cordials when we have not the leaſt Indiſpoſition?

To convince you then that my Complaint is neither junuſt nor unreaſonable, I, who know ſo little of the World, and have nothing but Nature to guide me; I who am a Stranger to Language, and Style, and conſequently muſt maim my Thoughts, for want of knowing how properly to expreſs 'em,

'em, will endeavour to deſcribe to you, a Night as it paſſes away in the *Embraces* of an agreeable Miſtreſs, accompany'd with all the Tranſports and Tenderneſſes of Love, and the Night as it is commonly *ſpent* by what the Town call Men of *Wit* and *Pleaſantry*, at the *Roſe* or *Blew-poſts*:

The Play is now over, and the Sparks who while it was Acting, rallied the Vizard-Maſques, laugh'd aloud at their own No-jeſts, cenſur'd the Dreſs and Beauty of all the Ladies in the Boxes; and, in ſhort, minded every thing, but the Repreſentation that brought them thither, begin now to File off, and gravely debate how and where the Evening is to ſpent; At laſt the Tavern is pitch'd upon, the Room taken, and our learned Criticks in Pleaſures ſeat themſelves round the Table.

The Maſter of the Houſe is the firſt Perſon they ſend to Adviſe with; who, after a few Cringes and Scrapes, tells 'em, He has the beſt *Champagne* and *Burgundy* in Town, and is ſure to ask an exorbitant Price for't, tho' 'tis a vile naſty Mixture of his own Brewing. After a long and fooliſh Diſpute, the Rate is adjuſted, Napkins are called for, the Muff, Sword and Periwigg nicely laid up, and now ſomething-like Buſineſs comes forward.

When

When these grand Preliminaries are settl'd, the next important Debate is, what they must eat; so the Cook is sent for, who recommends to 'em something Nice and Dear; this Difficulty with much a-do got over, the Glasses plentifully walk round, to blunt and weaken that Appetite which they pretend to excite by it.

And now their Hearts begin to open, and their Tongues to communicate their most secret Thoughts. The topping Beauties of the Town are the first Subjects of their Conversation, and this is so ample a Field, that they soon lose their way in it; one boasts of Favours receiv'd from a Lady, whom perhaps he never saw any where but at the Play-house; another tosts a Countess, whom he pretends to admire in a particular manner, and gives broad *Items* of an Intrigue between her and a certain Gentleman that shall be nameless; in short, 'tis resolv'd by the Board, *Nemine contre dicente*, that there is not one honest Woman in the three Kingdoms, who has Beauty enough to gain her a Lover.

When this Argument is pretty well exhausted, the next thing they talk of, is the *Authors* of the Town, and what *Books* and *Plays* have lately appear'd: Upon this Head, every Man in the Company affects to discover

cover a peculiar Taft and Judgment, and thinks he ſhews his Witt by finding Faults, where there are none; the Play, whatever it is, is taken to pieces, the Plot upon Examination, is found either to be ſtolen, or not to be well unravel'd, the Scenes are languiſhing, the Characters thread-bare, or not worth a Farthing; in fine, the Poet is ſent to the Devil for want of Wit, as the pert Critick thinks he ſhews his, by condemning what he doth not underſtand.

All this while the *ungodly* Brimmer walks inceſſantly round the Table, the Company ſoon dwindles into private Cabals, every Man talks buſily to his Neighbour, Affairs of State are determin'd, this Miniſter is diſplac'd, and t'other Man put into his room; The Proceedings in Parliament laid down before-hand, and 'tis concluded what Regiments ſhall ſtand, and what be broken; after this Punctilio's of Honour come to be diſcuſs'd, the freſheſt Duels behind *Mountague*-houſe, and *Chelſey*-fields are learnedly run over; ſuch a Man is a Coward for ſuffering Captain ——— to tread upon his Toes in the Pit, and not calling him to Account for it; Damn you, cries another, *Jack* ——— is as Gallant a Fellow as ever drew Sword, and whoever ſays any thing to the contrary, is a Son of a Whore and a Villain, and I'll

cut his Throat; with that a Bottle is thrown at his Head, the Glasses goes to rack, the Table is overturn'd, nothing but Disorder and Confusion is in the Room, and all this Mirth and Jollity concludes in Murder.

Or if the Scene doth not end altogether so Tragically, but they part Friends as they came in, ten to one but a merry Frolick is propos'd: The Quarters of some ill-natured Coquet are to be beaten up, and her poor Windows must feel the sad Effects of their Heroick Valour; but while they are carrying on this Attaque with unparalelled Vigour and Gallantry; behold the Superintendant of the Night, with his trusty Guard of *Mirmidons* falls upon their main Body; some of our Heroes lie sprawling in the Kennel, with their trusty and well-beloved Periwigs lying by 'em; the embroider'd Coat is all over cover'd with Dirt and Blood, the well-adjusted Cravat torn to Raggs, the Sword either broke or carried off in the Tumult; and thus, after a well-favour'd Drubbing, our Sparks make a shift to crawl home to their Lodgings, if the Nocturnal Magistrate and his Canibals, don't hurry 'em to *New-prison* or the *Round-house*, the usual Sanctuary for such Adventurers.

But suppose nothing of this happens, and our merry Gentlemen get home safe from

the

the Tavern, without any Disaster or Calamity by the way; yet the next Morning calls 'em to a severe Account, for the Misdemenors and Intemperance of the proceeding Night: Their Head akes, their whole Frame is in disorder, they are incapable of relishing either Books or Conversation; even Musick it self, with all its boasted Efficacy, is not able to allay their Pains, the most exquisite Dishes are nauseous to 'em, they starve amidst the greatest profusion of Luxury, and curse that Extravagance over Night that Starves them the next Day in the midst of Plenty. 'Tis certain, that I have been favourable in this Description, 'tis certain that I have not set down half the Disorders that accompany a Debauch while 'Tis a making, nor half the ill Effects that happen after it. Let us now turn the Tables, to find whether Love can be reproach'd with any of these Inconveniencies that use to attend Drunkenness; Let us see how the Moments wear away in the Embraces of a delicious Mistress; and then we shall soon discover on which side the Advantages lie, and be able to decide this Controversie.

I know very well that I want Eloquence and Language to describe the Raptures and Transports of Love as they deserve; how-

ever, I am so well assur'd of the Goodness of my Cause, that altho' I am an unfit Advocate to defend it, yet I don't much despair of carrying my Point.

The long expected Night at last arrives, when *Damon* is to be made happy in the Arms of his beloved *Armida*, with his Head full of a thousand delightful Idea's; (for Love is so good-natur'd, as to pay his Votaries part of their Pleasure before-hand) he comes to the happy Mansion, where the chief Treasure of his Soul resides, he knocks gently at the Door; the trusty Maid conducts him by the Hand in the dark, and leads him to his Mistress's Apartment.

At the first Interview, he is all wrapt up in Silence and Astonishment, his Thoughts so croud upon him, that they hinder one another in the Passage; after he is a little recover'd, he endeavours to speak; but, alas! his Eyes talk infinitely more than his Tongue. On her part, the Confusion is no less, and her Joys equally tumultuous; thus finding themselves unable to Discourse, they tell their Passion in Sighs and Glances; they confirm it by repeated Kisses, and at every Kiss their fluttering Souls meet at their Mouths.

Damon squeezes that Hand, which almost dissolves in the touch; he presses those glow-

glowing Breasts that wou'd warm the coldest Hermit; but all this is nothing but the Prologue to the succeeding *Drama*. Love calls upon 'em for a more substantial Repast, though they are undrest in a Minute, yet this very Minute seems an Age; and now they are a going to tast all that Felicity, which Love can bestow, or Humane Nature can bear.

The Candle is put out to hide the Blushes of *Armida*; she finds her eager Lover by her side, who cost her so many Tears and Sighs in private. The happy Lover is lost in a Labyrinth of Pleasure; sometimes he abandons her Breast for her Mouth, and sometimes her Mouth for her Breast, and is only uneasie he cannot Kiss 'em both together. He Faints, he grows Giddy with the Excess of Joy: nothing but half-formed Words and Murmurs can come from him; at last he approaches Love's Altar, at last he——— But here my Pen fails me, I am forced to draw a Vail over those Raptures, which 'tis not in the Power of mortal Eloquence to represent.

Thus our happy Lovers, after they have repeated Oblations to Love, lay Intranced in one anothers Arms, and act over in their busie Dreams, the delicious Scenes that so Transports 'em waking.

The Morning approaches, the blushing Morning awakens the transported Pair; *Phœbus* is beholding to its Light, for shewing him the Nymph, in whose Embraces he so agreeably past the Night. She charmed him in the Dark, she ravishes him in the Light; and the only Uneasiness that attends their Happiness, is Impatience to repeat the Bliss.

Both the Lovers rise equally satisfied, with having done their Parts, with Gayety in their Looks, and Satisfaction in their Souls: Parting gives them some Pain, but that is sufficiently recompensed at their next Meeting.

Thus I have endeavour'd, my *Alexis*, to shew what a vast Difference there is between a Night murder'd in the Excess of Wine, and a Night consecrated to Love.

Though no Truth is more evident than this; yet our Youth, possess'd by what fatal Stupidity, I cannot tell; generally Devote themselves to the wrong Divinity. Instead of following the Dictates of Nature, whom they ought to obey, they treat her like an Enemy, and profane those Altars, they ought to pay their Devotions at.

I know well enough, that you Gentlemen, don't much care to be Advised by those frail Things call'd Women, and perhaps

haps too you will tell me, that Interest has made me say all this. However, let me conjure you to consider a little upon what I have offer'd to you, and believe that no one loves you so dearly and tenderly as

MELANISSA.

To a litigious Country-Attorney.

A Letter of Gallantry.

Worthy Sir,

THat I am no Stranger to your Character (tho', I bless my Stars for it, I am to your Person) you'll soon find, if you'll give your self the trouble to read the following Lines: There is no great pleasure indeed in drawing Monsters; however, since it may be of publick Advantage to have 'em described in their true proper Colours, that others may avoid, and detest 'em, I have ventur'd at the Task, that your self, as well as the World, may see by Reflection what you cannot help to be. To accommodate my self to the Dialect of your Profession, I will begin my Letter like a Bond, with a *Noverint Universi*: And